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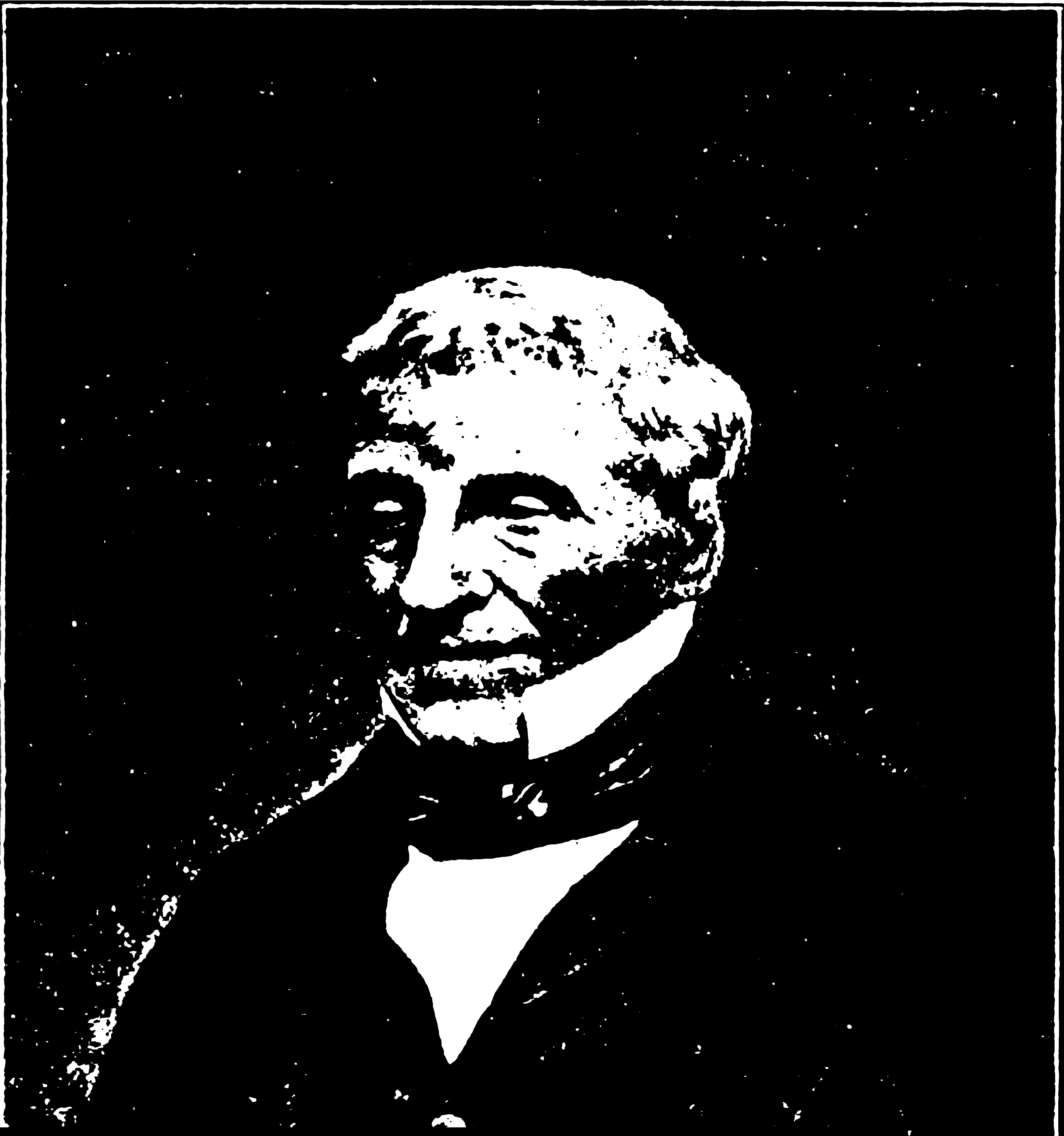

The Border magazine

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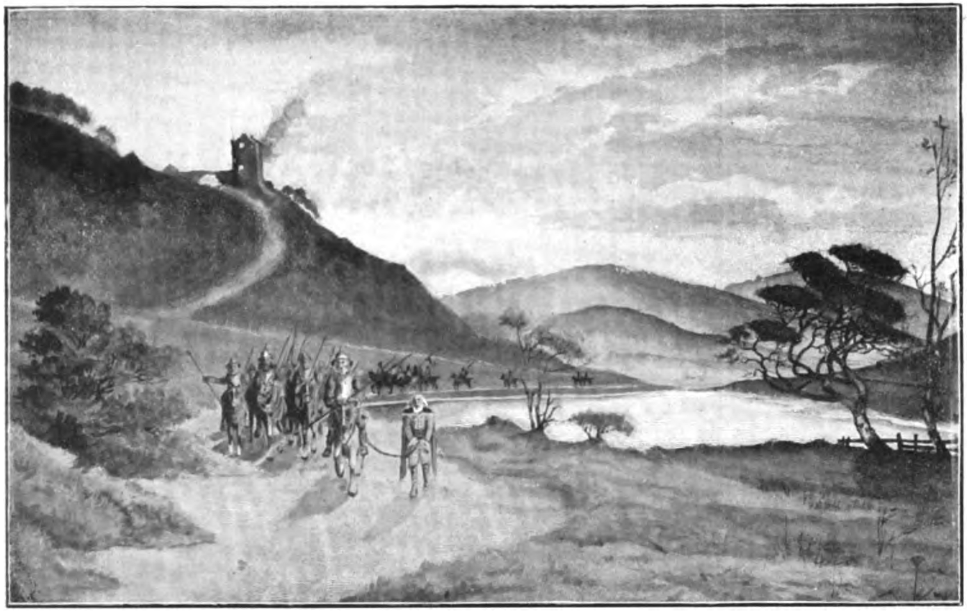

From a Painting by George Hope Tait.

A BORDER RAID, 1568.

MEIGLE MOSS.

THE
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25

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EDITED BY
WILLIAM SANDERSON.

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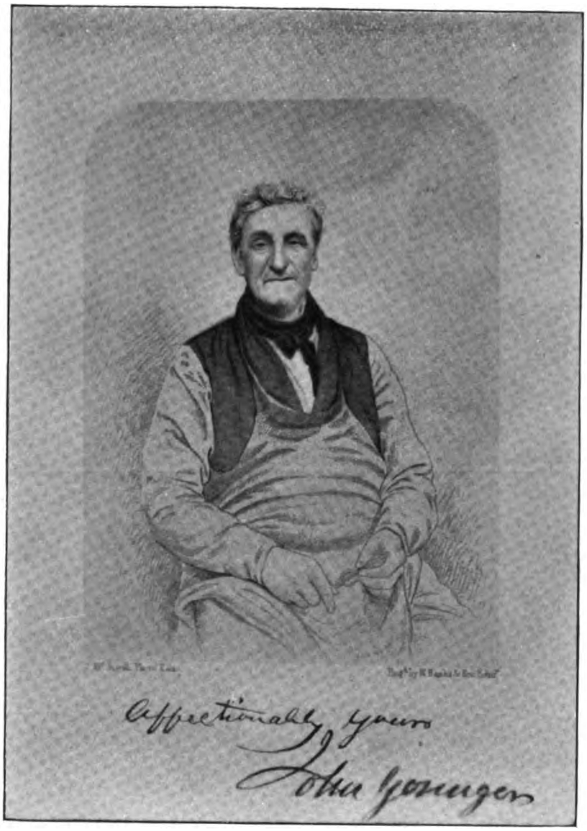

Affectionately yours
John Younger

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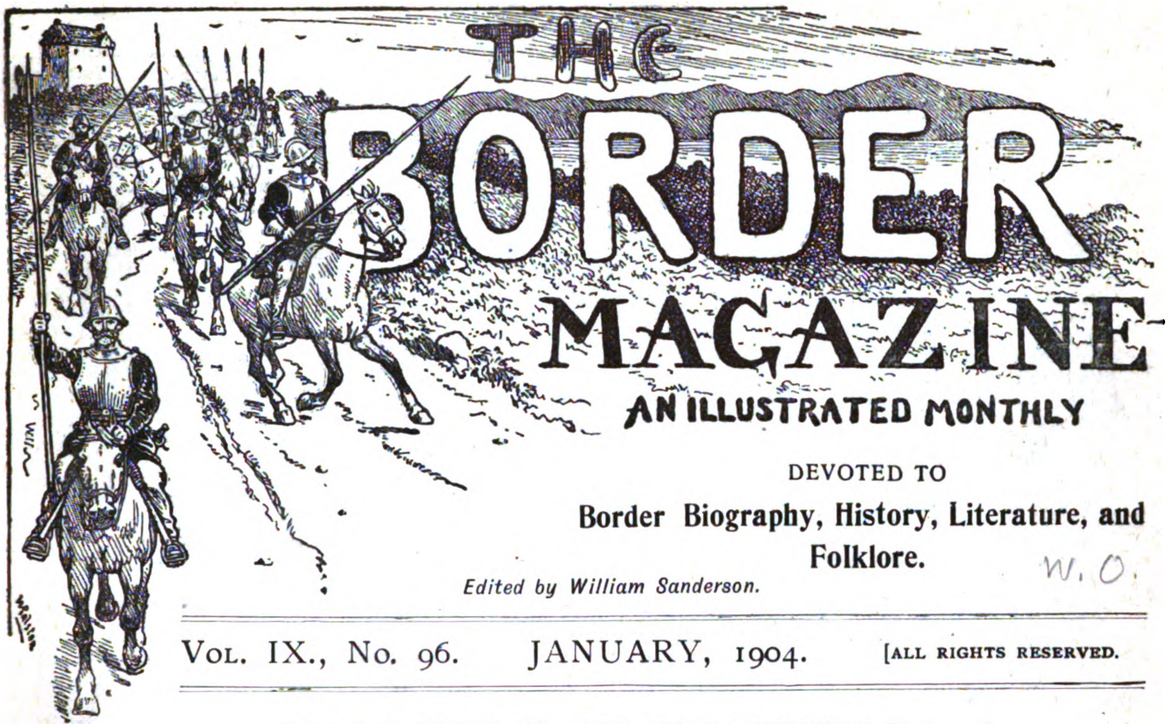

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

W. O.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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JOHN YOUNGER OF ST BOSWELLS.

It is not our intention to give any lengthened sketch of the famous Borderer, whose keen philosophic insight into nature and mankind, combined with his poetic language and kindly ways, drew men of all ranks to his shoemaker's shop in St Boswells, but we only desire to present his own account of the "False Alarm," the centenary of which is engaging the attention of all true Borderers at the present time. For permission to make these quotations from the "Autobiography of John Younger," we are indebted to Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, booksellers, Kelso, who can still supply copies of this delightful work,* which should find a place in every Borderer's library. It is a plain, unvarnished tale that honest John has to tell, but is all the more valuable on that account.

The autumn of 1803 brought to us a new experience of life, as the militia band had, for some years previous to this, been a nursery for the regular army, the constant supply of which was draining off numbers of our youth as food for the French wars all over the world. This was, no doubt, against their wills, so much so that high bounties of fifty and sixty pounds were often given for a substitute in cases where the unlucky youth balloted felt an aversion to the slavery, or the service, as it was genteelly called, and who in any possible way could command the means of thus redeeming his liberty. I was just then turned eighteen years of age, and, of course, taken into the leet for the ballot. I saw no means of redeeming myself should I be drafted; and to go to be a soldier in earnest, to fight in these wars, to be cuffed about the world under a "cat-o'-nine-tails," or to go and be hanged, was to me a matter of almost equal choice.

But the actual threatened invasion of Buonaparte caused still more extensive measures to be adopted for the defence of our "gentry's" precious island. Hence, a general volunteer force was raised all over Britain, which included the flower of the youth of the whole kingdom. This I joined amongst above a score of our parish lads, not so much out of any felt loyalty, or in the passive way of being neighbour-like, as to save myself in the event of my being drafted as a regular militiaman. And it was lucky I did so, as, in a short time afterwards, I was actually drawn in the ballot (the summons still lies past me here), but excused on account of being found an effective volunteer, serving in the ranks of the Roxburghshire second battalion, No. 44, head-quartered at Kelso. Well, here we were!—all drums, guns, bullets, bayonets, and bravery. Songs were even composed on the occasion. The priest, our chaplain, had one to the air of our adopted march, "The Garb of Old Gaul." We were all individually served in the ranks with a copy of it to excite our desperate daring.

---

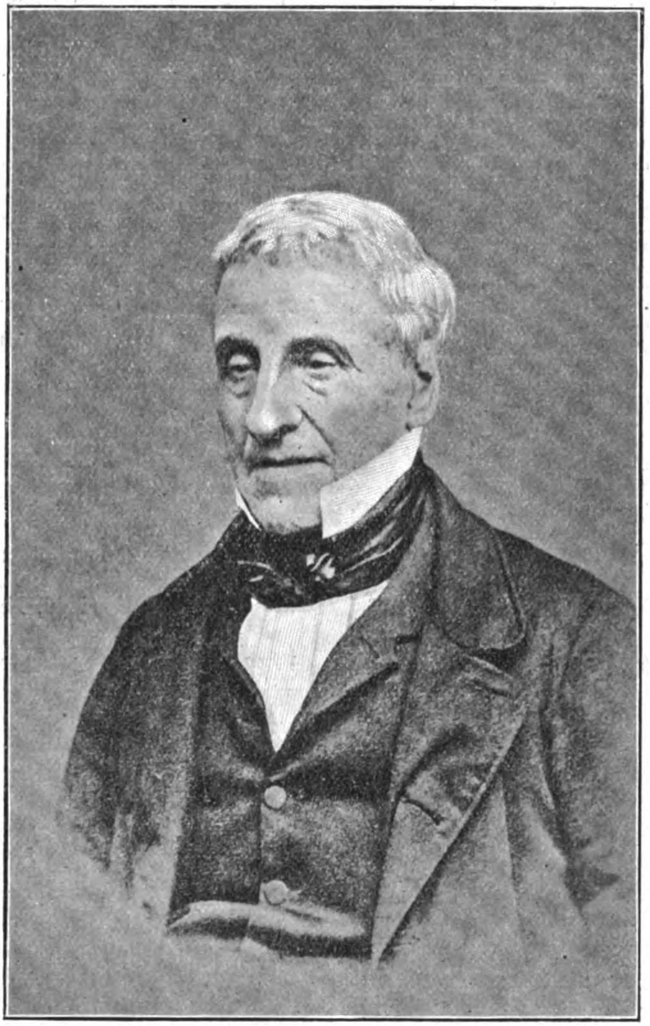
* The volume was originally published at 7/6, but those who apply early to Messrs Rutherfurd, Kelso, may secure one of the few remaining copies for 4/10 post free.

It spoke something about

> "On the mountains of Cheviot now present to our eyes,
> The deeds of our forefathers we fondly recognise."

"Blast the recognition," whispered I, for I had now seen Burns, and must despise such stuff in the shape of song. So I wrote a kind of tarantara myself, which pleased my cronies, Ross, Anderson, and [illegible], much better than the other. Indeed, they pronounced mine superlative; but I luckily had a higher style of taste than of composition, so I saved myself the future blush of seeing it in print, like that of the warlike priest's, from the "Mail" office. And he has not been a flourishing bard after all, as his name and fame have alike perished from memory. But how much and how many of the more substantial are since vanished from the face of the earth! What a poor, faded figure we would now muster in the Square of Kelso Market Place! Instead of the five hundred then in the blossom of existence, could we now muster fifty as a remnant of grey-headed survivors? I doubt it. Where are all our heroes, from Sir John Buchanan Riddell, then of Riddell, Bart., our Lieutenant-Colonel commanding (a gallant, proud-looking aristocrat he then was surely), down to the tinsmith's apprentice (then a tiny-looking lad), who luckily won the head prize for ball-shooting from the whole corps by the first two bullets he had ever fired in his born days? So much for the chance of hitting Buonaparte should he have then come in person, which I actually had some hopes of either the young tinsmith or myself doing, for I was then becoming a pinner as a marksman with the soldier's musket, eventually gaining some nineteen raffles in the course of the ten years during which I continued volunteer and local militiaman together. For as the local militia came to supply the force on the volunteers being broken up, I was obliged again to join that corps, like most of my poor neighbours, to save myself from what I abominated, the regular militia, as, in case the man who was next balloted in my stead had failed, fallen, or enlisted to the regular line, I should have been called up in his place, or was always liable to be drafted again. Our drilling was then carried on by two or three neighbouring parishes meeting weekly or so on some central field, where we would march, counter-march, attack, charge, retreat, retire, and defend the day long, and then be summoned to head-quarters in Kelso for a fortnight or three weeks' general drill in the "fall." The first few months of our soldiership we were very hard drilled, and more particularly so on account of the winter quarter setting in with exceedingly raw and foggy weather, and continuing much the same all the winter, which was thought very favourable for Buonaparte possibly stealing a march on our Channel fleet, with his tremendous armament of flat-bottomed transport boats stationed at Boulogne, Brest, etc. In consequence of this, beacons were erected on all the hills around to give signal should the French force get out of harbour, escape our fleet, or attempt to effect a landing; and we volunteers were harangued on our dismissal from head-quarters to keep every man his arms in order, and be in readiness for the first flash of the telegraphs to rally at head-quarters on the instant.

The three winter months had been nearly got through, having passed drearily in point of weather, and every day bringing alarming news of the force and views of the French under the king of tyrants—when, on the 31st of January following, about ten at night, I had dropped work for the day, and run up to Willie Ovens, the cooper, to see after the health of his favourite canary bird, about which I was driving a bargain, when casting, according to custom, a jealous eye to the south, I saw a red meteor-like light in the distance, which appeared to me rather of a dubious character, as, seen through the mist, it might be a beacon light, though as much like Mars in a haze, being apparently quite above the verge of the horizon. I called Willie Ovens out to see, when we agreed that though it was in the line of the Dunion it was too high in air, and could not be a signal light, more particularly so as the rest were still in darkness. But while we stood thus conjecturing, up blazed Penielheugh, when—hulloo!—up I started to the Braeheads, and there were Hume Castle with all the other signal hills on flame. Here was the signal summoning every man to his musket, and all the village was soon astir, something between a hum and an uproar. There were sad and hurried partings, as Byron has somewhere since described, "such as draw the blood from out young hearts;" for we then had all our sweethearts as well as had his heroes at Brussels on the eve of that finishing kick-up at Waterloo, which gave Wellington his pension and secured his country's slavery. We had besides fathers, mothers, sisters, and friends; but had not withal yet got our coarse regimental red coats, white breeks with black legs, like Highland sheep; and so, of course, we marched as we were, in our own various-coloured raggery. We of the village were soon collected, ready, and off ten miles to Kelso. The waning moon then arose, and, wading through the dank east of night, gave us some small countenance on the occasion. What that man of the moon must have seen first and last, if his spectacles be good! Jamie Ross and I got some half a mile in advance of our party, when he gave me a treat of a lecture regarding the nature of our ancient national bravery in the times of the Border wars, when the mounded encampments on our way were first thrown up. He seemed enthusiastic about these stirring deeds of other years from the days of Ossian's ghost downwards; while I took another view of the matter, and reasoned down his inspirations by asking him what the servile creatures who had borne the burden and heat of these former days had verily foughten for but to rivet the chains of their own feudal slaveries, and finished by picturing him and myself lying shot, or half-shot, in some ditch on the east coast some day or two hence, and that by some swallow-tailed French tailor, who, poor soul! was in all likelihood dragged or driven on in his side of the matter, or no matter, as much against his real will and better sense as I then was. All this, too, I pointed out to Jamie, was to happen in the bloom of our opening life, which our Maker must certainly have intended for a better purpose. "And in defence, after all," I asked, "of what?—of our gentry, their estates, and their coercive and game laws both by land and water?—for never a thing of our own, Jamie, have we to defend; not a poor dog, which, if we had, would be taxed above our means, nor a cat of our own, nor a peck of meal, nor indeed aught in the island but the "duds" on our backs, which the devil a Frenchman would take the trouble of stripping us for. Frenchmen would be as polite and honourable to even our fathers and sisters as are their present masters our "gentlemen farmers" and landlords, to whom they are the every-day slaves, in the name of "humble servants." The names they give things do not alter the nature of them, Jamie.



JOHN YOUNGER IN 1859.

Would our self-constituted governing land gentry do anything in the way of legislation, or otherwise, to ease or ameliorate the condition of our working classes, or indeed cease from their plans of taxing us to the bare nakedness of everlasting starvation for their exclusive benefit, and then laughing at our well-bredness, as the brute planters in the West Indies do at their black slaves, who, after all, have uncultivated souls triple the size of their own at least? There might then be something in the colour of reason, or rationality, or sympathy in this mad-dog prank of you and me running out in a night like this to risk being shot in the defence of their lands, castles, cattle, and grown carcases, for we have at least as much brotherhood with that man o' the moon, who lives in his moon castle unapproachable by us, as with these our door-neighbour lordlings. And if it were not for this fiendish scramble about the division of the earth, and the fruits of other people's industry, amongst a few of these all-grasping and overbearing robbers of our general species (since they produce nothing themselves from their birth to their rot but war and waste to others), and their gross, shameless effrontery in their plunder of its natural inhabitants, we should live at a comparative quiet everywhere; and it would never once enter into the imagination of a French tailor to come here with a gun and bayonet to invade me, a Scotch sutor, and deprive me of my brose and bannocks, any more than it would enter into my brain to wade across the Channel to kick him from his cross-legged position on his shop-board, or rob him of his apple-tart dinner, far less to disguise the "human form divine"—(such beautiful divinity we make of it!)—in a blasted red-tax-bought coat, in which disguise to blow out the brains of the man we have no dislike to!"

Jamie hummed some sort of assent to the truth of this harangue; but Jamie's bravery was like that of many folks—just a kind of cock-bird passion of the animal spirits' that would answer in kind any crouse craw, from whatever distance it could be heard—a kind of warm animal instinct that reason had no ready art of cooling. So, though he could give no cut-down answer to my reasoning, he still paddled on with an intention, like mad King Lear, to "kill, kill, kill" all the French he might meet; while I kept pace with him, more from having got into the training of so marching than for any stomach I felt for this martial glory.

On our arrival at Kelso Bridge we found our point of road so highly palisaded, as if in defence against the French, that we despaired of being able to scale it, and likely would have stuck on any night but that. This was caused by a late alteration of the road. So in default of scaling tackle up we climbed, by finger and toe, till on the main top, on a slippery position, a sharp-pointed stake took a very French-guard-like hold of my corduroy breeches, and in my hurried descent tore me up in a most unpolite manner. "So the campaign is fairly commenced, Jamie," says I; "I am down and half-stript already." Jamie was alert at the rescue, but all our skill could not make any, even temporary, repair of this indecent breach, for lack of pins and strings. So in we must march through the Kelso causeway to join the assembling force in the Cross Keys big ball-room—my shirt all the while doing, of its own free-will, the kindly office of a Highlandman's kilt very sympathetically. No matter for the colour of kilts in such a night as this, and such a ball-room surely! It might beat that at Brussels, I suppose, for mud, crowd, noise, and confusion. We must all be in ball-rooms, it seems, on the eve of any great dust.

By one in the morning we were all in to answer roll-call from all the country around. Just two individuals of five hundred were a-missing. It being resolved to dismiss us to billets, with the injunction to be ready to start at tuck of drum, your late brother, Adam, and I found ourselves very snugly feather-bedded in a middle flat of Mr Swan's, Horse Market, where in half an hour I was out in dreams after my own fancy. A four hours' nap had brought us to near the break of morning, when my still dreaming imagination seemed to suggest some sound like a rub-a-dub of a drum, and I was thus sliding into a new campaign at once, when Adam, springing over bed, threw up the window, and thus awoke me to hear a drum in reality. For an instant, between sleep and wake, I discovered myself in a very nightmare-like condition of feeling, much the same as if I had been already drawn up like a ninny before Buonaparte's Lancers. "Confound their wars," muttered I; while Adam, reconnoitering half out at the window, aroused me by a most unholy volley of country oaths, fired off at old Pirly Walker, the town crier, who was still roul-roul-rouling, to warn thei civilians of some new shop sale of cheap goods, to be given away on the following day for a great deal less than nothing. "You old mad idiot," blattered Adam, "you are rousing the whole world about your ears: but just wait another minute till I come out, and if I don't give you a drumming" (and he seemed in a hurry to put his threat in execution.) "Come to bed, man," says I, "till fair daylight, and let old Mr Pirly go about his lawful vocation. Are ye not thankful that it's not the drum to rouse us to march to the east coast, and face the squads of that restless ruffian? Old Pirly, honest creature, has been to bed early, with his instructions for his morning's work in his mind, nor has he known a single thing about us and our drum orders." So Pirly and Adam both settled down to silence, and we lay and conjectured about the issue of affairs till broad daylight, when out we got at last to a morning's parade, when, to all the returns of all the couriers, from all points of coast and compass, no satisfactory answer could then, nor has yet, to this day, been given why, how, where, or wherefore, these beacons were kindled all over the south of Scotland.

I felt very happy, however, that it was a false alarm, having never any appetite even to hear of wars, and far less to mingle in the blood and dirt of them. Kelso streets made a fine show, however, on that first of February, 1804; for here were fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, together, flocking in from twenty circular miles around; and you might have seen in reality "seven women taking hold of one man" in the heart-swell of friendship, some in a cackle of joy for the feeling of present security, and all for heart-gladness that the parting, perhaps for ever, was yet thrown into the idea of an indefinite distance of time.

To give those who know little of John Younger a desire to know more, we quote the closing part of the supplementary chapter of the "Autobiography" from the pen of his intimate and attached friend, Mr William Brockie, of Bishopwearmouth.

In 1840 John made his debut as a prose writer. His "River Angling for Salmon and Trout," published by Messrs Blackwood, brought him somewhere about £30 in clear cash, and a wide and high reputation among lovers of "the gentle art," being, as far as it went, a most admirable treatise, both plain and practical in its directions, and racy in its matter and style. John held fly-fishing to be the next best thing to "sweet-hearting;" and it is evident that he entered with almost equal heart and soul into both occupations at fitting time and place—one hour rivalling the best Scottish song writers in inditing exquisite little love lyrics, and another hour coping with old Izaak Walton in the description of the sports of his green years, when "a boy, so poor as not to be master of a hook or a halfpenny," he sallied out to the small burn, which, at that time yet unrestained, like himself, "chose its own vagrant way from Elliestoun House to the Tweed, circling through the low rushy leas, forming dimple, pool, and ripple, and "gumped" out half a stone of speckled trouts, where the neighbours never suspected such a thing existed." Even then, he tells us, "when a hungry laddie," he often enough got into fits of extreme sensibility, returning the small trout to the stream,

> "As piteous of his youth, and the short space
> He had enjoyed the vital light of heaven."

"I would suspend my angling pursuits," he adds, "and admire the trouts tumbling up in the streams, suppressing the desire to cast a hook amongst the freebooters. And the same sympathies," he goes on to say, "have at times unfitted me for some necessary employment of life—yes, even to the length of requiring an effort of my strongest philosophy to bring me to prune a rose or pluck a flower!"

In a sketch of the author's life, prefixed to a new and much enlarged edition of the "River Angling," published in 1860, we are told that "with friends at a distance, men who had left St Boswells for the broader field of adventure and pursuit of what it could not supply, or friends of a chance intimacy, he maintained an extensive correspondence, making his epistles so much the record of his careful thinking that he took copies of them. In this way an immense quantity of manuscript accumulated in the course of years, significant of the ceaseless mental activity which characterised him. At his death there were more than seven hundred copies of letters which he had addressed to friends. Many of these had been written to men of literary eminence or public distinction, giving his views on opinions associated with their names. This collection he cherished as the treasure of his mental history. Sometimes, when leaving home, he used to warn his family that if the house took fire in his absence, next to saving themselves they should save his writings." Two volumes of this correspondence are in the possession of the publishers of the autobiography. They contain a rich omnimgatherum of facts and fancies, opinions and speculations, on all sorts of subjects, and to all sorts of persons, which, according to the judgment of a perhaps too friendly critic, who has been favoured with a cursory perusal of their contents, would, if printed in whole or part, "cast Burns's correspondence far into the shade, and take an honourable place on the library shelf beside those of Cowper and Kirke White."

In his sixty-fourth year, John Younger succeeded in gaining the second prize for an essay on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath to the labouring classes. His paper was entitled "The Light of the Week." It showed him to be no mawworm. In it he expressed his wish that the sacred day should be protected from the invasion of mammon worship; but he had evidently a similar dread of the intrusion of the civil power to enforce its strict observance. "Moral force," he says, "is the true agent to be employed in this work, as physical coercion always fails of effect in moral or religious matters. The mind is never subdued by pinching the body into forced circumstances: we have proof enough of this from the Cross downwards. Under despotism men may take the colour of the evil time, but the immortal mind will have its own range—will never be bound in earthly chains, nor in fettered circumstances ever sit easy." In a brief autobiographical sketch prefixed to the essay, for which he received £15, John says:—"I have my good wife still spared to comfort me, and to be comforted, after having been joined above thirty-seven years. Of eleven children we have only the three first born alive, two daughters and a son, all married, and from whom have arisen to us twelve grandchildren, all loved little ones, in present health and good liking. I have had a feeling of deep interest in four generations; first, in my father's pecuniary straits in the time of my youth; next, in my sister's concernments; again, in our children's; and now 'life's cares are comforts'—my little grandees are as interesting, and claim as much attention, as any of the preceding. I see it would be the same should I be spared to the age of Methuselah."

When John returned from London, whither he had gone to receive his guerdon at the hands of the Earl of Shaftesbury, gentle and simple on Tweedside gave the rustic philosopher a complimentary banquet, and a purse full of money, which more than defrayed his expenses to the metropolis and back. Shortly afterwards, a vacancy having occurred in the village Post Office, the appointment was, on the recommendation of the Hon. J. E. Elliot, at that time member for the county, conferred upon John, in the belief that his advancing years would thus find an easier living than in toiling at his old trade. The result, however, proved different from what was expected. The rigid exactitude of rule, and the perplexing network of forms and business routine, were more than one accustomed to the simple machinery of making shoes could overtake; and after his life had been nearly vexed out of him, John threw up the appointment in disgust, in January, 1856. He had felt himself, he said, when postmaster, just like a caged squirrel on the top of a tree, ready to jump wherever he liked.

At his old trade and at the angling—which latter, in conjunction with the sale of fishing requisites, and the perquisites given by gentlemen anglers from a distance, to whom his company and advice were ever welcome, was perhaps the more lucrative source of income of the two—John worked on cheerfully till the centenary of Burns came round. In that celebration he took a prominent part, delivering lectures, described to have been a real intellectual treat, in most of the towns and villages in the Border district, and afterwards in Glasgow, to which he was invited by a few admiring friends. His visit to the city of St Mungo, however, turned out unfavourably, in that he was exposed during his stay to extremely severe weather, which brought on an attack of rheumatism that prostrated and confined him to his lodgings for several weeks. The consequent doctors' and other bills absorbed the profits of his lecture, and he came back to St Boswells as poor as ever.

During the long and severe winter of 1859-60, he was seldom seen abroad, and did not regain much strength. Generally cheerful and unrepining, he began to confess himself as growing old, and less able for active work at his ordinary trade; but stern necessity still impelled him to gird himself with his leather apron, and make or cobble shoes to the best of his remaining ability. On the eve of the 18th of June—Waterloo day—he was apparently in nearly his usual health and spirits, and those about him had no premonition of what was about to happen. He had been engaged in reading "The Journal of a Poor Vicar," a work translated from the German, which was a great favourite with him; but shortly after daybreak, on the forty-fifth anniversary of the great battle, in which Buonaparte succumbed, death struck him suddenly with a paralytic stroke. Twenty-three hours afterwards, at half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, he fell asleep, after a brief struggle. He had, we are told, ever cherished a wish that his end might come under circumstances in which he would leave the world without being a tax or trouble to any. The wish was gratified. For only a short week before his mortal remains were laid in St Boswells churchyard, close beside his Nannie, he had been standing entranced on the romantic "brae-heads," behind Lessudden, looking over to Dryburgh, and Bemersyde, and Gladswood, and The Holmes, and up to the Eildon Hills, that recalled so many fond recollections of pleasant days spent on the silver Tweed, and quiet strolls among the mantling woods, and kind friends gone away to all the ends of the earth, but dearer than ever in the dim distance. For to the very last he had cherished

"Love's youngest hopes, and downy dreams,
In memory's light, like glowworm gleams."

Mr William Henderson, of Durham, in his "Life of an Angler," tells us how, many a time, when seated with John in his workshop, he has seen him steal away as secretly as he could to the adjoining room, where, in her chair by the ingle-nook, sat his poor, helpless life-partner, totally blind from cataracts on both eyes, listening always to the sound of the step she knew and loved so well. The old man, he says, would take her hand, whisper some tender words, and, bending down, bestow the longed-for kiss. Then, wiping away the tear that would gather in his eye, John would return to his lapstone and his labour, leaving the loving heart to count the minutes till he would return again. The good woman went away to "the land of the leal" about four years before John, Providence thus fulfilling the wish he had pathetically expressed before in one of his sweet songs:—

"'Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me,
The saddest thought of any
Is wha may close the other's e'e—
May it be me or Nannie?
The ane that's left will sairly feel,
Amid a world uncanny;
I'd rather face auld age mysel'
Than lanely leave my Nannie."

Writing to a friend about two years after his wife's death, he concluded thus:—"Besides your love-kissings, give your wife a friendly kiss for my sake. I was once, and long, myself a kindly husband, though now, alas! all is fled but the sad yet pleasant reflection."

"I like an owl in desert am
That nightly there doth moan!"

The Meeting of the Waters.

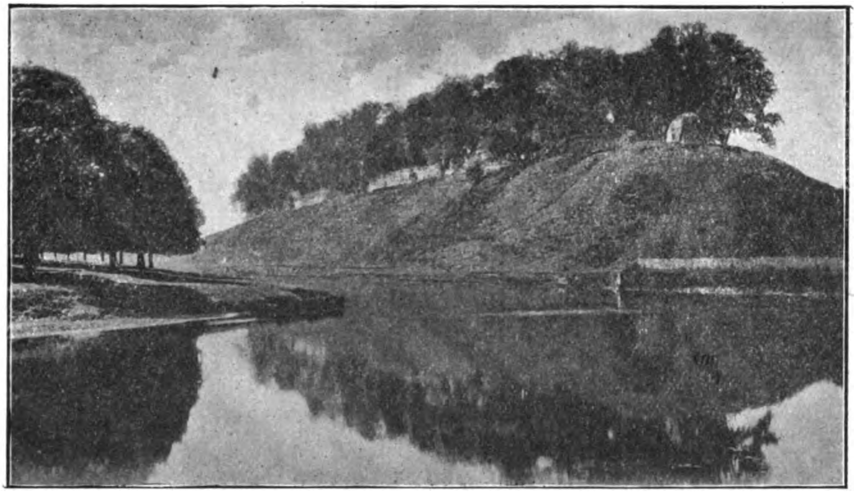
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

THESE well-known lines by Tom Moore, the Irish poet, were written with special reference to the beautiful Vale of Avoca in County Wicklow, and though it is a far cry from the Emerald Isle to the banks of Tweed, they must recall to many a Borderer some "meeting of the waters" in his native district which, on account of early associations or for other reasons, is specially dear to him. The Borderland, with its many rivers and streams and its countless hill burns, abounds in such scenes, and it is possible in that enchanted land to witness almost every variety of river scenery, from the mountain burn that pours its foaming waters over the precipices to the south of Loch Skene in the giant fall of the Grey Mare's Tail, to the "Sullen Till," which with scarcely perceptible motion glides through the Northumbrian plain and under the arch of Twizel Bridge, to meet the broad and shining Tweed. In the mind of the writer the phrase "meeting of the waters" is invariably associated with that sweet spot in the very heart of the Borderland where, amid scenes of softest beauty, the silver Teviot mingles its waters with those of the Tweed. The immediate vicinity is rich in historic interest as in scenic beauty, and that not merely of a local but of a national character. On a steep grassy mound, within a short distance of the junction of the two rivers, stand a few ruined walls, the only fragments that remain of the once mighty castle of Roxburgh which, in the now distant days when the Borderland was the scene of almost incessant warfare, reared its proud towers and battlements high above the surrounding plain. The city of the same name, at one time one of the principal burghs of Scotland, has for centuries been obliterated. Not a trace of it now remains, and it is difficult to realise that on those green meadows, where sheep and cattle graze so peacefully, there stood a busy town, that the stream of life ebbed and flowed through streets now entirely effaced, and that men wrought and bargained and bought and sold, where now only the winds of heaven blow over the waving grass.

Roxburgh, in its prime, was no mean town. It had its mint, its markets, its breweries, and its mills. All are gone. So with the Castle. Time's "effacing fingers" have all but swept out of existence the ruins that were left after its final destruction, and, in the words of Leyden:—

Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,
In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood;
Crush'd are thy halls save where the peasant sees
One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees;
The still-green trees, whose mournful branches wave,
In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
Proud Castle! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
The curb, the guardian, of this Border land,
As when the signal-flame that blazed afar,
And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,
While in the lion's place the leopard frown'd,
And marshall'd armies hemm'd thy bulwarks round.

The view from the site of the Castle is one of the finest in the whole Borderland. On one side the rippling Teviot flows over its rocky bed, on the other the majestic Tweed wends its way past the lordly Palace of Floors, 'mid stately woods and by the greenest of lawns, on its journey to the Northern Sea. Near the Palace—the site being marked by a holly bush—is the spot where James II. was accidently killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of the Castle in 1460. On the banks of Teviot, surrounded by woods, is the mansion house of Springwood Park, the beautiful residence of the noted Border litterateur, historian and poet, Sir George Douglas. Through the trees a glimpse is obtained of the town of Kelso, dominated by the great tower of its ruined Abbey. On the high ground beyond the woods of Floors is seen the picturesque ruin of Hume, the "lonely castle of the Merse," with legendary memories of James IV. and Flodden, while on the southern horizon "Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky."



ROXBURGH CASTLE.

Kelso, like its extinct neighbour, has seen many vicissitudes of fortune. It has time and again been ravaged by war and by pestilence, burned and destroyed, but it still survives. It is a town abounding in memories of the past. Originally consisting of two villages Easter and Wester Kelso, the former sheltering under the Abbey walls, the latter in the vicinity of the present policies of Floors, it has passed through various stages, from a colony of primitive huts to the clean and airy market town of the present day. Kelso possesses buildings which many a town of greater pretensions might envy, but its crowning glory, its great link with the past, is its Norman Abbey, which, though now ruined, roofless and desolate, has been the scene of many stirring events in the chequered history of our land. Here, a few days after the death of his father, the youthful monarch, James III. was crowned, and only a dozen miles or so eastwards is the dark ridge of Flodden, where his successor, James IV., met a soldier's death on that fatal September afternoon, the woeful memory of which still haunts the Borderland.

It is not as a centre of trade and manufacture that Kelso is known to fame. No pall of murky smoke vitiates its pure air, and no gaunt chimney stalks mar the beauty of the landscape. It does not send its products to distant parts of the earth, with the exception, maybe, of those implements requisite to the pursuit of the gentle art of angling, of which the town has had, and still has, so many devotees. Little more than a score of years ago the venerable figure of Thomas Tod Stoddart, the Scottish Izaak Walton, romancist, angler, and poet, was familiar in the streets of Kelso and by the banks of Tweed and Teviot. Though born in the Scottish Metropolis, he came of an old Border family, and no man had a greater admiration than he for the soft scenery of the vale of Tweed. For the long period of forty-three years he made Kelso his home, he became familiar with every stream and valley in the Borderland and with many far beyond its bounds, and now he sleeps his last sleep in a spot chosen by himself within sound of the murmur of the bright river he loved so well.

Although at present practically a stationary town, Kelso was, not more than a century ago, a place of considerable importance, and a centre of life and fashion. It was one of the principal places on the stage coach route between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Edinburgh. It had its sports—not perhaps of a nature which would be altogether acceptable to modern tastes—and, what was then rare in a Scottish provincial town, it had for several years a permanent theatre, in which, tradition says, such a star of the first magnitude as the great Sarah Siddons on one occasion appeared. Times are changed. The tide of trade and commerce has flowed to many a place unheard of when Kelso was pretty much as it is to-day, but still the good town "stands bonnie on Tweed," and to the eyes of a native, as is the writer, it appears one of the fairest spots on earth. In the words of Longfellow:—

> Often in thought I go up and down
> The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
> And my youth comes back to me.

Kelso is for ever linked with the name of the great Minstrel of the Borders, who in boyhood resided for a time within its bounds, and although he has not immortalised the town in verse his friend and contemporary, John Leyden, has, in his "Scenes of Infancy," given in exquisite language a description of the scene at the meeting of the waters which, although written one hundred years ago, may be accepted as an accurate word picture of the town and its surroundings as they appear to-day.

> Teviot, farewell! for now thy silver tide
> Commix'd with Tweed's pellucid stream shall glide,
> But all thy green and pastoral beauties fail
> To match the softness of thy parting vale.
> Bosom'd in woods, where mighty rivers run,
> Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun:
> Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
> And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
> Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
> And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed:
> Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies;
> And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise.

W. M.

Border Football.

UNDER the title: "Football: The 'Abominable' Game," Mr J. E. McLachlan contributes the following article to the November number of "Vim":—Perhaps the most remarkable football match that ever took place was that played on 4th December, 1815—the year of Waterloo—between the people of that classic vale in the South of Scotland, the Yarrow, and the "Sutors" or inhabitants of the burgh of Selkirk. The burghers were led by their chief magistrate, while the Yarrow men were captained by the Earl of Home. The contemporary newspaper accounts show that it was a great occasion, with much of the pageantry and colour of old-time tournaments and feudal gatherings; the various parties marched from their different glens to the place of rendezvous—the plain of Carterhaugh, near Selkirk—with pipes playing and loud acclamations; the proceedings began as early as eleven o'clock by the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry leading on to the field a distinguished company of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, of whom the last-mentioned, if not the least noteworthy was "Mr Walter Scott, Sheriff of Selkirkshire." Scott (not at that time known as the author of the novels that were to make his name for ever famous) and James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd—also now among the immortals—were indeed the leading spirits in this curious and picturesque athletic encounter. Scott was personally responsible for organising the burghers of Selkirk, and Hogg acted as lieutenant or vice-captain to the Earl of Home. Both these literary giants celebrated the occasion in song, Scott's verses breathing that spirit of action which is so characteristic of much of his poetry. Witness these lines, the theme being "Lifting of the Banner":—

> "From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
> Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame,
> And each forester blythe, from his mountain descending,
> Bound light o'er the heather to join in the game;
>
> Then up with the banner! let forest winds fan her!
> She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
> In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
> With heart and with hand, like our fathers before."

The newspaper quoted by Lockhart in his biography of Scott throws little light on the kind of game played on this historic occasion, but that it was a great game certainly does appear:

"The ball was thrown up between the parties by the Duke of Buccleuch, and the first game was gained, after a severe conflict of an hour and a half duration, by the Selkirk men. The second game was still more severely contested, and after a close and stubborn struggle of more than three hours and with various fortune, and much display of strength and agility on both sides, was at length carried by the Yarrow men. The ball should then

> **have been thrown up a third time, but considerable difficulty occurred in arranging the voluntary auxiliaries from other parishes, so as to make the match equal; and as the day began to close, it was found impossible to bring the strife to an issue by playing a decisive game."**

Some four hundred years ago the people of Scotland seem to have been very much addicted to football, for in one of the earliest volumes of the Scot's Acts, there are two separate enactments to the effect: That na man shall play at the abominable game of the Fitba'. In such expressive language was football absolutely forbidden to be played and that under specified penalties. At the same time every man was enjoined to practice archery at certain times and places The Scots had suffered severely from the English archers in certain encounters, more sanguinary even than a modern football match, and the game of football had become abominable in the sight of the Scots Parliament, because it monopolised the time and attention of the young men, which their elders thought should be devoted to preparation for war. But the fact is that the Scots always preferred a tussle at close quarters and were more deadly with the broadsword, the dirk, the spear, and the axe, than with bow and arrow, to which, despite these enactments, they never took kindly.

These illiberal and repressive measures, passed by men who had not recognised the truth which underlies the statement that England's battles are fought on the playing fields of Eton, no doubt caused football to be less generally played, and later, in the dreary dark days of religious persecution when elegant cavaliers and fat churchmen were burning Covenanters at the stake and desperate Presbyterians were murdering the bloodthirsty bishops who opposed them, people had little time, spirit or opportunity for football or other games. As recently as the early Victorian era men were too busy marching about the streets demanding franchises and the repeal of Corn Laws, or acting as special constables sworn in to help constituted Authority against the dangerous Chartists, to have much thought for football. It was not until the last half of Queen Victoria's reign—in the Free Trade epoch (when according to the latest reading of history, we had sold our national birthright for a mess of cheap pottage with the result that our industries died or dwindled, money became scarce and men fell out of employment) that we had time to think of games, time to develop football and to play a much improved game—when, in short, the great athletic revival began.

Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

THE importance of the work carried on by the above Association can hardly be over-estimated, and we have, therefore, much pleasure in quoting from its annual report a condensed history of the Society.

A desire having been frequently expressed to have a re-union of Borderers, a social meeting was held in the Waverley Hall, on 9th December, 1874—the late Thomas Knox, Esq., J.P., presiding. The gathering was large and enthusiastic, and it was then resolved to promote this Union. The success has far exceeded the expectations of the promoters. Besides offering prizes for essays, and giving pecuniary and other aid to those in difficulty, the Union in 1875 published a centenary edition of Leyden's poems, which met with a large and speedy sale. In 1881 the Union was the means of promoting the publication of a cheap edition of Mrs Gordon's "Home Life of Sir David Brewster," which was well received by the members of the Union and the general public. In 1884 and 1886, prizes to the value of over £15 were distributed amongst Border schools. In 1889 monthly social meetings and a reference library of Border literature were instituted. A number of volumes have been presented to the Library. In 1890 annual Border excursions on the Queen's Birthday holiday were established. In 1893 a scheme was inaugurated for giving prizes to encourage the younger members of the Union to read and study Border literature. In 1894 a choir was established in connection with the Union. Special efforts were made in 1894-95 to raise funds for Reading Rooms, and these were inaugurated on 1st November, 1895, and have proved of great advantage to the members. A Literary and Debating Society was formed in 1896, a Cycling Club in 1897, a Whist Club in 1898, a Golf Club in 1902, and a Cricket Club in 1903. In 1897 an eight days' excursion to Paris was attended by over forty members, and since then an autumn excursion of from eight to twelve days' duration has been largely taken advantage of. In December, 1897, a bazaar in aid of the Reading Room Funds realised close upon £1000. Reading Rooms, at 13 Bank Street, were purchased at Whitsunday 1899, and have been much used by the members. Industrial Exhibitions were held in the Rooms in 1900, 1901, and 1903, and a sale of work in the Rooms in 1900 realised about £50. Monthly "At Homes" during the winter season were introduced by the ladies in 1900, and have proved exceedingly popular.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH this number we begin the ninth Volume of the BORDER MAGAZINE and we have to thank our fellow Borderers for the support and encouragement they have extended to us. It is our earnest desire to establish a magazine which shall in every particular be worthy of the best literary traditions of the Borderland, but we alone cannot accomplish this desired end—we require the aid of our readers. Although the size and quality of our magazine is equal to similar publications which have a much larger circulation. we do not rest content, as it is our desire to see the BORDER MAGAZINE take a first place. If our readers increase our circulation, as they can easily do by bringing the B.M. under the notice of their friends, it will be our pleasant duty to enlarge and improve what is really their own magazine.

Those who keep the Monthly parts of the Magazine for binding are reminded that an elegant cover can be had from the publishers for 1/3. Volumes can be bound in these cases for 1/3 additional, while complete bound volumes can be had for 5/6. Carriage for Cases, 3d extra; for bound Volumes, 6d extra.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,—At this time of the year we are all inclined to grow somewhat sentimental, and the old Dominie is no exception to the general rule. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this, in fact, it is just our real nature forcing itself to the surface through our Scottish reserve, and the oftener we give expression to our feelings in wishing each other joy and happiness in the coming year, the better it will be for our hearts, while the mental powers even of the most philosophic are recreated by the sympathetic flow of the pulsing life-blood in our veins.

A guid New Year to ane and a',
  And mony may ye see,
And during a' the years to come,
  O happy may ye be.

These lines from one of our modern Scottish songs may not rank among our best lyrics, but they and the succeeding verses seem to express exactly what a leal-hearted Scot desires to say at the New Year time, which is after all the most important festival in Scotland. At such a time it is natural that the past should occupy a prominent part in our thoughts, and we have but to close our eyes to see the long procession of the friends of our youth pass before our mental vision. There is an inexpressible delight in thus exercising this God-given gift of memory, but there comes withal a touch of sadness, and we sigh for

"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The familiar faces are with us no longer, and we begin to wonder how it fares with those who are still in the land of the living, though it may be far away from this quiet retreat, where the old schoolmaster lives among his books and the hallowed memories of the past. Many a "lad of pairts," who passed through the village school, has gone to one or other of the great cities of our land, and is there playing no unimportant part in the battle of life. It is pleasing to see so many of these Borderers keeping in touch with the homeland, by forming themselves into Border Societies and doing what they can to make it pleasant for those who are compelled to leave the beloved Borderland and throw themselves into the activities and worries of city life. Among the many associations which are carrying on the excellent work, the Edinburgh Borderers' Union is one of the most successful, and as my esteemed friend, Mr Stuart Douglas Elliot, its genial and indefatigable secretary, never fails to send me a copy of the excellent annual report, I propose to give here a few extracts for the benefit of Borderers. The history and wide scope of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union's work is well summarised in the introductory note, which I will quote in full in another column of the present issue, as some of its points may be useful in guiding other Borderers, who may desire to start Unions or Associations in other cities. What a pity it is that there is not some kind of federation among the various Border Associations, whereby the scattered units might be brought into touch with one another. In the Border Magazine they have an organ ready-made to their hand, and I know that it is one of the dreams of the editor that such a consummation may be brought about. But let us see what we can find in the twenty-ninth annual report of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

The President for the past session, Bailie Douglas, J.P., a sketch and portrait of whom appeared in our last volume, in his address at the annual festival in December, 1902, said:—It is a great honour to be President of such a large and important Association, and I shall try to fulfil its duties to the best of my ability. But I cannot hope to fill the position so well as those distinguished gentlemen who have been your Presidents in the past. I have had the honour to be connected with the Union since its formation. My wife and I joined it about twenty-eight years ago. We have been present at many of your annual gatherings, and, like many others, we have found them both instructive and enjoyable. I shall briefly refer to your former Presidents, who have taken such a deep interest in the welfare of the Union. First of all you had Mr Stormonth-Darling, now Lord Stormonth-Darling, a distinguished member of the Scottish bench, who assisted at the inauguration of the Union. Second, you had Mr Jas. Wallace, afterwards Sheriff Wallace, whose continued illness we all so deeply deplore. Third, you had Mr John Boyd, now Sheriff Boyd of Glasgow, who was so popular, and did so much work for the Union. Fourth, you had Mr John Telfer, the founder and father of the Union, whom we all so much love and respect. We may term him the "Grand Old Man" of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union; and fifth, you had ex-Councillor H. W. Hunter, the genial and popular President, who demitted office in November last; and I am particularly pleased at being the successor of my late colleague as member of the Town Council, and I shall endeavour to walk in their footsteps, and carry on the excellent work which has characterised the Edinburgh Borderers' Union. We sometimes hear the question, "What is the good of such societies?" perhaps not so frequently now as twenty years ago. I would humbly submit that the work of this Union justifies its existence. Whatever helps to promote kindly intercourse, to soften the asperities of life and brighten the lives and homes of the people, to keep young men and women on the right path, to strengthen the ties of home life, to encourage the spirit of patriotism, to comfort the suffering, and to strengthen the weak, deserves to be encouraged, and all these things I claim the Union is doing, and I trust it will long continue to prosper, and have a useful and honourable career.

During the session the Rev. Andrew Aitken, Grange U.F. Church, Kilmarnock, lectured on "A Day in a Lost Land." He pictured a city in the prime of summer, panting and fretting in an atmosphere heavy with heat, and sighing for the coming of evening's cooler air. Adam Adamson, weary with the day's work, is smoking his pipe in the cool of the evening. His daughter at the piano singing—

> "D'ye mind o' lang, lang syne,
> When the simmer days were fine?"

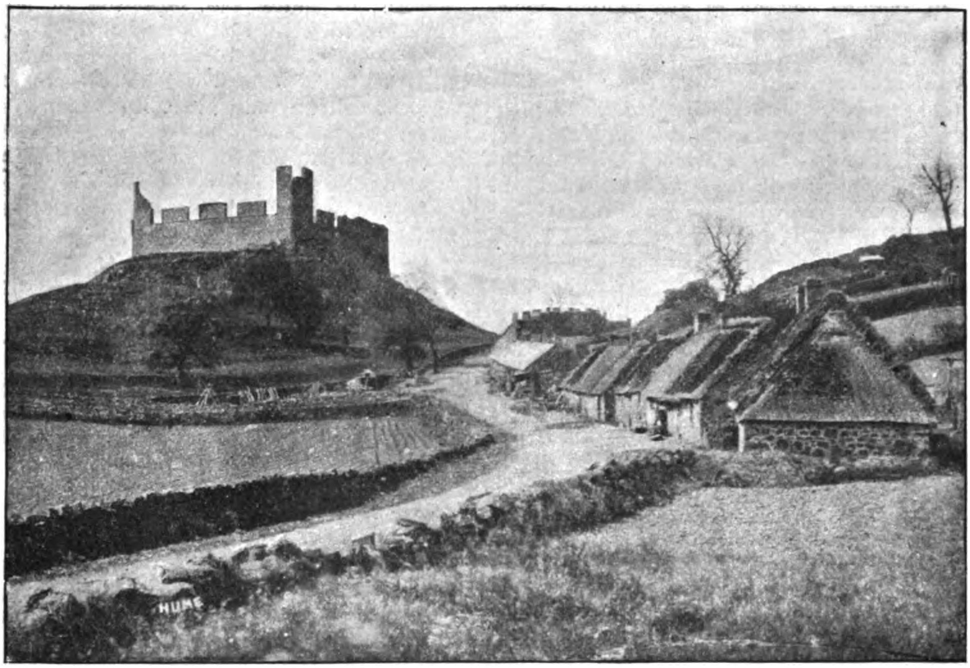
He falls asleep and sees in his dreams a quaint old village in the heart of the Borderland, nestling at the base of the Eildons. He traces its history for a whole Sabbath day when he was a boy, and recalls many anecdotes of the various people with whom he was acquainted in boyhood. He is hastening home to join in family worship. As he sped down the street he heard the strains of the evening psalm from every cottage. The sound made him hurry, for he knew they would be waiting for him to complete the circle of praise. Round the corner he swiftly turned and —— awoke on the floor. The noise of his fall startled them all. His wife helped him to his seat. For a few minutes he was quite confused—"Why—what was the matter, Adam?" "Oh," said he with a smile, "I've had a day in a lost land, and I came home too quick."

Yours in the bonds of Border brotherhood,

Dominie Sampson

The "Beacon Dinner."

A CENTURY ago, in the month of January, 1804, this "right little, tight little island" found herself in a very tight place. Long oppressed with a heavy burden of taxation, and the nightmare of foreign war, which was fast draining her of the best and bravest of her youth and manhood, she resembled nothing so much as a rocky fortress surrounded by the sea, the outworks of which were continually patrolled by active and watchful sentries, while within the fortress itself there was heard the continual drilling of the defenders and the rattle of arms. Rumour proclaimed that the enemy, whom the Powers of the Continent had been unable to quell, had determined to strike a blow at "Freedom" in her island home, which in its suddenness and strength would lay the world at his feet. The long, dark nights of the winter were therefore deemed the most favourable for the attempt to land an army on the coast, and preparations to cope with the danger were carefully made all over the country. In the Border counties bonfires were built on the most prominent peaks of the hills and outstanding heights, ready to flash the news of invasion over the country if such an attempt were made by night, and one on the heights of Hume Castle, from its proximity to the coast, was the one from which those more inland would receive the signal. In such a state of tension as the country may be conceived to have been, it is not to be wondered at that trade of all kinds languished—money was scarce, and meal was at ransom prices; markets, however, were fairly attended, for the farmers were reaping the benefit of the corn-laws, and the armies had to be fed though the peasantry should starve. Such was the state of affairs when on the 31st January, 1804, after the close of the market at Jedburgh, a few farmers rode in company on their way homewards till they came to the parting of the ways at Mount-Teviot toll-bar, where they dismounted to enjoy a friendly glass and a chat over affairs in general. No doubt the threatened invasion figured largely in the conversation, for the farmers were, mostly all of them, members of the local Yeomanry, and bound, on the beacons being lit, to ride to headquarters at Dalkeith, a ride in many cases of from forty to fifty miles. While thus engaged a countryman hurried into the toll-house with the announcement "the beacons are lichtit." Out rushed the toll-keeper followed by the



HUME CASTLE.

farmers, and seeing the beacons ablaze on the surrounding heights "mount and ride" was the word, and in their hurry forgot that they had not paid the "lawin." On one of them calling out to that effect the toll-keeper replied "never mind the lawin," and added as a valedictory, "come back this nicht twalmonth and I'll have a guse ready for ye." It is a matter of history how splendidly the call to arms was responded to, and though the "Alarm" turned out "false" the effect on the public mind was reassuring in the highest degree. It is not the intention in this article to refer to the many interesting incidents which occurred in the course of that night, suffice it to say that the Yeomanry all reached headquarters by one o'clock next day, and the Volunteers of Roxburghshire, to the number of 500, answered to the roll-call in the morning at their headquarters at Kelso. As the day wore on, and no intelligence of the foe coming to hand, it was suspected, and rightly, that the firing of the beacons had been a mistake, the force was dismissed and then, accompanied by relatives of both sexes and all ages, who had in the early morning found their way to Kelso to take, as they believed, their last farewell, they returned to their homes, thankful in heart for their great deliverance. Andrew Scott, the Bowden poet, summed up the position very humorously in the closing lines of his racy poem, "Simon and Janet"—

"What reck! a' the stoor cam' to naething,
So Simon and Janet his dame,
Halescart, frae the wars withoot skaithin',
Gaed bannin' the French awa hame."

The farmers, however, did not forget the "lawin," nor the invitation of their friend Hislop, the toll-keeper, and that "nicht twalmonth" they met at Mount-Teviot toll-bar, and there held the first dinner in "commemoration of the lighting of the Border beacons." The dinner was held there annually till Hislop removed to the public-house at St Boswells Green, and after his death (or retiral) was continued by his successor, Robert Cumming, till the house was pulled down about 1830, to make way for the "Buccleuch Arms Inn," where, under improved conditions and larger accommodation, it continued to be held.

At these dinners John Younger, who was one of the Volunteers who marched from St Boswells to Kelso on the night of the alarm, was a frequent attender, and his presence never failed to elicit a hearty round of cheers whenever he presented himself to propose a toast, make a speech, or "sing a sang at least." The dinner held on the 31st January, 1879, the seventy-fifth anniversary, broke the record, and no attempt seems to have been made to revive it, but it is to be hoped that the dinner to be held in the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh, by the Border Union of Edinburgh, in connection with the Border Counties Associations of Edinburgh and Glasgow, may start it on a fresh career, and thus keep alive the memory of that night, when, for the last time, the bonfires, as signals of war, were lit on the hills of the Border—

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide,
The glaring balefires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn."

J. D.

The Maids of Cheviot.

The maids, the maids of Cheviot that proudly stand a-row,
Have drawn across their shoulders their sables of the snow,
And bound upon their bosoms and twined among their hair
Such wealth of dancing diamonds as only queens may wear.

The maids, the maids of Cheviot hold out their soft white arms
To call the frosty north winds to nestle in their charms,
The loving, fighting north winds that ride the wintry vale
With tramping hoofs a-thunder and clinking swords a-trail.

The bold resistless lovers that lift the veils of grey
And bare the queenly faces and kiss the lips and say:—
"We rode by Norway mountains and down the wide North Sea,
Yet met no fairer maidens, O Border maids, than ye!"

"Last year, O winds of Norway, ye sang the same sweet lay,
Last year ye came and raised our veils and kissed and rode away,
But the sun's a laggard lover, and so, be ye false or true,
We deck us each December in our diamonds for you!"

WILL. H. OGILVIE.

The Old Smugglers in Northumberland.

THE "luxury" of fighting with the French at the latter end of last century and the beginning of the present one cost our nation about twelve millions sterling annually. Although much of that sum was raised by the contributions of patriotic men, the greatest portion of it had to be gathered by an extension of taxation. Many heavy taxes were accordingly levied both on the luxuries and necessaries of life. Consequently, smuggling, which is coeval with taxation, became pretty general during the French war.

All around the seaboard of our island the smuggler plied his avocation, one of the most noted places in Northumberland for smuggling being the village of Boulmer, near Alnwick. This was the favourite port of the Scottish smugglers. In the winter time farmers and out-door workers tried their luck at the illegal trade. A strong impetus was given to Border smuggling when the Scottish distilleries, in the year 1799, were supported by Act of Parliament, owing to the scarcity of grain. The people had been accustomed to drink whisky at a penny-farthing a gill, and were not exactly prepared to abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors. Consequently, as a Hawick poet says—

> A Scotchman, mam, maun hae his horn;

and his supply could only then be got from the illicit still or from a seaport.

Large quantities of gin, silks, cards, tobacco, &c., were brought into the harbour of Boulmer; and a safe and ready harbour it was. The Scottish smugglers generally got their supplies from a noted pirate named Daniel Fleury. Captain Fleury, who came from the French coast, was often in danger. During one voyage alone he was chased fifteen times by a royal cutter. I knew several of these Scotchmen who got their supplies from Fleury. "Boomer-men" they were familiarly called. Like the freebooters and mosstroopers of other days, they were inured to deeds of daring. They were first-class horsemen, and frequently went in bands together. They sallied forth during the darkness of night, many of them armed. Frequently two bulldogs went along with a squad. These animals were admirably trained, one going in front, the other in the rear; and, so arranged, the gang would cross the Cheviots, right across to Boulmer. They sometimes arrived before Fleury, the appearance of whose ship was announced in the village by a nocturnal fiddler playing—

> Oh, but ye've been lang away!
> Ye're welcome back again.

This was the signal tune, and the excisemen were seldom allowed to be sober at the time as to hear it. No time was lost at the landing. In their homeward march the Scotchmen travelled by the most outlandish roads, and, sometimes, where there were no road at all. They were continually beset with danger, and often hid themselves during the light of day, sallying forth only in the darkness of night.

But notwithstanding the great caution invariably exercised, they had many a terrible conflict with the gaugers. A Hawick smuggler, named Alexander Mitchelhill, along with his father, was at the Carter Toll Bar resting on their return from Boulmer to Hawick, and had their kegs of gin up in the hay-loft. A gang of excisemen overtook them. Sandy was a firm-set wiry man; his father was of the same make, and upwards of six feet in height. The smugglers ran up to protect their gear, and were pursued in haste by the others. A dreadful encounter ensued in the dark hay-loft, the smugglers proving victorious. Young Sandy had been bitten in the calf of the leg during the struggle, but he endured the pain in silence. After the affair was over, the father said in an exulting tone: "A've left the marks ov ma teeth on yin o' their legs at ony rate!"

"It was me ye bate, father! Was aw no guid game no te squeel?"

Almost every town, village, and hamlet on the Borders had their bands of "Boomer-men," and as the minstrels of old commemorated the daring deeds of the freebooters, even so did our modern rhymers depict the leading exploits of these lawless men. Here is the style of the productions:—

> There's Jamie Tackets o' Hawick,
> And other two also,
> They saddled their horses on Sunday,
> And off to Boomer did go.
> And we'll a' to Boomer, to Boomer,
> And we'll a' to Boomer for gin!
>
> There's Jock the Deck o' Denholm,
> We'll a' take a pattern by him;
> He's gane fifteen rake to Boomer,
> And ne'er lost an anker but ane.
>
> There's Blind Wull Balmer o' Jethart,
> His grips is no guid to be in;
> For he amaist killed twa gaugers,*
> When coming frae Boomer wi' gin.
>
> There's canny Wull Faa o' Kirk Yetholm,
> He lives i' the sign o' the Queen,
> He gat a great slash i' the hand
> When coming frae Boomer wi' gin!

He who shines in the last of these verses was the Gypsy King, and resided amongst his "people" at Kirk Yetholm. He was a man of great courage and of extraordinary strength. His whole mode of life was in every way befitting the schemes and the hardships of a smuggler. The "slash i' the hand," referred to above, left its mark upon him. It was got in a conflict with armed men. Once, while leaving Boulmer with his horse and cargo, he saw approaching him, near Little Mill, a band of excisemen armed and mounted. In order to escape, he tried a gate, which, however, had on it a spring sneck, and would not open. He then wheeled his horse, cut off the kegs, and leapt the wall into a field; but before he had gone far his horse had stuck fast in a bog.* The only weapon of defence the Gypsy King possessed at the time was a hazel rung. One of the gaugers approached him, sword in hand; but "Wull" hoisted his cudgel. A hand-to-hand combat ensued; the king fought desperately, but hopelessly, for the hazel became shorter and shorter, and it was only when the stick was all gone and the sinews of his hand were unable to resist the blows from his opponent's sword, that he was forced to yield.

The occupation of these Boulmer-men was at last put down by the strong hand of the law. I knew many of them, and have frequently heard them recount their feats by field and flood.

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*Another version is: "He killed a' the gaugers i' Jethart."

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL."—We have frequently made favourable references to this excellent Scottish publication which was founded by Borderers. It has stood the test of time, and continues as popular as ever in spite of the strong competition of countless rivals. There is something solid and satisfying to the mind in the pages of "Chambers's," while the imagination is untrammelled by the restrictions of illustrations. The above number is a big budget of most readable matter, and though it contains nothing specially bearing upon the Borders, there is a reference to a prominent American Borderer in the article "The Burns Cult in America." Mr Robert Borthwick Adam, of Buffalo, who is one of the foremost collectors of Burns' MSS., and whose library contains the finest collection of Johnsoniana in existence, is a native of Peebles, being a son of the late Rev. Mr Adam. Among the various Burns MSS. in the possession of Mr Adam is the entire Burns-Dunlop correspondence.

A Borderer in Edinburgh Slums.

A Sketch of Carlyle's First Biographer.

THE life story of the famous Dumfriesian has been told by several able and popular writers, who have more or less been indebted to his first biographer, who deserves to be more widely known. Just now, when so much is being written regarding Carlyle and his wife and their domestic life, a few particulars by way of a sketch of the above worthy gentleman may be of interest to the readers of the "Border Magazine."

The writer on more than one occasion, when rummaging through the wynds and closes of Auld Reekie, has had the good fortune to run against our subject. The surroundings and circumstances of these meetings, it may be pointed out, did not favour the idea of discovering the biographer of the world's renowned philosopher.

Yet here he may be found, with all his literary genius, gifts of eloquence, and other outstanding traits, in the person of Mr John T. Wells, and as the representative of one of the wealthy west end churches, devoting his life to the poor and the uplifting of the lapsing and the lapsed. Though unknown to the outside world, he has long been known as "a friend" in the darkest corners of the Metropolis.

Mr Wells is a native of Waterbeck, Middlebie, and was reared within a few miles of Ecclefechan. In his youth he became familiar with the history and the homes and haunts of the Carlyles. Throughout several parishes, Mr Wells, in the early days of the Temperance Reform, did yeoman service in spreading its principles, and in helping to found the "new licht" or "Morisonian" cause on the Border. It was no uncommon thing for him to tramp many miles, after working a long day, in the interests of the above, and return in the small hours of the morning to snatch "forty winks," and often to resume work without these. His eloquence as a preacher, and temperance advocate, gained him great popularity even beyond the bounds of his native shire. In some villages and towns his coming was heralded by the singing of a song, the chorus of which declared that—

Johnie Wells has come to toon,
Noo publicans may fret an' froon,
'Sin' Johnie Wells has come to toon.

Whilst Mr Wells followed his daily occupation, he devoted much of his time to painting and literature, and in reading all that came to hand from the pen of the Chelsea sage. Previous to embarking on a business life, and when the works of Carlyle were attracting no little attention, Mr Wells collected an immense store of information regarding the Carlyle family. Few, if any living, therefore, are better versed in the history of the clan from which the famous writer sprung.

Neither time nor trouble was spared in getting together the material for his projected biography. No end of people were interviewed, who were intimate with the Carlyles or who knew their family history. In this way Mr Wells obtained information which no other biographer could possibly possess, since not a few of the individuals interviewed had crossed the bourne long before Froude and others came upon the scene. Besides, Mr Wells knew Jamie Carlyle o' Scotsbrig, the prophet's brother, and his sister, to whom Carlyle refers in his letters as "the small Jeanie."

The first portion of Mr Wells' life of Carlyle appeared in the "Biographical Magazine," a London monthly, under the title of "Thomas Carlyle: A Biography with Auto-biographical Notes." The manuscript was read over to Carlyle, by his niece, before its publication, and he expressed satisfaction with the whole, only correcting two dates. The chapters of the biography, as they appeared month by month, attracted considerable attention in literary circles. The London news room copies had to be renewed three and four times a month. The various Press notices of the life were exceedingly favourable, indeed, in some instances quite flattering. The various chapters were well illustrated from wood-cuts executed by Mr J. Leslie, a working gardener at Spring Kell, now head gardener with Sir T. Coates, Perth.

Some time before the issue of the life story was completed, the magazine was interdicted, and suddenly ceased to exist. Neither by coxing nor threatening could Mr Wells obtain the return of his manuscript. Its ultimate destiny was never known, but particulars appeared in subsequent biographies which could have been got from no other source, for reasons already stated. The editor of the magazine, it may be added, was an old amanuensis of the Ecclefechan philosopher.

Mr Wells' account of the early surroundings of Carlyle differs somewhat from the accounts of other biographers. He, for instance, says that Tom was born in the little room over the archway in the "Arched House," and not in the room pointed out to visitors. This is a mere cupboard of a place, with a curtained recess bed, and altogether uninviting and meagre. Information on this point was obtained from the nurse who waited on Carlyle's mother, and is therefore first hand. It is interesting in this connection to note that this was borne out by a statement from the nephew of the sage, Mr John Carlyle, Milnholm, Langholm, who, by the way, bore a strong facial resemblance to his distinguished uncle. He told how that after his uncle became famous, the question was put to his mother, by her son, and his father, James Carlyle, and she distinctly informed him that Tom was born in the small room on the left, the one above the archway.

These recent writers on the homes and houses of Carlyle have omitted to mention one described by Mr Wells, and illustrated in his biography. Regarding it, he states how that the Carlyles took possession when their circumstances had improved. This house is situated in what is known as Matthew Murray's Close, and was long since converted into a sort of cow house and butchery. Here seven children were born, three sons and four daughters. The orchard wall, mentioned in "Sartor Resartus," whereon Diogenes ate his supper of "bread and crumbs and boiled milk," whilst he meditated on this "strange universe," can still be seen.

The first biography of Carlyle, it was admitted, gave evidence of marked literary power, a comprehensive knowledge of the subject on hand, and a close acquaintance with the prophet's work. Such men as the Scientist Crozier and the "Surfaceman" recognised the author's work and encouraged his ability. Some of the most recent biographers of Carlyle have found it worth while to consult him. A future biographer has had several interviews, and proposes embodying much that he has gleaned from Mr Wells in his life, believing that it will throw new light on the life and doings of the great writer.

Since 1877, when Mr Wells wrote his biography, the religious and secular Press has been greatly enriched by his pen. His booklet on "Thomas Carlyle: His Religious Experiences," as reflected in "Sartor Resartus," was well received. It is written in a smooth, pleasing style, and shows the Ecclefechanite in a new and better light than is frequently done. Indeed, this life-long student of Carlyle, we may add, has no sympathy with much that has been, and is being, written about him. It is largely gossip or pure fiction, and cannot be trusted. As to the notion long current regarding Carlyle, he thinks it strangely erroneous and due to some of his biographers. Carlyle was neither selfish nor arrogant, and certainly was no domestic bully. In spite of all that has been written he is of opinion that the real and popular life of the Chelsea sage has yet to be written.

It was after Mr Wells had started business in Edinburgh that he was induced to enter mission and philanthropic work. For a goodly number of years his doings in the slums have been highly spoken of. Few institutions are better known in the neighbourhood of the High Street than his Penny Bank, day nursery, and mission services. Among the poor and the outcast he is much respected. Even here his superior gifts have been recognised and attracted the attention of men from varied ranks.

MR J. T. WELLS.

Since the above was set up an exceedingly interesting article has appeared in "Bostonia," Boston University Magazine, on "Carlyle and His Biographers," from the pen of a native of Liddesdale, Mr E. Charlton Black, LL.D. (Glasgow), Professor of English Literature. The article contains a very appreciative reference to Mr Wells, and one which bears out what we have said regarding him and his work.

Mr Black, in the course of an able defence of Froude, deals with the insinuation that the historian took upon himself the task of writing Carlyle's biography, and shows that the latter gave him "definite instructions regarding the formal biography and publication of the Reminiscences." He says that Carlyle was "Without doubt stimulated" to this by the appearance of Mr Wells' serial in the "Biographical Magazine," the chief feature of which was announced to be "of a more complete and thorough character than anything yet published." The truth of the advertisement was borne out by the opening chapters which were published.

"The account," says Black, "of the Carlyles of Annandale and Thomas Carlyle's own immediate ancestors was so complete and thorough that Carlyle, through Froude, took steps to get the publication of the biography stopped. Frederick Martin, for long the editor of 'The Statesman's Yearbook,' was the editor-in-chief of 'The Biographical Magazine,' and at Froude's request he withdrew the work from circulation. The history of the suppressed Life of Carlyle is an interesting one. It was compiled by a native of the Carlyle country, John T. Wells, an enthusiastic student of Carlyle, who had amassed an immense store of biographical matter concerning the Carlyle family generally, and 'young Tom' in particular. Wells' exhaustive history of Carlyle's early years was known to a few literary men, among others to Dr John Beattie Crozier, the author of 'Civilization and Progress' and 'The History of Intellectual Development" (another native of Liddesdale), who told Frederick Martin of the unique treasure. Martin before long made a pilgrimage to the Carlyle country, visited Wells, and secured the biography. What became of Wells' manuscript after the suppression of the magazine the author never found out, Martin refusing to give him any information on the subject.

In a foot-note, Mr Black, among other things, tells how that our subject "went to Edinburgh, studied at the University there from 1878 to 1881," and adds, "He is the author of several suggestive papers and essays on subjects connected with Carlyle," and makes special mention of the treatise to which we have already referred.

G. M. R.

"THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW."—Sir Noel Paton's famous series of six pictures, illustrative of the weird Border Ballads, have been reproduced as picture post-cards. To collectors this will be a valued addition to the cult. Mr J. D. Russell, Edinburgh, is the publisher.

The Grey Peel—A Border Ballad.

(From the Recital of Matthew Gotterson.)

THE Grey Peel was for centuries well known to the inhabitants of Jed Forest, but its last remnants were cleared away upwards of thirty years ago, under the stern regime of agricultural improvements. An accomplished and noteworthy writer of the early part of the century stated that "the Grey Peel and the Twinwillows, on the banks of Blackburn, could boast of their legends of true and unfaithful love," but, with the exception of these words and the following ballad, there are no writings—only traditions—extant regarding the Grey Peel. It stood on the left bank of the romantic Lintalee Burn, near Jedburgh. The spot is finely wooded, but evry solitary. Merlindean is the name of the upper or moorland portion of the same glen, and has from time immemorial been spoken of as haunted. Even in these so-called days of enlightenment the solitary scene at Merlindean Brig has an eerie look—something stronger in its absolute stillness than "pastoral melancholy." Among those of auld Wat's neighbours who assembled to search for May, Ringan of Smailcleuchfoot deserves special mention, for the inhabitants of the Forest were, and are still, proud of his name. He was a man of great integrity and valour, and his bodily strength was prodigious; and it is matter of history that "he was set to keep the pass at Bothwell Bridge," and in that service he got his thigh-bone dislocated. He was also at the battle of Killiecrankie, where he evinced his prowess by killing all who came before him." His sword, a double-edged Ferrara, is still in the possession of one of his family at Inchbonnie. Sir Walter Scott more than once walked from Jedburgh to that place to see and handle the sword of the famous Ringan Oliver. There is a Border tradition that many of the Kerrs of Ferniehearst were left-handed, hence the term Kerr-handed. Corsbie Castle and Boon are in Upper Berwickshire, near the Lammermuirs. Three sides of the lofty walls of Corsbie Castle are still complete, and it stands on the edge of Corsbie Moss. It is believed that many who know the locality that Sir Walter must have had this castle in mind when describing Avenel. A few centuries ago it would be totally surrounded by water. It is eight miles, crow-line, from Melrose. The fatal fight between the lairds of Boon and Corsbie is occasionally spoken of yet in the district. The grave of Boon, on Boonhill, is well-known, and is marked by a large gravestone, of a sort, which is locally called at the present day "the Corse Stane."

Auld Wat o' the Grey Peel's dochter May—
Perfection's maiden in form and mien,
Wi' face as bright as a simmer day—
I' the Grey Peel Glen nae mair is seen.

There's naething but grief within the wa's,
Thereout there's dool 'mong women and men,
An' ruefu's the strain o' the wind that blaws
Through the shiverin' leaves i' the Grey Peel Glen.

Wi' frolicsome step i' the morning bright,
She brent her away to the Merlindean,
Where voices wail i' the darksome night
Or wildly laugh i' the moonlight sheen.

But the eerie glen i' the light o' day
Revealed but charms to her laughin' een,
And' the sun-bright morn that wiled her away
Brought a dreary night—for nae mair she's seen.

Right ready o' help frae the Smailcleuchfit,
Stern Ringan has flown to the sad Grey Peel—
Unpeered he stands i' the Forest yet
For a trusty hand an' a bitin' steel.

An' gallopin' up comes Ruecastle Hew,
On his Bewcastle naig o' the gude steel-grey,
An' Ferniehearst grim, but ever heart-true,
Whase ready Kerr-hand redds mony a fray;

An' Rumpet Dowford, the ae-lugged loon,
An' lang armed Tam o' the Waterside Toor,
An' muckle Wull Elliot o' Jethart toon,
Wi' Staff aye ready for ony stour.

Baith east an' wast they muster and rin
Wi' eager speed, the fair May to trace;
But the sad days close as they begin,
And auld Wat manes for her bonnie face.

Six heart-fearin', heart-wearin' weeks are away;
In forest and open a' search is vain,
And hope seems dead for the lang-lost May,
It's mystery a' ower hill an' plain.

But hark! What news is this by the way,
Whilk auld an' young gaurs loup i' their shoon?
That May was seen i' the gloaming grey,
On the Toor o' the treacherous laird o' Boon.

And Gilbert o' Corsbie, ready and sure,
Up-faced wild Boon, wi' an angry e'e,
An' vowed he wad clear his lady-bour,
Or he or himsel' wad surely dee.

Now Boon for man had never a fear,
Had sinew an' heart o' the granite stane;
But his flashin' swurde and his fiendish leer
On dauntless Gibbie effect had nane.

On Boon hill-back they take their stand,
An' drew their brands o' the Spanish steel;
Then fit to fit, an' hand to hand,
They thrust an' parry, syne slash and reel.

But Gibbie has pricket the laird o' Boon,
An' rage-blind now that sic should be,
He springs on Gibbie, but that nimble loon
Strikes life wi' death frae his fause bodie.

They bury him speedily where he fa's,
An' rush frae the fatal spot away,
To search the boles o' the auld Toor wa's
Wi' beatin' hearts, for the lang-lost May.

She's found i' the bour, protecket right weel,
By Boon's auld tittie, Black Marjcrie:
But soon they light down at the blythe Grey Peel,
Where auld Wat laughs an' greets wi' glee.

Frae east an' wast to the Grey Peel gay,
Gude sprinklings o' blythe company ride,
To pleasur auld Wat and his winsome May,
Now gallant young Gilbert o' Corsbie's bride.

There's naething but mirth within the wa's,
Thereout there's joy 'mang women and men,
And sweet is the strain o' the wind that blaws
Through the whisperin' leaves i' the Grey Peel Glen.

The Marriage of Sir Walter Scott.

FROM "Chambers's Journal" of the year 1833 we take the following sketch under the title of "The Marriage of Sir Walter Scott." When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed upon his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Reverend Mr Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madame Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case was to transmit his two children, a boy and girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, till at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalization as a British subject, to Carpenter. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that two hundred pounds of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend two hundred a year. Mr Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till, a few days after, as he and Mrs Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post-chaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the militia act,* she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew anything of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in verv courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not now the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing: she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the companv of Mr Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently engaged, that the effect was already in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was a vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a young lady was it, who was going to take Watty Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.

The match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind of gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she was an excellent mistress of the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

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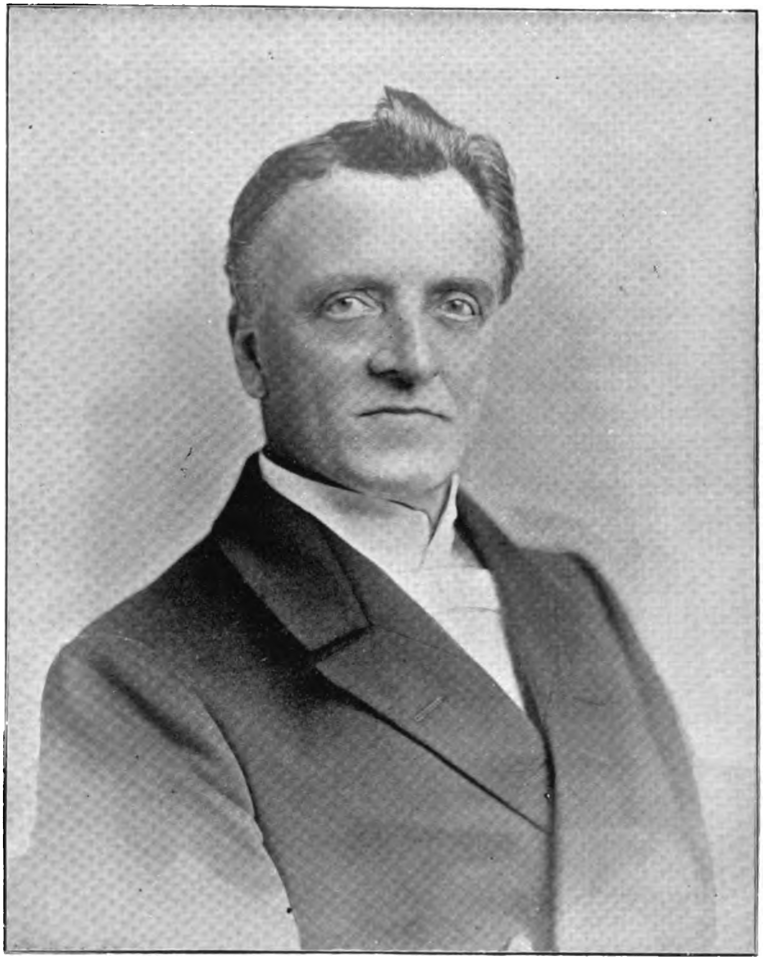

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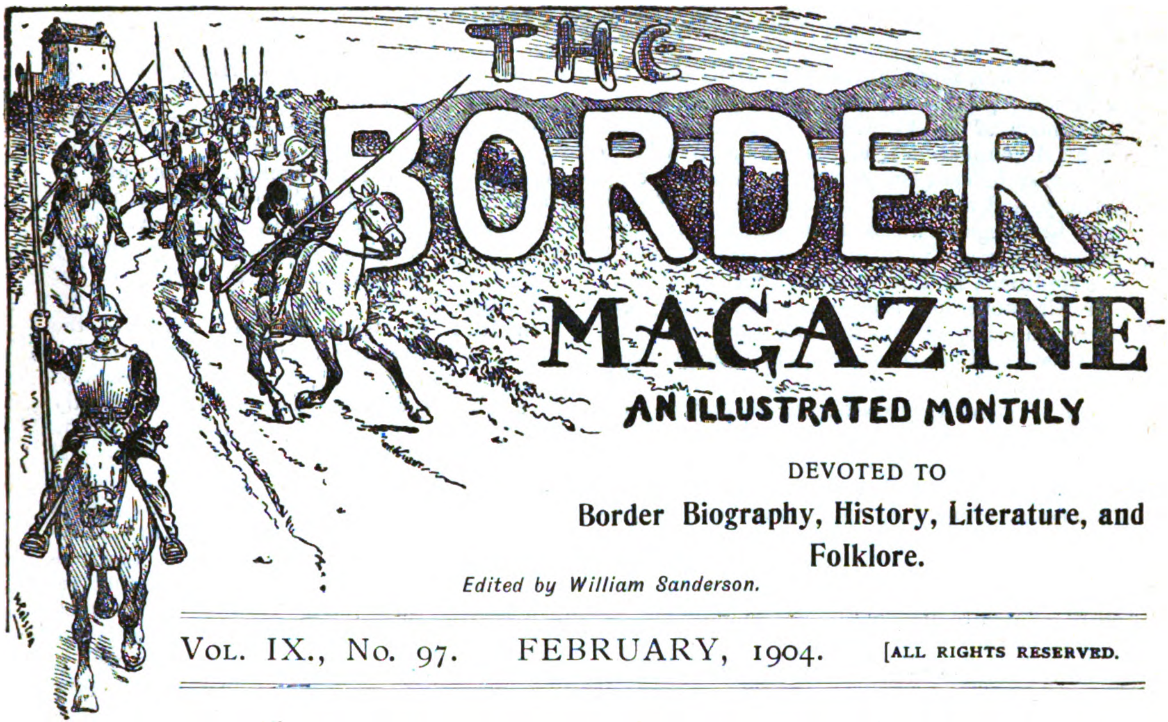

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REV. GEORGE GLADSTONE, GLASGOW.

By James Gillies.

IN 1886, when the great Home Rule split took place in the Liberal party, a special meeting was convened in Hengler's Cirque, Glasgow, by the Scottish Liberal Association, the principal speaker being the late Liberal chief, the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone. After the moving of the customary resolution, the great statesman delivered one of his high-toned, thrilling orations, in which he pleaded for justice to Ireland. The excitement in that crowded meeting of seven or eight thousand Liberals was intense, and enthusiasm ran high when the right honourable gentleman resumed his seat. Needless to say, he was accorded a magnificent ovation. Much to his surprise, however, there immediately rose from all parts of the building the cry of "Gladstone, Gladstone." Never shall I forget the look of puzzled amazement that passed over the countenance of the great Liberal chief as he heard that cry. It seemed as if he were saying to himself, "Do they not know that Gladstone has already spoken?" But the great leader was not for many minutes left in doubt as to the intention of the audience. The Rev. George Gladstone had a seat on the platform, and it was he whom the audience now wished to hear. It was a trying ordeal for any man to pass through, but the reverend gentleman proved himself equal to the occasion. For some thirty minutes he thrilled his hearers with his words of wisdom and burning eloquence, and when he resumed his seat he received an ovation not inferior to that which had been accorded to his great and distinguished namesake. On another occasion, in St Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, when Lord Rosebery was presiding over a large audience, a somewhat similar incident happened. After his Lordship had got over his surprise at the calls for "Gladstone," he laughingly remarked "I see there are more than one Gladstone."

As the name and fame of the above-mentioned reverend gentleman are widely known, it will be a pleasant surprise to some readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE to learn that he is a Borderer, and I feel sure that they will accept his portrait as a welcome addition to their Border Portrait Gallery.

Mr Gladstone is a native of Yetholm, the well-known capital of the Scottish gypsies, where he was born on the 27th of April, 1843. That year is a memorable one in the ecclesiastical annals of Scotland. Then it was that the famous "Ten Years' Conflict" had its consummation in the inauguration of the great Free Church of Scotland. The same year witnessed the institution of the Evangelical Union, a small body of churches which had grown out of the Rev. Dr Morison's protest against the high and dry Calvinism of the Confession of Faith. That small denomination rendered yeoman service to the cause of Temperance reform throughout its history, and ever since its union with the Scottish Congregationalists, some eight years ago, its ministers and members have worthily upheld its traditions in this respect. For forty years Mr Gladstone has been a successful and honoured minister of this denomination.

When Mr Gladstone was quite a lad, his parents removed from Yetholm to the City of Edinburgh. There they connected themselves with Brighton Street Chapel, which was then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Professor John Kirk. Dr Kirk was a prince of preachers, a successful evangelist, an enthusiastic temperance reformer, and a writer of common-sense books on Health and Hygiene. Coming under the spell of the heart-searching message of this man of God, the subject of our sketch was very early in life led to the Saviour, and to consecrate himself to His service, which resolve received every encouragement from Professor Kirk, who early detected the great possibilities in the bright Border lad.

By indomitable pluck and perseverance he overcame educational difficulties and attended Edinburgh University. After passing through the customary curriculum in that seat of learning, he entered the Theological Hall of the Evangelical Union in 1861, and four years later was ordained a preacher of the Gospel.

In 1864 a church was formed in the ancient town of Sanquhar—a town that is sacred to many by reason of its Covenanting associations—and Mr Gladstone was called to be its first minister. For six and a half years he laboured faithfully and earnestly amongst his little flock, and gained that experience which fitted him for the larger sphere he was destined to fill. It was during his Sanquhar ministry that Good Templary was introduced into Scotland. Mr Gladstone became one of its early adherents, and was chosen as the first District Deputy of Dumfriesshire. A few years later he was elected to the position of Grand Chief Templar of the Order in Scotland, and only those who were closely associated with him in the work can form any idea of the untiring energy he put forth in his efforts to establish firmly the Order throughout the length and breadth of the land. He soon became a temperance orator of the first rank, and his executive powers being of the highest order he was ultimately elected to be supreme head of the organisation for the whole world, and his powerful orations were listened to by delighted audiences in America and the Continent of Europe.

While in Sanquhar Mr Gladstone was married to the only daughter of the Rev. Dr Morison, the founder of the Evangelical Union, and he has found in her a true help-meet in all public work to which he has so unsparingly given himself. Only those who know the lady personally can form a just estimate of the beauty of her character.

In 1871 Mr Gladstone was called to the church at Govan, and, after five years' ministry there, he was, in 1876, unanimously chosen to be the colleague and successor to his saintly father-in-law, Dr Morison, the minister of Dundas Street E.U. Church, Glasgow. Since Dr Morison's retirement in 1883, Mr Gladstone has been the sole pastor of this large and influential congregation, and it speaks volumes for his devotion to the interests of his church, that, despite his multifarious labours for external organisations, it is to-day stronger in membership and resources than at any former period of its history. It is hardly necessary to add that a preacher of such power has had many tempting calls to important churches in London and other great centres.

It is, however, in connection with the temperance movement that Mr Gladstone is best known to those who are outside his own religious denomination, and his services are at all times in great demand for special temperance demonstrations. In addition to the great work he has rendered to Good Templary, he has been for many years a director of the Scottish Temperance League, and the honoured chairman of its executive. He has preached the annual sermon of the League on several occasions, is almost invariably one of the most popular speakers at its great annual public meeting in Glasgow, and has worthily represented it at important national gatherings in all parts of the United Kingdom.

As a writer he has also done excellent work, his first volume being entitled "Good Templary: its History and Principles, with Replies to Objections," a book which had a large sale and is now out of print. An important work from his pen, "Problems of Scripture," has just been published by a London firm, as one of a series representing the Congregational Pulpit. The sermons contained in this volume are all of exceptional merit, and go far to explain Mr Gladstone's popularity as a preacher. The pages of the "League Journal" are teeming with articles from his facile pen, all of which have been a helpful influence in guiding the policy of the movement and amplifying its principles. He occasionally writes the "New Year Tract" for the League, one from his pen having a circulation of over 130,000 and is still in demand. As an example of Mr Gladstone's epigramatic style in these publications, we quote the opening sentences of one of them:—

> He who never made a mistake never made anything else. To err is human. But that is no good reason for continuing in folly. Even fools should be taught by experience to become wiser. And if we go on repeating mistakes we cannot escape being filled with the fruits of our doings. We must reap as we sow. Besides, our mistakes may unutterably injure others. "A mistaken command has lost a battle; a mistaken movement has lost an Empire." Many a stately vessel has been wrecked because the captain, neglected or excited through strong drink, gave foolish orders. And many a young man's life has ended in failure because he was swayed by the mistake of another. It is easier to work ruin through our mistakes than to repair the ruin once it is wrought.

As already indicated, Mr Gladstone is in politics a keen and ardent Liberal, and is not one of those who believe that clergymen should dissociate themselves from party politics. Time and again he has thrown himself into political warfare, and has invariably proved to his opponents that he is a force to be reckoned with. He is one of the finest platform orators in the country, and had he chosen a political career he would have been an ornament to the House of Commons. His stirring appeals, lightened with occasional flashes of humour, can hold any audience spell-bound.

Notwithstanding his untiring labours, Mr Gladstone "wears well," and has all the fire and energy of a young man, and we hope that he and Mrs Gladstone will be long spared to carry on their useful labours in the cause of religion and social reform.

We have received a handsome volume entitled "Upper Coquetdale," from the pen of Mr David Dippie Dixon, whose "Whittingham Vale" met with a most favourable reception, but the demands on our space being so great we reluctantly hold over our review of the important work until we can do it something like justice. In passing, we may state that the volume contains 500 pages and many illustrations, printing and binding being excellent. Considering the size and style of the book, the price, 5s post free, is remarkably low. Mr R. Redpath, "Daily Journal" Office, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is the publisher, and copies can be had from him. An "Edition de Luxe" is also published at one guinea, and this will doubtless find a place in the library of many a Border gentleman both north and south of the Tweed.

A Trusty Henchman.

In a recent bright little account of a visit to Abbotsford, there is incidental reference to Tom Purdie's tobacco-box, which lies on a little round table beside other valued relics. This special relic is of little value in itself, but he who once owned it deserves to be held in abiding recollection for all he was to Scott—his shepherd, his gamekeeper, his forester, his overseer, his factotum, his right-hand man, and withal, as Lockhart says, "the happiest and most consequential man in the world." A faithful servant, unalterable in his love and reverence to his master, a man who had inherited a lively sense of sturdy Border independence—the record of his honourable service is enshrined in the "Journal" and "Letters" of one who was as well-beloved by the meanest of his workers, as he will continue to be by the wise and good of all the ages. If the quarry-man, ditcher, or dyker deemed himself fortunate to have a "crack wi' the laird," Tom Purdie could boast of a familiarity which deepened his respect, and there is little wonder that he always fell heir to the white hat and green jacket of Sir Walter. But Tom was no braggart. He had one talent, and he hid it not in a napkin.

When, about the year 1807, first brought before the notice of the Sheriff, Tom Purdie was in sore straits. Work was scarce, and game plentiful, and to save his wife and bairns from starvation he yielded to the hereditary instinct of a love of sport. He found himself in Court, upon a charge of poaching. He owned to having "girned a hare or twa" to prevent his household from doing any mischief. His motive was above suspicion, and the kindly heart of Scott was moved to give him work and save his character. Well did he repay the generosity of the judge!

"The quality of mercy is not strained.
. . . . It is twice blessed.
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

Tom was grateful, and to the end of his days' darg was all that an honourable master could desire. Scott, in 1813, thus writes—

"Tom Purdie is the principal or upper "oracle. His talent lies in catching a sal-"mon, or finding a hare sitting—on which "occasions (being a very complete Scrub) he "solemnly exchanges his working jacket for "an old green one of mine, and takes the "air of one of Robin Hood's followers. His "more serious employments are ploughing, "harrowing, and overseeing all my premises; being a complete jack-of-all-trades, from the carpenter to the shepherd, nothing comes strange to him; and being extremely honest, and somewhat of a humorist, he is quite my right-hand."

When a saw-mill was to be erected at Toftfield, the Laird insisted that Tom should learn the process perfectly himself, and when the drainage of Blue Bank was contemplated, master and man paced, by the hour together, before the door of Abbotsford. It was necessary to estimate the cost, and like a faithful servant Tom always acted as one who must give an account. Sir Walter commended his thrift, and to Mr Laidlaw sends the following note,—

"Don't let Tom forget hedgerow trees which he is very unwilling to remember. . . . Tom is very costive about trees, and talks only of 300 poplars. I shall send double that number, also some hagberries, &c. He thinks he is saving me money when he is starving my projects, but he is a pearl of honesty and good intention, and I like him the better for needing driving where expense is likely."

From such criticism as the above it will be readily understood that Tom had evinced a strong will and a fine conceit in his own judgment. He was not, indeed, mealy-mouthed, but spoke his mind freely and forcibly betimes. He was jealous of his master's fame, proud of his influence and even control in his master's plans, somewhat reserved in the presence of his fellows, one who could keep a secret and the honour of a friend. No one dared trespass on the grounds at Abbotsford without his good-will, and the finger-post bearing the legend "The Rod to Selkirk," though his own handiwork, was, undoubtedly, Scott's frequently expressed wish carried into tardy execution. At anyrate, after a narrow escape on a foot-bridge, we read,—

"Tom Purdie, who had orders to repair the bridge long since, was so scandalized at the consequence of his negligence that the bridge is repaired by the time I am writing this."

And this is the only reproof, measured so sparingly, as if to find fault were infinite pain.

It may here be interesting to give the character of Tom, as it appeared to one of his few favourites. It is from the pen of a cultured gentleman who has sought to do honour to Scott in acknowledgment of a kindly gift received when a school-boy. This same gentleman frequently met the overseer as he roamed through the woods at Abbotsford. His impressions of Tom are delightfully fresh, and altogether free from prejudice,—

"Tom was a shrewd, humorsome kind of fellow, and appeared to me always to have his own way, and his peculiarities at times afforded Sir Walter the greatest amusement. That he was self-willed there is no doubt, but he was also well-disposed; zealous and active in the interest of his employer, and one not to be trifled with; for few would insult Tom after looking at his broad shoulders, thick-set frame, and face well-browned with the sun, to say nothing of his capacious fists, hardened by industry, and ready either to fell a tree or any one that ventured to insult him."

In at least two of the "Waverleys," the outline of a "delightful portrait" of a man, whose native hardness of visage was softened by kindness and confidence, has been sketched broadly, it is true, but revealing an affectionate copy. A well-executed likeness of Tom Purdie hangs in Abbotsford, but as Peter Mathieson was wont to say, the best likeness of him "waur cut by Mr Smith o' Darnick, . . . and if ye mind he had a mole on his cheek, and if ye look intill'd ye can see it in the stane."

Abbotsford had many distinguished visitors, who paid homage to the genius of the Wizard of the North. His trusty henchman interviewed some of the most illustrious men of the day, but his impressions are almost wholly lost. In the autumn of 1819, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians) visited Scotland, and when at Abbotsford he was highly entertained by Scott, whose piper, John of Skye, "made music to his ear," much to the annoyance of Tom Purdie, to whom the Prince spoke in warm praise of the musician's skill. John had been at one time hedger and ditcher, and had recently been promoted in his master's service. There seems to have been no love lost between him and the overseer, and the latter thus relates to the former one of his confidential conversations,—

"He wanted me to gang away wi' him and be made his Royal huntsman, and the Prince bade me gie his compliments to ye mon, an' to say, that if ye thought o' flitting he should want a swine-herd, an' ye might gang wi' me tae pipe the piggies hame at bedtime."

Tom grew in favour, and ten years later Sir Walter speaks of him as his "special assistant." Thus he writes from Edinburgh,—

"I shall be glad to be at Abbotsford to get rid of this town, where I have not, in the proper and social sense of the word, a

> "single friend whose company pleases me. In "the country I have always Tom Purdie."

Yes, this was Scott's ideal of happiness—Tom Purdie at his stirrup, and Maida stalking in advance. Tom was in great glory when, removed from all farm duty, he carried his master's plaid. He only spoke when it pleased him, telling, sometimes, long stories of hits and misses in shooting, twenty years back, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." When walking among the slippery heather the two strode arm-in-arm. Indoors, they sat together in the Library, in the care of which Tom was remarkably fastidious, while his remarks were quaint and droll, and his mode of expressing himself extremely amusing. His accent was broad and unsophisticated. He spoke of Sir Walter's publications as "our" books, and was greatly comforted in the reading of them. When off his sleep he took one of the novels, and "before he read two pages it was sure to set him asleep." His attachment to his master was distinctly personal, but he was only "at home" beside the Tweed. The gaiety and glare of city life was too bewildering, and when Scott brought him to Edinburgh he longed for the soft murmur of the Border stream. Such civic discontent made him more nearly akin to Scott himself, who loved the bracing breeze from the heather hills of Ettrick and Yarrow, and without which once a year he said he would die!

Several stories have been preserved which show familiarity that never, at any time, led to disrespect. One such may be repeated here. Tom had with difficulty secured a badger at some distance from the homestead. A favourite friend assisted him to carry the capture to the stable, where it was let free, and the door was closed. But the badger was only a prisoner at large, and noisy counsel as to its proper housing brought Sir Walter within the area of debate. Tom was eager to the fray. He boldly opened the door, and crept by a ladder to the loft above, but he had shut the door too carelessly, or perhaps an unseen hand had touched the latch, for when Tom swooped down on his prey the badger escaped, and the pursuer was met by Scott's sudden, if not simulated, query—

> "Ye hae caught a Tartar, and what will ye "do wi' the bit beastie? He'll mak' but a "fearfu' bed-fellow, an' gobble ye up as the "wolf did little Red Riding Hood."

The tender feeling which bound together master and servant remained stable and strong in the testing-time of bitter disappointment. In the very throes of that financial crisis which would have harrowed to despair a man of less grit than Scott, there may be read in his diary of December, 1825, if the tears start, let them flow!—

> "Poor Will Laidlaw—poor Tom Purdie—"such news will wring your hearts, and many "a poor fellow besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread."

Four years later Tom passed away "from all worldly scenes and service" with startling suddenness. He was sitting by the table with his head on his hand. His daughter spoke to him, but his spirit had fled. Without a sigh or groan he heard his Heavenly Master call for an account of his stewardship, while thus, greatly affected, writes his earthly—

> "Poor fellow! There is a heart cold that "loved me well."

When the cord of the coffin slips through the fingers, and the mortal rests for ever in the silence of the grave the nearest and dearest have sometimes thoughts which lie too deep for tears, and which still live on in the hearts of those whom they love. So, too, as Scott lowered the head of one who, in his humble life, was true, true till death, he gilded with a ray of immortality the work and worth of a devoted servant and a trusty man.

Among the ruins of fair Melrose Abbey there lie the mortal remains of some whose names stand high on the roll of fame, men of lineage ancient and renowned. But just beyond the hallowed walls, where the shadows lengthen as day declines, there stands a simple tombstone with these words,—

> 'Here lies the body of Thomas Purdie, "wood forester at Abbotsford, who died 29th "October, 1829. Aged sixty-two years. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I "will make thee ruler over many things. "Matthew chap. xxv. v. 21st."

On the other side of the stone there appear the pathos and tenderness of personal sadness, expressive of the warm affection which Scott felt towards a man leal to duty, to friendship, and to honour,—

> "In grateful remembrance of the faithful "and attached service of twenty-two years; "and in sorrow for the loss of a humble, but "sincere friend this stone was erected by Sir "Walter Scott, Bart., of Abbotsford."

There were many trusty servants at Abbotsford—among others, Mathieson, Swanston, Wayness, and the poor hedger Davidson—but none so favoured as facetious Tom Purdie. A lineal descendant is well known to the writer. He, too, is dutiful. Like his forebear, he wears worthily the motto—"Labour is itself a pleasure."

A. T. G.

Liddesdale.

MR WILLIAM HALL, M. Inst. C.E., has written an admirable little book bearing the above title. It is the result of much patient research, and contains a considerable amount of information which is historically valuable. The Church Teinds of the various Churches in Liddesdale are dealt with at some length, while the descriptions of scenery and historical associations brighten up the pages. The publication is issued from the "Advertiser" Office, Hawick, and paper and printing are alike creditable to the publishers, while the five illustrations, inserted by permission of Mr James Elliot, Newcastleton, are admirable reproductions of Liddesdale scenery. Considering the excellent quality of letterpress and illustrations, the price, 3d, is remarkably low. The limit of space prevents us from quoting to any great extent, so we can only present a selection from the opening sentences of the introductory chapter:—

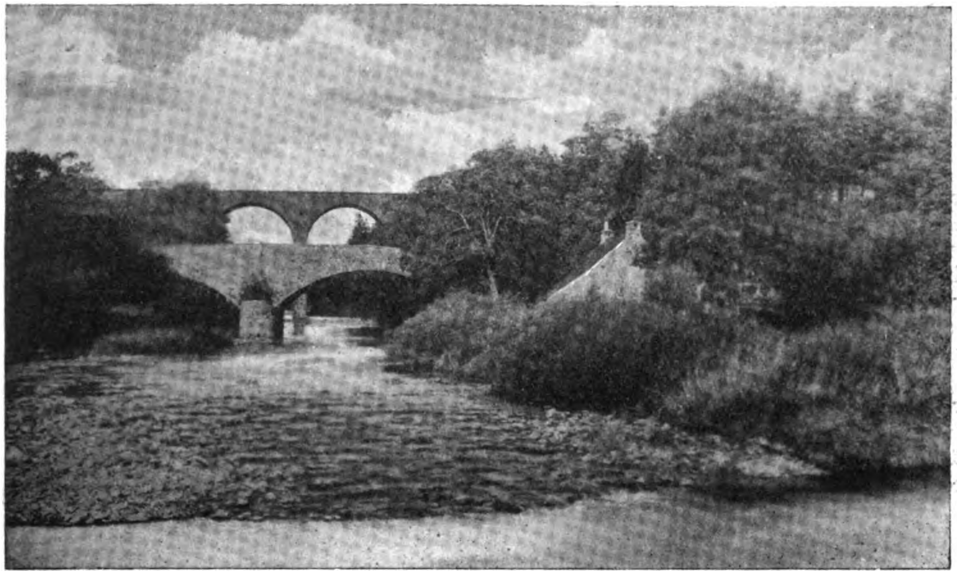
Liddesdale is one of the many attractive districts of the Borderland. Nature has endowed it with hills, and dales, and silvery streams of great beauty. We are indebted to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, who has shed a lustre on the lands of the Border, particularly in that perfect work of fiction, "Guy Mannering," in which he shews a special partiality for Liddesdale and its vicinity. The district abounds in associations of historical interest. There is a tradition that in early times one of those saintly Godly men of old travelled from the Solway to the Forth, through Liddesdale, carrying the banner of the Prince of Peace. It is believed that there are archives at Durham that may throw light on the subject. It is not at all improbable that this occurred about the time of that great apostle of the north, St Cuthbert, at the latter end of the seventh century, when he was carrying on his great work in Northumberland. It may have been about the same period that the Hermit retired to a secluded spot situated on the Merchingburn, as it was then named, where he had a cell, which in all probability was on the site of the Chapel of Hermitage. When Liddel Castle was abandoned, history tells us that the Lord Soulis of that day built the castle near to an ancient hermitage, which as it appears gave not only the name to the castle, but to the chapel and river of Hermitage. . . . In Liddesdale, we are struck with the fine expanse, the open valleys, the peace and calm of nature. At the same time it is not too much to say that the mountain fells, the heathery moors, and the green hills with the silvery streams, present views of unsurpassing beauty and grandeur. To roam about, inhaling the bracing air of such a wild and beautiful country, is a pleasure alike healthful and exhilarating.

NEWCASTLETON FROM THE SOUTH.

ON the 12th January a number of Borderers resident in Kilmarnock formed a Border Counties' Association, of which we hope to give further particulars in a future number. We trust that all the Borderers resident in "Auld Killie" will rally round the new Association and make it a thorough success.

The Late John Fairbairn, Melrose.

EVERY Melrosian would hear with deep regret the news of the death of Mr John Fairbairn, the sad event taking place, after a very short illness, at his residence in Weirhill on 12th December last. By his demise one of the few remaining links which bind us to the past has been broken, for he was, with one exception, the oldest residenter. His father hailed originally from Kelso, and was of the same family as Sir Peter and Andrew Fairbairn, the celebrated engineers, and John, the youngest of five, was born in 1827. He was educated at Melrose Parish School, under Mr Murray, and by and by his decidedly artistic tastes led him into the profession of a sculptor. In pursuance of his calling, he had visited nearly every churchyard in the Borderland, and from lone St Mary's to the Carter Fell many specimens of his work are to be seen. In his younger days he had been employed at various undertakings all over the Border district, but it is a noteworthy fact that no matter where he was working he almost invariably came home on Saturdays. Thus for nearly 4000 Sundays he must have heard "the clinkum, clank o' Sabbath bells" in his native town that was so dear to him, and no one was more faithful in obeying their call. His work and habits in many respects resembled those of "Old Mortality," and his unique personality was one which Sir Walter Scott would have gloried to depict. His long and constant connection with Melrose, his keen interest in all things antiquarian, his observant mind, extensive reading and retentive memory made him a mine of information, and he was in great request when any question of a byegone age relating to the town had to be considered. He remembered Melrose when there was not a dwelling between the West Port (now Mr Curle's baker shop) and Darnick, save a small public-house called "Cockie Pistol," near the site of the present Episcopal Church. He could relate many stories of Melrose as it was in his early days, and of the worthies who lived then. Though he could not remember Sir Walter Scott, there is no doubt he would see him, but he had a distinct recollection of his funeral, and he used to relate how, after Sir Walter's death, when the old pony from Abbotsford, driven by Peter Mathison, was pointed out to visitors, who even then were feeling the glamour of Sir Walter's writings to such an extent that they would go up to it, pat it, and pull some hair from its mane or tail. He was well acquainted with several of Sir Walter's local characters, and there was never any doubt in his mind but that George Thomson was the original of "Dominie Sampson." He remembered Captain Tait, the prototype of "Captain Doolittle," "Captain Clutter-



BRIDGEND, NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE HERMITAGE WITH THE LIDDLE.

buck," and Whirly Bet, a sort of witch, from whom Scott is said to have drawn many of the characteristics portrayed in "Madge Wildfire," It is a well-founded report that Scott is said never to have seen Melrose by moonlight, though his weird and beautiful and detailed description of it would lead one to believe the opposite, but Mr Fairbairn said Sir Walter got his impressions from Isaac Haig, who was in the habit of passing the Abbey at nights on his way home to Bemersyde after a visit to Abbotsford. Mr Fairbairn's father was a volunteer at the time of the False Alarm, and he used to relate the stories he had heard of that dreadful night when the news came that Napoleon had landed, and the scenes which took place when the local corps, under Captain Erskine (grandfather of the present Mr Erskine of Shielfield) were drawn up at the Market Cross. The coat worn by his father on that occasion was for long kept as a family treasure. The days of the stage coaches were also productive of many reminiscences, and when the railway was made through Melrose Mr Fairbairn took part in surveying the line. To the last, however, he patronised railways as little as possible, preferring to wander leisurely on foot, enjoying the lovely scenery of the Borderland or recalling its many memories of that past in which he was so well versed. A walk of twelve or fourteen miles to enquire after the health of an old acquaintance was to him what a Sunday afternoon stroll is to the present generation. In the days of the Resurrectionists he remembered the workmen going every afternoon for many weeks after Scott's burial from Abbotsford to Dryburgh to watch the body, and though no case of body-snatching ever occurred at Melrose, he could tell of one which took place at Bowden. It was, however, in Melrose Abbey that his principal interest lay, and this world-famous ruin claimed many hours of his life, and so well did he know the places in and around it "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" that some years ago, when the plan of the burying-ground became dilapidated and indistinct, he was able to draw a new one, a work requiring great skill and neatness, and one in which his memory was an important factor. How well he knew the Abbey, and how lovingly he could point out the many gems of architecture with which it is adorned. He took a pleasure in her stones, her very dust to him was dear, and when it was repaired some years ago he was entrusted with the superintendence of the work. As was meet his remains were interred in the Abbey burying-ground, under the shadow of the ruin which he knew and loved so well.

A Border Toast.

ARMSTRONGS AND ELLIOTS! You know where they were bred—
Above the dancing mountain burns, among the misty scaurs,
And through their veins, these Border lads, the raiding blood runs red—
The blood that's out before the dawn and home behind the stars!
Armstrongs and Elliots!!
And touch your glass with mine!

Armstrongs and Elliots! And how should they forget
The pride their fathers gathered round the roving reckless names;
Can't you hear the horses neighing and the riders jesting yet
Above a thousand driven steers and fifty farms in flames!
Armstrongs and Elliots!!
Stand up and drink to it!

Armstrongs and Elliots! The hills are riding deep,
The steeds are very weary and the sun is sinking low,
But yonder steals a grey hill fox along the stony steep!
Yoick! Yoick! My gallant Border boys, sit down and let them go!
Armstrongs and Elliots!!
And long, long luck to them!

W. H. O.

"THE BORDER ALMANAC," 1904.—The recent issue of this old-established and deservedly popular Almanac has a sad interest, from the fact that it records the death of the founder, Mr J. H. Rutherfurd, who was a link with the past and who did much to rescue from oblivion the history of the Borderland. As we have already referred in these columns to the passing away of Mr Rutherfurd, and will probably do so at some length in an early issue, we need only quote the opening sentence of the Almanac's obituary notice of its founder:—"By the death of Mr James Hogarth Rutherfurd, which occurred suddenly on 29th October, 1903, Kelso and the Border district has sustained a loss of no small moment, for in many respects he stood out by himself among his fellow-men." In addition to above-mentioned notice, the Almanac contains interesting references to over thirty prominent Borderers in various parts of the world, who have passed away during the year 1903. In addition to a vast amount of the most valuable information, which requires to be seen to be appreciated, the publication contains many curious reprints from old newspapers, &c., which add very much to the interest of its pages. The Border Almanac can be had post free for 6d from Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso.

The Teviotdale Regiment.

THE Border soldier of the past has at length secured a historian in Mr John W. Kennedy, and we trust that he will go on in the good work to which he has put his hand. Some time ago we drew attention in these columns to Mr Kennedy's "Scottish Borderers at Marston Moor," and the distinct service he had done to Border history in that paper. The present paper, which is published in large pamphlet form by Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, bears the title, "The Teviotdale Regiment," and deals with David Leslie's march from Hereford to Philiphaugh. Referring to the great Civil War in England, Mr Kennedy says:—

> It is well for us to remember that Scotland bore its full share in the dangers of that exciting period, and that our own district sent its quota of men to help the English Puritans in their heroic struggle for liberty. The history of the Teviotdale Regiment covers a period of about fifty years from 1639, and thus includes the times of the Long Parliament, the great Civil War, Montrose's Rebellion, the Commonwealth, the execution of Charles, the Protectorate, Cromwell's subjection of Scotland, the Restoration, the persecution of the Covenanters, and finally the Revolution of 1688. I am sorry my information is so fragmentary, but curiously enough, the Teviotdale Regiment as such, is never mentioned, so far as I am aware, in any of our local records and archæological transactions, except a reference by the Rev. Duncan Stewart in his article on the Covenanters and the taking of the abjuration oath on 15th June, 1685, given in the Council Records, as follows:—"The quihilke day, in presence of Sir William Elliott of Stobbs as leiftennant to the Earle of Lothian's troupe and commissioned for this effect, compeired the persons undernoted, viz.—Archibald Baptie in Blackcleuch, William Elliott in Carrittridge, William Nichol, yr., William Taylfor, Thomas Pott, both in Howpayslay, John Dalgleish in Carsope, Walter Ballentyne in Berrybush, James Flesher in Bellenden, John Duncan, a traveller, and did take the test and oath of abjuratione, and further enacted themselves to live orderly, and not frequent house and field conventickles heirafter. (Signed) W. Eliott."
>
> Perhaps our local searchers have been blinded by the fact that the regiment was often referrred to as Lothian's from the name of its commander, William Ker, third Earl of Lothian. He refused to take the adjuration oath in 1662, which we may well believe of one who was a correspondent of the saintly Samuel Rutherford, and the recipient of at least one of his famous letters. The insane attempts of James VI. and Charles I. to force Episcopacy upon the Scottish people at last led to the renewal of the National Covenant—the Magna Charta of Scotland. This marks the beginning of the long struggle enduring through nearly two generations against kingcraft and priestcraft, which was finally victorious at the glorious revolution of 1688, the death knell to the theory of the Divine right of kings to do wrong.

In the paper the march and the subsequent battle at Philiphaugh are well described, and many important facts are brought to light. Many of the points could bear amplification, and we trust that the author will return again to this branch of the subject. In addition to the paper itself the pamphlet contains an appendix, composed of most interesting reprints which throw much light upon the subject.

The Auld-farrand Carter.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

Of Eck the Cairter's horses twae
The tane was broun, the tither bay;
He yokes them in twae tidy cairts,
Syne mounts hissel', an' aff he stairts—
But first maun speir gin a' be richt,
For Eck he is an eident wight;
And syne maun keek that nocht be wrang,
For Eck the-day has far to gang.

The bottom-brod fix'd in its place,
Nae clatterin' by the way sall raise;
The cairts are scrubb'd and dighted pure
Frae speck o' coal-dust or manure;
The beasties' tails—as black's the jet,
Wi' scairlet braid are twined and plet,
Compact and aylegant and neat:
Eck at a plait was ill to beat.

Wi' braw brass muntin's polish'd fine
Their sleekit necks an' nodles shine,
While wors'ed bobs o' rainbow dyes,
Weel-woven, sall delight men's eyes,
As Eck by toon or onstead passes—
These were his praysents frae the lasses.

Each dappled hide—the broun, the bay—
Is groom'd in a superior way;
Ilk foot-lock redd ilk hufe abune,
Ilk strae pick'd frae ilk horse's shoon,
Ilk strap weel-black't, ilk buckle bricht—
This was Eck's study yester-nicht,
When by the lantern's feeble spark
He labour'd on lang after dark,
Wi' paste-pots on the corn-bin set,
An' brushes sma' and sma'er yet;
While in their warm dark stalls at ease
Dimant and Missick munch'd in peace.
Their maister's voice fu' weel they ken
(Beasts hae their sympathies like men),
And though of words but two or three
Their hale vocabulary be,
To these they prompt attention pay,
An', hearing, hasten to obey.

Now, conscious o' a weel-pack'd load,
Oor Ecky's ready for the road;
He grasps the reins, springs nim'ly up,
And to his horses cries, "Wha-hup!"
On eeran's a' a timely stairter,
No need for haste has Eck the Cairter;
Nor, tho' the day brings weariness
To him, will he his horses press—
Tho' lang the way, the twilight dim,
Sairving them aye as they sairve him.

Readers, o' heich or laigh degree,
This lesson lairn of Eck thro' me;
An honest pride in work weel done
Is man's best comfort 'neath the sun.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. Walker & Son, *High Street, Galashiels*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Appreciations of the Border Magazine continue to come to us from unexpected quarters, and it is particularly gratifying to us to learn that our efforts meet with the approval of those who can understand the difficulties which beset our path. It might be a breach of confidence on our part to mention names, but, were we to do so, not a few of our readers would be surprised to learn who takes an interest in our Magazine, and who are willing to help it along. One gentleman, who can pen an able article, thus writes:—"I trust that with the new volume the Border Magazine may continue to flourish, and that its circulation will be substantially increased. I always endeavour to impress upon friends that no good Borderer should be without it." The latter sentence sums up the matter exactly, and we hope that a large number of our kind readers will go and do likewise.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,—I can hardly think that it is a month since I last wrote to you, but the calendar hanging on the wall of the Keep and the slightly lengthening daylight tell me that "the year has ta'en the turn already." Let us hope and pray that the climatic conditions may be more favourable than they were in 1903, and that the farmers and all engaged in outdoor pursuits may be blessed with plenty of sunshine. My readers are aware that this portion of the Border Magazine has been placed by the editor in the hands of the old Dominie for the sole purpose of securing and preserving items of interest to Borderers, and I again invite my readers to send anything which they feel sure will be of permanent interest, and which can be read with pleasure long after its publication in this column. In the December number I made a quotation from an interesting article in "Chambers's Journal," by my friend R. C., and I have much pleasure in giving one or two additional items from his valuable paper. Our friend has the rare quality of being able to put much information into small space without lessening the readableness of the article, and budding writers might take a lesson from the following:—

When Scott started housekeeping in what Miss Tytler of Woodhouselee thought a dilapidated cottage between Lasswade and Loanhead, with but one good sitting-room, he was a frequent visitor to Woodhouselee. There he would assemble the little Tytlers and march off to Castle Law, on the west of the house, where he always halted at one particular spot from which the mansion could be seen, though still partially hidden by the fine trees around it. Here Scott would charm the children with stories which arose in his fertile brain at the moment, or legends of the Covenanters. At no great distance some Covenanters' graves had been discovered, and a report was current that one day a funeral procession by torchlight had been seen slowly wending its way to the burial-place. The ghost-stories in the evening were quite as much enjoyed. One morning Scott was found by a Woodhouselee visitor at his house near Lasswade mounted on a ladder nailing together a Gothic arch of willows over the entrance-gate. He was very proud of his handiwork, and had gone out to admire it in the moonlight. Tradition has it that the Regent Moray thrust Lady Anne Bothwell and her child into the woods of Woodhouselee. When the stones of old Woodhouselee were taken to build the new house, the poor ghost, still clinging to the domestic hearth, accompanied the stones. No servant would enter what was known as the "big bedroom" after dusk, as the ghost came thither from a turret room. Lady Anne had frequently appeared, it was said, to old Catherine; once coming so near her that she saw the pattern of the apparition's gown, which, she said, was "a Manchester muslin with a wee flower"—at which recital Scott used to laugh heartily. . . . There is much of literary and historical interest on the south-east side of the Pentlands. Sir Walter Scott set up his household goods in a house, still to be seen, between Lasswade and Loanhead. The "English Opium-Eater" occupied a plain building at Polton for several years. Mrs Oliphant says that the dawn of consciousness came to her in a house between Lasswade and Eskbank. Higher up the Esk, at Polton, Archibald Constable, the eminent publisher, lived for a time. S. R. Crockett has written romances most industriously at Penicuik for some years. G. M. Kemp, the architect of the Scott Monument, although born at Moorfoot, had his training at Nine Mile Burn, near Carlops. Some scenes in Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" are undoubtedly suggested by the scenery of the North Esk, and the poet was frequently a guest at Newhall, near Carlops. Alexander Ireland has recalled how, scores of time, he and Robert Chambers, Robert Cox, and Dr Hodgson crossed the Pentlands from Woodhouselee by the Compensation Pond to Currie. They met at the Links, near Morningside, at 7 A.M., and were quite ready to enjoy Mrs. Gilchrist's ham and eggs at the inn at Woodhouselee. There is no such inn now for the hungry pedestrian; and such a place in the heart of the hills might comfort the wayfarer. . . . The story of George Meikle Kemp, architect of the Scott Monument, is also a romance, which ended tragically by his death in the Union Canal basin, Edinburgh, ere his great work was completed. Born at Moorfoot, he spent his boyhood years at Nine Mile Burn, near Carlops, where he helped his father amongst the sheep on the hills. A sight of Roslin Chapel awoke his love for architectural detail. His apprenticeship as a joiner was passed at Redscaurhead, near Peebles; after his apprenticeship was over he was trudging down the vale of Tweed towards Galashiels, when he had a lift from a benevolent-looking gentleman who turned out to be the "Shirra," as Sir Walter Scott was called locally. It is believed that his close study of the Border abbeys, especially Melrose, made while working as a joiner at Galashiels, gave him the leading ideas for what Professor Masson has called the finest monument ever erected to a man of genius. Alexander Keith Johnston was also a native of the parish of Penicuik, and Henry Mackenzie lived for several summers at Auchendinny, as did also Mrs Fletcher. "Christopher North" (Professor Wilson) came to Roslin for a time on the death of his wife. The Howgate carrier's house is just across the Esk from Auchendinny, near Pomathorn, where the last scenes in the life of the hero of John Brown's "Rab and his Friends" were enacted. Rosebery, the estate from which Lord Rosebery takes his title, lies to the south-east, near the foot of the Moorfoot Hills.

* * *

In the "British Weekly," under the heading, "A Bookseller of the Olden Time," "A Man of Kent," whom all the world knows is Dr W. Robertson Nicoll, thus writes:—Many bookmen will hear with regret that Mr J. H. Rutherfurd, bookseller of Kelso, has died at the advanced age of eighty-four. Mr Rutherfurd was one of the Border institutions. He was much more than a bookseller, he was an incessant and eager student of Border biography and antiquity. To the end of his long life he was busy in these studies, and much of the knowledge he accumulated has, I am afraid, died with him. He did something to make this knowledge available, partly in the "Kelso Chronicle," to which he frequently contributed articles. But he never, so far as I know, prepared for publication the results of his researches into such subjects as the life of Sir Walter Scott. It was Rutherfurd who identified the house of Scott's grandfather, "Beardie," in Kelso, and I understand that Rutherfurd had a copy of the inscription on Beardie's grave in Kelso Abbey—the only copy that exists. He made a special study years ago of the Lockhart-Ballantyne controversy, and I have often wished that he had published his conclusions.

* * *

The death of "Jamie Tait" in his wee house at St Mary's Loch will cause a pang of regret to thousands in various parts of the world, who, like myself, have seen and chatted with the old man and heard him recount the story of the Willow Pattern Plate in his quaintly simple way. As showing the widespread interest in the old man, I reprint a cutting from the "Southern Reporter," sent me by a London Borderer, who takes a deep interest in all Border matters:—

SUDDEN DEATH OF "JAMIE" TAIT.—The death occurred suddenly on New Year's morning of a well-known residenter of Yarrow in the person of Mr James Tait, better known as "Jamie," who lived by himself at Dryhopehaugh. He was going about previously in his usual health, but not appearing on Friday morning, his house was entered, and he was found lying dead on the sofa, this being his usual sleeping place, as he had suffered from asthma. "Jamie" was in his younger days a shepherd, but for a long time he had not followed any regular employment. He and his quaint old-fashioned house were well known to all visitors to the Loch district, and as everyone liked a crack with the old man, scarcely a day passed during the tourist season without his having to entertain some of the many visitors to lone St Mary's. In this way "Jamie" had met and conversed with many celebrities from far and near, and he was also well acquainted with the most of the gentry in the surrounding disrict. His broad Border tongue and his pawky sayings were refreshingly unconventional, and it was a great delight to his hearers to hear "Jamie" describing his mother's Chinese pattern plates, which, with sheets of her own spinning, were valuable heirlooms of the old man's. "Jamie's" "auld clay biggin'" was the last of its kind in the district, and artists were fond of transferring the old house, both exterior and interior, to their canvasses. In this way the house has figured in the pictures of several well-known artists. "Jamie" and his hens used the same entrance, the fowls roosting on the joists above the passage. The interior was of the old-fashioned sort, with clay floor, bole windows, settle, fireplace, and homely plate racks—a style now rarely met with. "Jamie" was seventy-four years of age. His mother, "Bell Tait," who died in 1882, is said to have reached the age of 103.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

A Border Tower.

"All was others'; all will be others'."

SO ran the trite aphorism, which for many years might have been read on a tablet let into the High Street front of an old tenement in the town of Hawick; and, now that the Tower Inn, so long one of the few important buildings of that old Border town, has been advertised to sell, we are likely to have a fitting illustration.

Its use as an inn is comparatively modern; but the associations of the building as the Tower of Hawick are, on account of its age, its nearness to the Scottish Border, and the influence of its successive owners, of more than local or passing interest. For eight hundred years it has existed as a place of local importance, having been founded by the Lovels, who, as Barons of Hawick settled in Teviotdale in Alexander Second's reign; and, through the stirring times of feudalism, it was, with brief interruption, the tower fortalice and manor place of that family, and, in succession for many years, of the Douglases of Drumlanrig; until some time after 1669, it passed into the hands of its present owners, the Scotts of Buccleuch, as still representing the Douglases in the female line. Its once massive walls of solid masonry, still in places over a yard thick, surmounting a pended dungeon, served well to beat back the tide of contending Border factions, and more than once withstood the ravages of fire and flood; while, in less troublesome times, its ample roof-tree afforded no mean abode for the lord of the Barony. It was modernised about the end of the eighteenth century, and so strong had been its structure that the stones removed by the thinning of its walls, and taking away of its pends, almost sufficed to build the shell of a spinning mill in the neighbourhood. Latterly the Tower has filled the more useful, if less important, office of the burgh's principal inn, which, as agricultural and commercial occupations grew in importance, and better roads developed intercommunication, became the busy centre of many human interests; while the open space in front of it, once a green knowe on which the "deuil tree" grew, came to be in fact as in name, the burgh market place. So conservative are the farmers of Upper Teviotdale that, although, in 1865, a large and convenient Corn Exchange was built, they have never used it, but still prefer, like their forefathers, to bargain in the open, gathering on market days in groups about the Tower steps and in front of the building.

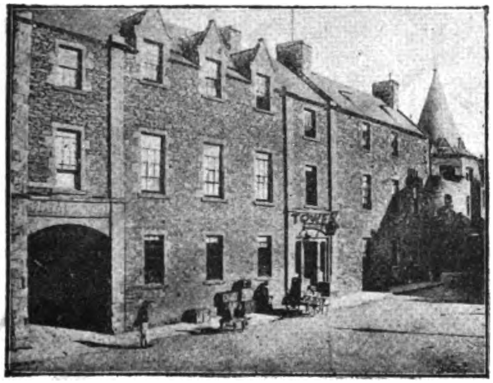
Sir Walter Scott briefly describes the building as "a large square pile called the Black Tower of Hawick, which was the occasional residence of the lairds of Buccleuch"; while Miss Wordsworth, equally brief, has noted, in her own and the poet's diary of the well-known tour, that "the inn is a large old house with walls a yard thick, formerly a gentleman's house." Standing as it does in a valley, the site of the Tower cannot, like those of its neighbours Harden, Goldielands, or Minto, have been chosen for commanding position, but rather for the more pastoral advantages of a well-watered and well-sheltered haugh; although it occupied a post of great strategic importance on the road from the east to the west borders, and the gateway, as it were, to Liddesdale and Upper Teviotdale, and "the Tower Knowe," on which it stands, was, before the days of intervening buildings, elevated enough to afford a view eastwards of a portion of the valley, and to enable the Slitrig water on whose eastern bank it stands, to be drawn round it by means of a moat. Near by a high and narrow bridge—demolished in 1851—almost as old as the Tower itself, spanned that stream, leading to the older part of the town, in fact to the town of olden days:—

> "Here Gawain Douglas took his way
> On Sabbath morn and holy day,
> When vested priest in cope and stole
> Said masses for Drumlanrig's soul."

in the "Paroche Kirke" on the opposite bank. And the level stretch of the "Deidhaugh" southward by the river, provided a convenient place for the "Buttis or Bow Markis," where men might "busk them to be archeries." A pleasant and suitable abode withal for the Lord of the Barony was the Tower of Hawick.

Older, as undoubtedly the building is, we do not, until the sixteenth century, find much about it on record; but, during that period, the little Border town with its black tower had a bad time of it. In February, 1548, we learn that the town was in the hands of the English under Sir Ralph Bulmer and Sir Oswald Westropp, who burnt it "both houses and corne, save only the towers of stone, which they could not get," although they did burn one tower, and in it a priest called Sir John Young who had dared to resist and to shoot two "hackabuttis" at the footmen. The black tower, no doubt, being the strongest of all—in fact the others were mostly pended houses—was one of those they could not get. In 1561, trouble came from another quarter, for the Earl of Mar commissioned by Queen Mary to punish the Liddesdale freebooters who had been more than usually troublesome, made a sudden march to Hawick, to whose market many of those lawless moss-troopers had brought their ill-gotten gear, and, encompassing the town with his soldiers, he, by proclamation, forbade any citizen, on pain of death, to receive or shelter a thief. Fifty-three of the most noted outlaws were apprehended, and, of these, eighteen were instantly drowned in a deep pool, where Slitrig and Teviot meet just in front of the Tower, "for lack of trees and halters." Six more were hanged in Edinburgh, and the rest either acquitted or imprisoned in the castle of that city. The old walls of the tower must have echoed to weird sounds in their day, and the occupants have looked out upon many an awe-inspiring sight, when rough and ready justice was dispensed in such a summary manner.

Once more, in 1565, the town was devastated by fire, this time by the Brodies, "who, therefore," so runs Lord Bedford's dispatch, "are to be considered." How fared the Tower on this occasion we know not; but five years after it was still standing, when, in anticipation of a visit from Earl Surrey, the inhabitants, who were loyal to Queen Mary, took the wind out of his sails by unthatching their houses, burning the thatch in the streets and fleeing, with the most part of their goods, to the hills. The fire thus begun burnt the whole town, "saving Drumlanrig's Castle," i.e., the Tower, "and the goods in it, which, for his sake, we saved, and, at our parting, delivered the keys to his man, saw the gates locked, and left it in safety, after the departing of the army." Thus wrote Surrey in his dispatch. So, for the third time, it escaped destruction by fire. The town of that day is described by Stow, in his "Chronicles," as being "a large one, where Drumlanrig had a house of stone." And as an instance of the uses to which it has been put it may be mentioned here that on 25th February, 1671, a court of Regality of Hawick was held "within the Manor Place thereof, called Drumlanrig's Tower by Francis Gladstoune of Whiltaw, Bailie of said Regality under William Lord Drumlanrig, Bailie principal thereof."



THE TOWER HOTEL.

After the Restoration of 1660 we had various regiments in Scotland, of whom the sole survivors now are the Royal Scots, the 21st, the Scots Guards, and the Scots Greys. A few only of their muster rolls remain, but enough to show that for the cavalry particularly, Hawick was, probably on account of its convenient situation and the stabling accommodation of the Tower, a favourite place of rendezvous. Claverhouse's regiment disbanded in 1689, and has, among its muster rolls, two which show that the troop concerned was at Hawick. One of them will be found appended to this article; it is the muster roll of the Earl of Drumlanrig's Troop, who was, under Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, Lieut.-Colonel of the "Royal Regiment of Horse." The other two cavalry regiments were the Life Guards and the Royal Regiment of Dragoons (now the Scots Greys.) Claverhouse's own troop was mustered at Hawick on 17th August, 1685; and also at Hawick on 18th September, 1667, mustered, to be disbanded, the troop of the Laird of Hatton, i.e., Charles Maitland of Hatton, brother of Lauderdale.

June of 1679 brought a fresh danger to the Tower. Alexander Hume, portioner of Hume, and his co-rebel of the Solemn League and Covenant, Thomas Turnbull of Standhill, led their followers into the town, and did "most treasonably besiege the Tower and castle of Hawick, and by storm and violence did take the same, carried away with them all the goods and arms of many country gentlemen who had transported them thither for safety and custody. In the storming and taking of which castle several of his Majesty's subjects, who were therein, were dangerously hurt and wounded, and were at length necessitated to capitulate and submit themselves to the persons above-named and their accomplices." The town had remained loyal, owing probably to the local influence of Monmouth, who had been created Duke of Buccleuch on his marriage to the Duchess, and was at this time commissioned with the suppression of the rebels. A realistic touch is given to the above incident in the evidence of James Nubie, the town's Sheriff Officer, given at Hume's trial. He narrated how he saw "the man, that was called Alexander Hume, riding on a bay horse, and that he had pistols before his saddle, and a cloak lined with red, and his own hair"—then a sufficiently uncommon head-gear to be worthy of comment—"which was blackish. He saw him at Hawick, riding at the fore-end of five or six score of rebels, who came to take the castle and take away the arms, which they did the following day." Hume was hanged for his share in that day's work, but Turnbull got off with the loss of his land and gear.

Many distinguished persons have visited the Tower, and not the least so among them was James V. of itinerant memory, who, if tradition is to be credited, had an amusing experience when being entertained there by Drumlanrig. An old Hawick worthy, Robert Oliver, better known by his intimates as "Hab o' Hawick," lived not far off in a fortified house called "the Garrison." Hab was a character, and Drumlanrig had been recounting to His Majesty some of his exploits in the Border feuds of his younger days. James became so interested in the man he sent for him, but Hab declined the honour. A second message was sent, this time commanding attendance, but Hab was dour, "Tell His Majesty," said he, from his seat by the fire, "that here sits Hab o' Hawick at his ain fireside and a fig for King James and a' his kin." The King, knowing the man's peculiarities, was more amused than annoyed, but resolved to have his revenge. After his return to Holyrood King James had his disobedient subject brought from Hawick, and arranged to give him a private reprimand. The refractory Hab arrived, and stood trembling in the presence of Royalty overwhelmed by the greatness of his offence and its probable consequences. His Sovereign remained seated, and when they were alone said, "Now, sir, here sits James, King of Scotland and the Isles at his ain fireside, and a fig for Hab o' Hawick and a' his kin," and then after a few words of kindly advice as to the duties of a subject, he dismissed the much relieved worthy and had him escorted to his home again.

Queen Mary on her return journey from Hermitage to Jedburgh passed through Hawick, and is said to have rested in Drumlanrig's Castle; and the fact that one of the apartments is still called "Queen Mary's Room" gives credence to this interesting tradition. And the old Tower can probably number the Great Protector as well, amongst its guests, if Carlyle is correct in his conjecture that Cromwell spent Sunday, 7th October, 1648, in Hawick. With more certainty we can claim as amongst them the Earl of Derwentwater, and General Forster of Bamburgh, who, in the '15, commanded the Northumberland troops of horse levied on the frontier; Kenmure with his Galloway and Dumfriesshire followers, and the young Earl of Winton, who commanded the Highlanders. They lingered in Hawick for some time on their southward march, and, during their stay, probably without leave, for the Duchess of Buccleuch was loyal, made the Tower their head-quarters. While in "the '45" a considerable detachment of Prince Charlie's army, with the intrepid Lord Balmerino at its head, stopped in Hawick one night and took possession of the Tower. But amongst all its distinguished occupants stands out conspicuously that noble lady, Ann, Duchess of Monmouth and Countess of Buccleuch. For seventy years she was superior of the burgh, and, after her husband's tragic death, during her long life, she and her six children frequently lived in the Tower. Much was done by her for the good of the town, and especially for its poor, who found in her a sympathetic heart and an open hand. The building was, as previously mentioned, much altered and improved to render it a residence suitable for this lady who ranked as a princess, a record of which renovation is still preserved in the date, 1677, upon the quaint and artistically wrought iron knocker which ornaments the front door. Persons living in the town in the beginning of the nineteenth century remembered the elevated chair and canopy of state which, upon occasions of ceremony, were used by Her Grace; and, to this day, is pointed out, in the older portion of the building, "the Duchess' Room," which once, with its gold-mounted bed and foot stool (marriage gifts of Charles II.) was furnished in Royal state. We must not omit to mention also, before leaving this part of the subject, that the author of "Waverley" with "The Lay" still in manuscript in his pocket, was of the party when Wordsworth and his sister, just one hundred years ago, spent a night in the Tower, which was about that time, as Scott explains, "possessed by a lineal descendant of Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie who, instead of his ancestors' marauding achievements, levied contributions upon the public in the humbler character of landlord of the Tower Inn"; or to add that Louis Kossuth, in 1856, pleaded his country's cause from one of its windows before a vast crowd assembled in the market place to listen to the eloquent appeal of the great Hungarian patriot.

Having survived the ravages of fire which more than once destroyed the surrounding town, and having outlived the more successful assault of arms, the black Tower twice narrowly escaped serious damage by flood. The first time was on

5th August, 1767, when a thunderspate of uncommon severity brought down Slitrig water with such "inexpressible rapidity" that it drove everything before it, sweeping away, in all, fifteen houses, "carrying over the Tower garden walls, trees, packs of wool, couples, joists and household furniture, and laid them in the Tower close." The words quoted are those of John Gladstaines, conjunct town clerk, who, in a circumstantial account, written a day or two after the event, adds "the Tower is in the outmost danger, and some part of it brock down and underminded; and, so terrible was the devastation that, if you were to take a view from one of the Tower windows, unless by the kirk and new bridge, you would not imagine it to be Hawick." The second inundation was not so disastrous, but on this occasion, the Slitrig, once more in heavy flood, did much damage to the town; and, although the Tower practically escaped unhurt, many trees and much debris were left piled up high and dry in front of the building. The date of this event remains recorded in a simple inscription on the west wall, known as the Tower Dykeside, about five feet from the pavement level, "Flood Mark, July 1846."

The turnpike between Carlisle and Edinburgh by way of Hawick was opened by 1762, and the stage coach running two or three days a week woke up the old town a bit, and by the end of the eighteenth century the Tower, to meet more modern requirements, ceased to be used as a private residence, and was converted into an inn, with Mr Stevenson, a Yorkshire gentleman, brought for the purpose, installed as landlord. At that time it was still distinguished from its neighbours, being the only slated house in the town. By 1807, a regular daily service of mail coaches had been established, and each day as the hour approached for the arrival of this vehicle of news from the outside world, a group of ardent politicians gathered around the Tower door to await its advent. So regularly were they to be seen by the edge of the kerb or channel that they came to be known as the "Channel fleet." The arrival of the first Royal Mail, with its four horses and scarlet-coated guard armed with pistols and blunderbuss, caused a great sensation, and its regular return with a daily quota of travellers added to the business and importance of the recently established inn, which continued to be a stage in the journey north or south till the extension of the railway to Carlisle brought a change, and the coaches ceased to run in 1862. Now, for over 130 years, the Tower has been the inn of the town where all important visitors put up; and where, with the assistance, no doubt in most cases, of a friendly "nip," many hard and long-hanging bargains have been concluded. Since 1776 the Upper Teviotdale Farmers' Club, claiming to be the first established in the Kingdom, has had its quarters here, and the record they annually strike of stock prices is of more than local interest.

What future may be in store for the old inn who can say; a change there must be, for with the establishment of a large military training camp in the neighbourhood it has become too antiquated for modern requirements, and must move with the times if it is to retain its old prominence in the Border town. Let us hope, however, that the hand of the improver will preserve the characteristic features of the building, and even, if possible, restore those which have unfortunately disappeared.

The Muster Roll of the Earl of Drumlangrig's troop Mustered at Hawick, 16 July, 1687.

The Earl of Drumlangrig.
Livt. Colonell and Captaine,
Francis Crichtone, Livt.
James Naesmith, Cornet.
John Cockburne, Quar. Mr.

CORPLLS.
William Grahame.
James Ker.
John Ratray.

TRUMPETTS.
Jean Balt Leka.
Carle Netzar.
Johne Stinstone, ferrier.

Adam Davidson.
Alexr. Inglis.
Alexr. Mackdowall.
Alexr. Tulloch.
Francis Bailie.
f. Francis Gordone.
George Douglas.
George Forbes.
George Hamiltone.
Hary Ker.
Hary Marwood.
James Anderson.
James Duglas.
James Gordon.
James Stewart.
James Vallance.
f. John Abercrombie.
John Armestrange.
John Corbett.
John Aken.
John Handisyd.
John Innes.
John Kiry.
John Litle.
ord. John Thomson.
John Veitch.
Pa Davidson.
Pa Fleeming.
Pa Stewart.
Rott. Barklay.
Rott. Crichtone.
f. Tho. Forbes.
Tho. Hepburne.
Walter Murray.
Will. Dunbarr.
Will. Hall.
Will. Ker.
Will Ker.
Will. Menzies.
Will. Porteous.
Will. Pringle.
Will. Younge.
James Naesmith.
James Mitchell.

CAPT. SER.
Francis Wicklift.
Isaac Desgraves.
Robert Innes.

Livt. Ser Andrew Bairde.
Livt. Ser. John Crickshank.
Cor. Ser. James Mitchell.

This troop is compleat conforme to his Majesties Establishment. Mustered at Hawick, 16 July, 1687.

By order of the Muster Mr GNALL.

"PA. NISBETT."

"F. CRICHTONE."
"J. COCKBURNE."

N.B.—"f" means on furlough.

J. R. P.

Eileen—A Dirge.

O, WHAT a stormy nicht, Eileen,
A cauld North wind doth blaw;
And dreary is the auld kirkyaird,
The graves a' cled wi' snaw.
And weird the glimmering lichts, Eileen,
That through the darkness gleam;
And eerie, eerie is the sough
O' Jed's half frozen stream.

* * * * * *

How wae is the auld widow now,
Sin' her guidman is gane;
Wi' little eldin' i' the hoose,
There sittin' a' her lane.

* * * * * *

Look at the blinding drift, Eileen,
And that auld beggar-man;
To comfort him in sich a nicht
We maun dae what we can.
I ken yer hairt is kind, Eileen,
Tho' little ye've to spare;
But, wi' kind word and tearfu' e'e,
Ye aye that little share.

While ye sit at yer wee bit fire,
Sae cosy and sae warm,
Ye ne'er forget the hameless puir
That's shivering i' the storm,
But, Eileen, when ye leave this earth,
It may be lang or soon,
We ken that ye'll get your reward
Frae Him wha rules aboon.

WALTER LAIDLAW.

Abbey Cottage,
Jedburgh.

From Photo by] JEDBURGH ABBEY IN A SNOWSTORM. [R. Jack, Jedburgh.

The Rev. William Burn, D.D., Minister of Minto.

BORN of a Border family, who were "yeomen from first to last over three hundred years," William Burn was endowed with talents which fitted him for the ministry, and to this he was early set apart. The locality of his birth, which occurred in 1745, is unknown, but presumably it was on the English side of the Border. An interesting incident is related of him in his childhood. It was the year of the famous rebellion of '45,—"What time the plaided clans came down" to overthow the Hanoverian dynasty and restore that of the Stuarts. The young Pretender's troops reached the Borders at the end of November. Terror, caused by reports of the fierceness of the semi-savage Highlanders, took possession of the land, and people fled to the hills for safety. In connection with this it is related that the parents of Burn carried the child in his cradle out into the fields, and there rocked him in safety until the division of Charles's kilted army had passed by.

Destined at an early age for the ministry, William Burn made rapid progress in his studies, and having graduated in arts, he further studied in order to secure a position in the Episcopal Church. His outstanding qualities attracted the attention of Henry Percy, Duke of Northumberland (1715-1786), who resolved to promote his interests. The favours which Burn from time to time received at his Grace's hands were long kept in remembrance; in after years he named one of his sons Percy—a tribute to the Duke for the interest he had taken in his welfare—the memory of which was prolonged by others of Dr Burn's descendants being given the same name.

The Duke of Northumberland put his appreciation of Burn into practical shape by presenting him, when on the threshold of manhood, to a very lucrative living, which the young cleric enjoyed for some time. Before long, however, ecclesiastical scruples anent the divine warrant for Episcopacy began to trouble his mind, and this ultimately led him to give up his charge. But the Church was not to remain long without his services. He received a call from the Presbyterian congregation at Alnwick—known by the name of Pottergate Presbyterian Church, on account of its being situated in Pottergate Street. It is now designated St James's Church; the present building occupies the old site in Pottergate Street. Its records, unfortunately for our purpose, are not preserved further back than some seventy years.

In the year 1769 John Calder, who was minister of this church, removed to London, and accordingly an opening was afforded for the Rev. William Burn, who accepted the post. He was a preacher of the evangelical school, and expounded the Word with much acceptance and power. Perhaps the only memento now remaining of Burn's ministry at Alnwick is a sermon—pervaded by a high-toned evangelical spirit—on St John iii. 16, bearing the dates 10th and 12th April, 1772, which is still preserved by his descendants.

The repute of his abilities was not confined to Northumberland, and the Alnwick congregation were not to enjoy his exposition of the Word for any length of time. About this time there was a probability of the living of Minto in Roxburghshire becoming vacant, and thus arose a prospect of the transference of the Rev. Mr Burn to the Scottish side of the Border. The Rev. Thomas Somerville, D.D., F.R.S.E., afterwards of wide reputation, had been ordained, on 24th April, 1767, minister of Minto, a charge of which the scholarly Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., was the patron. Through his influence Somerville obtained the important post of minister of Jedburgh Parish, when Dr Macknight was translated from there to Edinburgh in 1772. The Rev. William Burn was singled out to be Somerville's successor at Minto, whence the latter was transferred in 1773, and accordingly Sir Gilbert Elliot presented Burn to Minto Parish Church on the 6th November of the same year. Burn was admitted to his new charge on 6th April, 1774.

The scenery of Burn's pastorate is made classical by the poetry of Scott and Leyden. On the eastern side of the parish runs the River Teviot, on whose left bank is that picturesque scene of which Scott says:—

> "On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
> Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;
> Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
> Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
> 'Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
> For many a league his prey could spy;
> Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
> The terrors of the robber's horn;
> Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
> The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
> When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
> Ambition is no cure for love."

Seen from the eastern slopes of the Teviot, it would be difficult to find a more variegated scene than that formed by the twin Minto hills, and Minto Crags, the latter crowned with Fatlips Castle, and with the sylvan Teviot running not far from its base. It was of this scene that Leyden wrote:—

> "In lines of crystal shine the wand'ring rills
> Down the green slopes of Minto's sun-bright hills,
> Whose castled crags in hoary pomp sublime,
> Ascend the ruins of primeval time.
> The peasants, lingering in the vale below,
> See their white peaks with purple radiance glow,
> When setting sunbeams on the mountain dance,
> Fade, and return to steal a parting glance."

Such were the scenes amid which the Rev. Mr Burn, at a stipend of about £90, was to minister to some 500 souls. The site of the manse in which he was to dwell had been chosen in 1772, and the building, which was afterwards superseded by the present one [built 1827-29], was completed in 1773. Lady Minto describes it as a poor-looking house in a bare field. In her description of the old manse in which Dr Burn preached, and which was pulled down in 1830-31, Lady Minto ["Recollections of Minto," 1806-1844 (M.S.)] says that it was a "long, low, ugly building, which it was necessary to conceal as much as possible. All round it was thick with trees of all sorts, most of them very bad, with some good hollies, which were planted in 1805 or 1806."

Three years before his removal to Minto the Rev. William Burn had married (on 3rd June, 1771) Margaret Ogle, by which marriage he had a family of whom there is record of two sons and three daughters. The latter of these all married, and their descendants—a numerous progeny—are now scattered over Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and in other climes. One of the daughters married a Mr Leyden of Denholm, and thus the name of Dr Burn has become associated with that of the celebrated Dr John Leyden. Provost William Elliot of Jedburgh, who died a number of years ago, was a grandson of Dr Burn, and others of his descendants have risen to posts of honour in the management of municipal affairs.

Dr Thomas Somerville on departing from Minto had left behind him a place difficult to fill, but in the hands of Burn the preaching of the Word suffered no abatement. His reputation grew, and he created for himself an increasingly larger sphere of usefulness. He was asked to become a Burgess of Jedburgh, which was about seven miles distant from the village of Minto, and he willingly consented to this honour being conferred upon him. He was duly made a Burgess of the Royal Burgh on 10th March, 1778, and his Burgess Ticket, which is still treasured by the representatives of Burn's family, bears the names of the chief magistrates of the burgh, namely—Robert Anderson, Robert

Lindesay, Robert Haswell, and James Fair, bailies; and William Elliot, provost. It is a curious coincidence that a grandson of Dr Burn bearing the same name—William Elliot—should, a century later, also hold the office of provost of the burgh.

In 1782 Dr Burn's parishioners were greatly inconvenienced by the rise in the price of oatmeal, which made it almost impossible for them to buy that commodity. The curators of the poor greatly alleviated their troubles by buying in a large quantity and selling it at a reduced price, by which sacrifice they put it within reach of the poor on the list, and of those with large families. At the time of which we write the parishioners had to carry their coals a distance of thirty miles; they had to have recourse largely to peats and logs of wood. With the railway now running through the parish, what greater facilities the inhabitants of the present day have compared with the people during Dr Burn's pastorate!

In 1786 the Rev. William Burn was honoured by the degree of Doctor of Divinity being conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow. The document, which is subscribed by James Clow, Vice-Chancellor of the College, and by twelve Professors, bears that, the matter concerning the conferring of the highest honours in Theology upon the reverend gentleman William Burn, pastor of the Parish of Minto, having been referred to the Senate of the University of Glasgow, "We [the undersigned] instantly acknowledge with pleasure that the worthy gentleman, by the piety and sanctity of his mode of life, and renowned for the character, erudition, and the skill of his sacred writings, is altogether deserving to be one who may be presented by us with the highest academical honours in Theology. On that account we resolve that the said reverend gentleman, William Burn, A.M., is worthy of being ornated with dignity to a Doctorate in sacred Theology; and we create, declare, and announce him by these letters a Doctor of Theology, etc." The parchment conferring this honour, which was dated at Glasgow, on the 24th January, 1786, is still preserved by Burn's descendants.

In the extract given above, reference is made to his literary abilities. This seems to corroborate a statement made by the late Rev. James Anderson of the Old Kirk Parish, Edinburgh, to the effect that he had seen theological writings by Dr Burn. Other than his contribution to the "Old Statistical Account," we cannot learn that any of his published works are now extant. The reverend statist's account of Minto Parish may be seen in Vol. xix. (pp. 570 to 578) of Sinclair's well-known work. He took a keen interest in the antiquities of the parish, but up to the time of contributing to the "Account" he had been unable to discover any antiquarian or natural curiosities except such as he designates common, namely, stone coffins, petrifying springs, large deer horns, and other objects found in the mosses.

Dr Burn does not appear ever to have desired to remove from Minto, but seemed content to live a quiet country life. His was not a life void of misfortune. He had the bitter experience of learning the truth of the adage: "Riches certainly make themselves wings: they fly away;" for through the financial mishaps of others for whom he stood security, he lost most of his ample private means. He had a striking personality, standing six feet five inches in height, and having a commensurate breadth of frame. He was a faithful preacher of the Word, and conscientious in the discharge of his duties. Burn very seldom had ill health, and it is related of him that during his fifty-seven years' ministry he was never once out of his pulpit through sickness, until a fortnight before his death. His was a speedy call. Enjoying more than the average share of good health until two weeks before his death, the Rev. William Burn departed this life on 9th December, 1826. He was laid to rest in old Minto Churchyard. that hallowed spot which is now laid out, by the Minto family, in a neat and artistic manner as a landscape garden. Dr Burn's wife, who survived him fully eleven years, died on 22nd February, 1836.

As a pastor Dr Burn was held in great veneration by his flock. He was a man of wide charity, kind-hearted to a fault; and more than once he embarrassed himself financially in his efforts to help others. His memory is still kept green. But to his qualifications no better tribute can be made than that inscribed upon his tombstone, still to be seen embowered in trees near the old ruins in the middle of the rose garden in Minto House grounds. The inscription runs thus: "Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Dr William Burn: who, for 54 years, was the much respected Minister of this parish; and who, after practising more virtues, and exhibiting fewer failings, than most of mankind, died, or rather fell asleep on the 9th Dec., 1826, in the 82nd year of his age, and 57th of his ministry."

G. W.

THE MINISTER AND THE PEDLAR.—An honest weaver, residing in a certain village on the banks of the Tweed, yclept John G——, when not employed in "customer wark" wove ginghams, and at certain seasons of the year disposed of them as a pedlar, by hawking them through the country. He was an admirer of the Ayrshire poet, and never passed through the village of Tranent without calling on Mrs Begg, the poet's sister, when she resided in that quarter. His admiration of the Ayrshire ploughman induced him to present an apron of his own manufacturing to that venerable lady—a gift, we have no doubt, that was duly appreciated. From what has been stated, it will readily be supposed that our weaver, like Bottom, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," had a "reasonable good ear in music." He was not only an admirer of Burns, but of Byron and Scott; he had picked up their poems, and had them neatly half-bound, and placed on a small book-shelf in his little apartment. Shortly after this, the minister came to pay his parishioner a friendly visit, and, observing the "glorious trio," he said, "What braw books have you got here, John?" (running over the titles), "Byron"—"Scott"—"Burns." Pointing to Burns, he said, "Ah, John, that is a book you should na read." "O sir," said John, "I hae nae occasion to read it; I hae a'. the poems o' Burns by heart!"

Peebles during the Reign of Queen Mary.

ONCE more the county town of Peebles in particular, and the Borders in general, are indebted to Mr Robert Renwick for an historical work of great value which throws a flood of light upon the past and gives us an insight into the inner workings of many events which are merely mentioned in ordinary histories, if, indeed, they are mentioned at all. On previous occasions we have drawn attention to the great labours of Mr Renwick in thus digging among the musty documents of past ages and deciphering their contents, so that they may be understood and appreciated by the men of these modern times. This author's latest work, bearing the above title, is thus referred to by one of our Border newspapers:—

> This is the sixth work that our townsman, Mr Renwick, Depute City Clerk of Glasgow, has published on the ancient and mediæval history of Peebles. Appropriately it is issued from the press of the Royal Burgh, in a convenient form and beautifully printed. Two circumstances are principally responsible for the history of Peebles having been so accurately and fully recorded, viz., the great wealth of written material preserved among the archives of the town, and also among the registers of the Government, and secondly, the good fortune of Peebles in having in Mr Renwick a son so eminently qualified, both by inclination and scholarship, for the arduous and minute research necessary to the production of a conscientious history. Scholars of history have now for some time past recognised the fact that Scotland possesses three historians in the truest and most critical sense of the term—Professor Hume Brown, Dr Hay Fleming, and Mr Renwick. Mr Renwick works on lines similar to the other two, and achieves the same conscientious results. Every letter and every word is deciphered, often with difficulty; sentences are wholly or partially made out; and yet in the immediate result the meaning may remain unintelligible. On the transcriber plods, however, and later, in the light of further documents, the meaning becomes clear, and history is written. No word of theory or conjecture or of romance finds place in the work of Mr Renwick. All is plain fact, tersely recorded, and honestly balanced. It is this self-restraint that has made him to be universally acknowledged as one who can be relied upon; which lends also weight to the written result. Coming now to the work before us, it is seen to consist of thirteen chapters, embracing in the main, as the title informs us, the domestic and municipal legislation of the burgh during part of the reign of Queen Mary. And a beginning is made with the registers of property as recorded in the Common Buk of Resignationis and Sesingis of the burgh, from 1543 to 1567.

The space at our disposal is at present too limited for lengthened quotation, so we would advise all our readers who are interested in the past history of the Borderland to become possessors of this valuable work, which is published by Mr Allan Smyth, of the Neidpath Press, Peebles. The publisher, who is also the printer, is to be congratulated on the completion of this book. Printed in clear, distinct type, on strong paper, and well bound, it is a credit to the Neidpath Press. The work is published at 5s, and can be had from the publishers for 5s 4d post free. Commenting on Mr Renwick's latest work, the above quoted paper says:—

> Considered as a whole, this last work of Mr Renwick exhibits the fruition of many years' inquiry and industry. It means the discovery of all those ancient, worn records of byegone days, their laborious deciphering and transcription, their true estimation and relationship to one another, and the summing up of their meaning and history. This has been done in an exacting spirit of conscientious enquiry. Nothing has been surmised; and no laudable theories have been indulged in, however great the temptation. The volume is a mine and a storehouse into which the historian of every department of the history of Peebles may dig with the knowledge that he will come across the truth. The calm, critical faculty of the judicious chronicler is here seen at its best; and the result is a trustworthy, interesting reference book, which, along with all its equally reliable predecessors, form the nucleus and framework of the histories of the burgh in the future. That these works are estimated and their author appreciated by those most affected, viz., the burghers of Peebles, has been shown already by the burgh's having bestowed upon this, one of its most distinguished sons, its highest honour, that of honorary burgesship. But we would respectfully refer Mr Renwick and his work to the Senatus of Glasgow University. The University of St Andrews recently honoured itself by conferring the degree of LL.D. on David Hay Fleming, a worker in the same line as our townsman; and surely upon this, the completion of this last of a unique historical series, the work of one busy man, this would seem to be a fitting occasion for the University of his adopted city to recognise that good and valuable work is being achieved outside its own walls.

Mr George Tait, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Rev. Mr Aitken, who lectured to the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, expressed the great pleasure he had had in listening to such a treat. It had taken him back to the days of his boyhood. He knew all the scenes and had taken part in the exploits which Mr Aitken had narrated so graphically. He thanked him from the bottom of his heart for the pleasure he had given him, and especially for the use of the old Border doric, which Mr Aitken spoke as his mother tongue. He hoped that they would one day see a Professorship for the Border language established in connection with the University.

Verses on seeing the Beacon on Hume Castle give the signal of Invasion. Feb., 1804.

Meteor of woe, that gleams afar!
Dread harbinger of war unblest!
Thou com'st not as the evening star,
To bid the toil-worn peasant rest.

Thy lonely blaze, that flings on high
Its terrors through the darkened sky,
Flames on the castle's tow'ry form,
The herald of the fateful storm;
And calls the warrior from his sweet repose,
To meet with vengeance dire the invading foes.

O men of death! with artless joy
The child beholds thy fiery wave:—
Ah! little knows the hapless boy,
Thou light'st his father to the grave.

Thou wak'st the mother's tender fear,
Thou wak'st the virgin's starting tear,
Every bosom owns thy power,
Meteor of the eventful hour!
That breaks the haughty Tyrant's galling chain,
Or bids oppression o'er its vassals' reign.

Hark! 'tis the drum's discordant noise,
That bids the burden'd echoes roll;
Loud swells the trumpet's warrior voice,
To glory wakes the hero's soul.

Arm! arm! ye sons of freedom. Arm!
To shield your hallow'd land from harm;
Urge to the coast your glorious way,
Give to the sword your fated prey:
Let vengeful ruin seal the invader's doom,
And on that spot you meet them—be their doom.

In the "Scotsman," over the initials, "O. H.," appears the following interesting paragraph. Referring to a previous article the writer says:—The interest of Mr Smith's article on the chimes of St Giles' extends to other towns, Jedburgh included, as there is a specimen of John Meikle's handiwork here. The three bells now in the town's steeple were removed from the belfry of the Abbey in 1771 under circumstances which are fully described in the late Mr James Watson's "History of Jedburgh Abbey," and which have also been dealt with by Mr Walter Laidlaw, the present custodian. One of the bells bears the following inscription:—"Robert Lord Jedburg. His Gift to the Kirk of Jedburg 1692. John Meikle me fecit Edinburgi." This encircles the bell, and on it there are also two ornamental circles, as also the arms of Lord Jedburgh. The diameter at the mouth is 30 inches, and the height 23½ inches. The note as near as possible is B flat, bass. It is known here as the ten o'clock bell, as it rings nightly.

"The Edinburgh Annual Register, 1808."

Technical Education in the Borderland.

MR HEW MORRISON, of Edinburgh Public Library, in the course of an interesting address delivered to the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, referred to education, and commended the young people after they had got the ordinary school education to get as much technical education as possible. Perhaps the chief fault of our technical education was that it did not commend itself to the young people of the country. Why? They knew that apprenticeships to trades were as long in this country as they were 100 years ago. There had been no improvements made in apprenticeships, and there had been great improvement in education. Why should not apprenticeships meet educatiin half-way, and let the educated boy have his apprenticeship shortened on account of his education? If apprenticeships were shortened where a thorough technical education had been obtained, it would be shown to them in a new light, and made much more acceptable to them in every respect. He did not know that technical education was of more value in any part of Scotland than in the Border towns. He had visited the town of Hawick, and saw there most admirable technical classes. So far as they went nothing better could be desired, but they were insufficient for a town such as Hawick. Then at Galashiels they had done a very great deal, but they fell far short of what they ought to do if they were to keep those industries of the Border towns as they had been for many years, and not only to keep the old industries, but to attract new ones. In the Border towns they were fortunate in having had the advantage of several good libraries. In Hawick there was a remarkable library, full of books on almost every subject of a technical character. The Hawick people should look to it, and see that they made more use of their library. He did not know Galashiels very well, but in Jedburgh they were doing remarkably good work, because they had there Mr Lindsay Hilson, an enthusiast in library work, and who was most anxious that the young people should take every advantage of the stores of that place.

It is a well-known fact that many of the old English words of Chaucer's time still linger in the Border dialects. At a meeting of the Historical Society, Mr Thomas Hodgkin, in the course of a lecture, gave it as his opinion that the purest dialect of English to be found in the country is that spoken in the Border counties.

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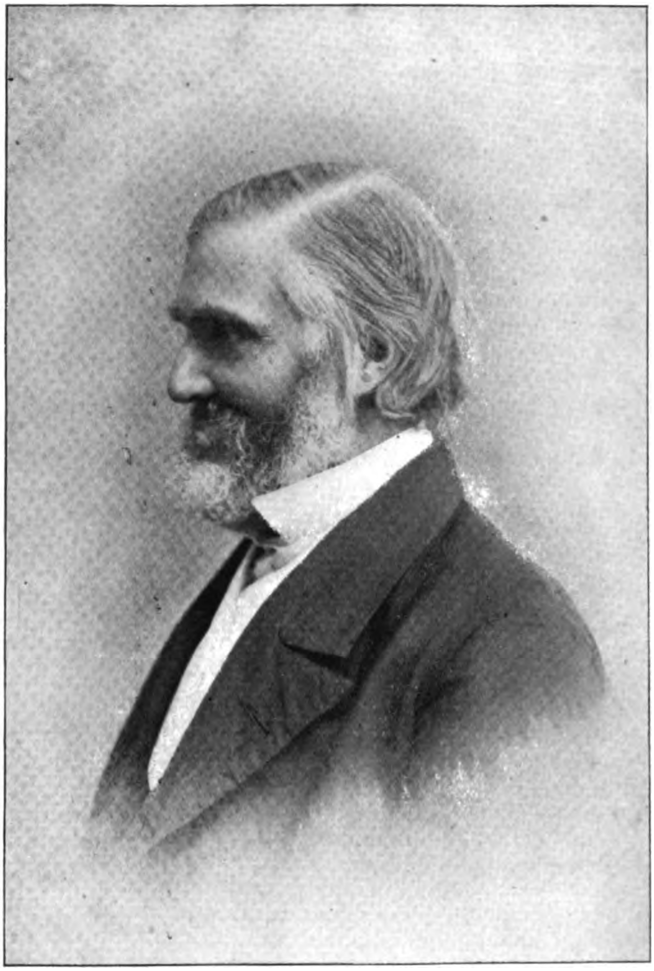
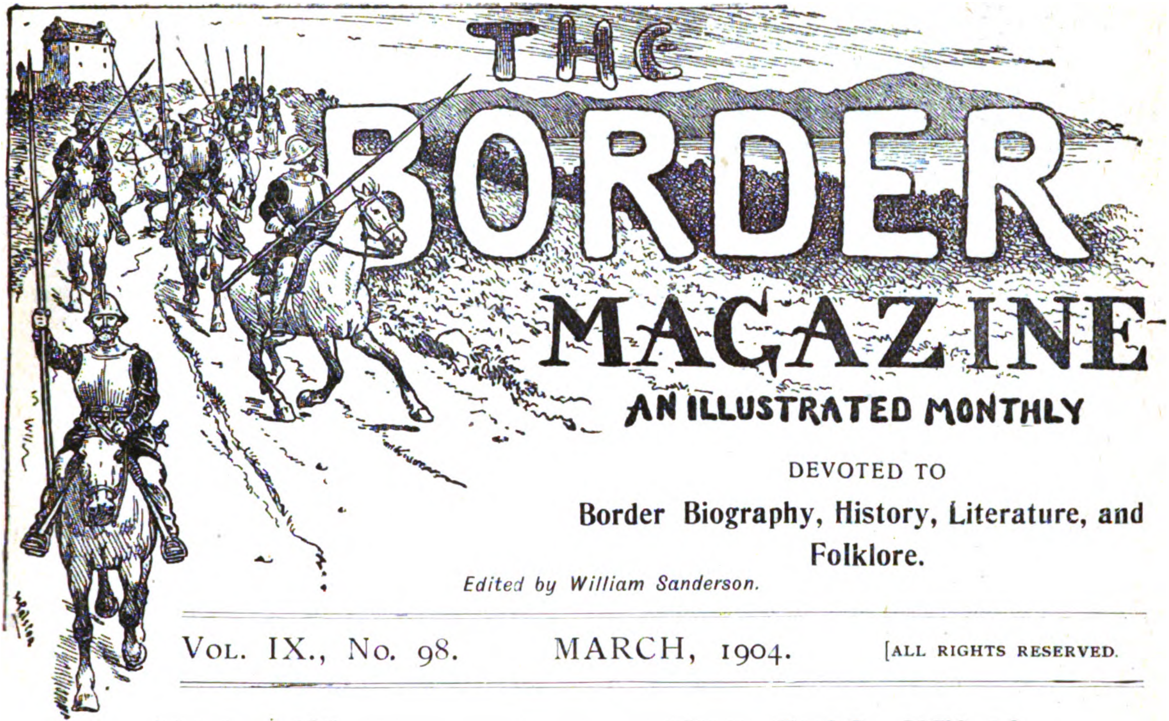


MR JAMES H. RUTHERFURD, KELSO.



DEVOTED TO
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THE LATE MR JAMES H. RUTHERFURD, KELSO.

By Arthur J. Mack, Kelso.

In these days of keen business competition, and the consequent struggle for very existence almost, one is tempted to devote an occasional leisure hour to reflection—not necessarily idle reflection—on the years of the past with what has been, and on the years of the future with what may be. And, while pondering, one cannot fail to be struck by the frequency with which the course of a life is completely changed by the merest accident or incident, or where circumstances have been such as to contribute quite as much as sheer ability to the lifting of a man—or woman—into the mark-making groove. This in very large measure was the case with James Hogarth Rutherfurd, the widely-known Kelso bookseller and publisher, whose death at the end of October last deprived Kelso and the whole Borderland of a citizen of worth and of real prominence. Had he been gifted with a robust constitution, the probability is that he would have been nothing more than the ordinary tradesman; but, to use his own words, he was the weakling of the family, the weakling only, however, in a physical sense, for he had the compensating mental gift, and the very circumstance of his bodily weakness put the opportunity in his way of developing it. Hence the man whom Borderers generally deemed it a privilege to know. Hence his position amongst Borderers, and with all truth it may be said that that position, despite the eccentricity of his later years, will never be rightly filled.

The Rutherfurds are a Jedburgh family originally, and the Kelso branch obtained settlement there in 1802, when Archibald Rutherfurd, the father of the subject of this notice, started business in a small way as bookseller in Bridge Street, next door to where the persecuted Palmer published the "Kelso Chronicle," subsequently "the British Chronicle," one of the earliest newspapers in existence, and the forerunner of the present "Kelso Chronicle." At that time political feeling ran high amongst the Whigs and Tories, and it was no easy matter to make a business; but Mr Rutherfurd persevered, despite the rude blow of being forced to quit the Bridge Street premises. This forced change, however, proved but a blessing in disguise, for a more convenient place was found at the head of the Woodmarket, close by where farmers and business people most did congregate on market days. And market days *were* market days then. Cadgers' carts did not go all over the district, as now, conveying goods to the doors of the country people. No; sheer necessity drove the country people to the town on Fridays to do their marketing, and the Square had a very busy appearance with its array of "krames" for town merchandise, or carts for country produce; while the pig dealer, on his occasional visits, also did from his carts what in very truth was "a roaring trade." The coal carts, direct from the pit with supplies, were put up in the open space at the foot of Woodmarket, still known as the Coalmarket, while horses were stanced for sale in large numbers in the Horsemarket, which runs parallel with the Woodmarket. Thus, with better situation, and, as the result of watchfulness for opportunity, the foundation was laid in the Rutherfurd business of an extensive connection with the farming community. James Hogarth Rutherfurd, born 1819, was one of the youngest of a family of six sons and one daughter, and he was under the impression himself that he was the last survivor. Being regarded, as before stated, as the weakling of the family, he was sent at a very tender age to be under the care of his maternal grand-parents at the hamlet of Stitchel, near by, in the hope that life in the pure country air would so build up his constitution as to enable him in time to come back and take his share of work in the business. The writer of the obituary notice which appeared in the "Kelso Chronicle" says:—"He had vivid recollections of his early boyhood there, and two incidents indelibly stamped themselves upon his memory. One of these was the reception into his grandfather's house, and the subsequent nursing, of the injured son of the laird of Stitchel. He had been wounded in a duel, fought on Kelso Racecourse or thereabout, and when Sir George Douglas published his excellent history of the Border counties some years ago Mr Rutherfurd successfully combated a statement therein as to the last duel in Roxburghshire, being able to prove, from what is stated above, that the Racecourse one was at a much later date. Correspondence proceeded in the columns of the "Chronicle" at the time, and, there never before having been any public reference to the duel, it naturally created considerable interest. The other incident was a sort of 'Stand and deliver' encounter with Sir John Pringle himself, whom he recollected as a big and burly man. The Baronet apparently took the boy (returning down the drive after delivering a message at the 'house' for his grandfather) for a poacher or trespasser, and the timid boy was frightened out of his wits by a sudden command, from the shrubbery behind, to stand or he would be shot."

He greatly relished his boyhood days at Stitchel, and was very fond of recalling them. He had abundance of open air freedom, and while his faculty of observation was nursed, he could not fail, so impressionable was he, to have his young imagination fired by the glamour of the scenes around. Towering immediately behind there was Hume Castle, grim sentinel of the Merse, flanked by Smailholm Tower, and, a little beyond, the Rhymer's citadel of Ercildoune. Away on his right were the triple-peaked Eildons, while expanding before him, in all its beauty, lay the valley of the Tweed, the eye also taking in Flodden Ridge and the Cheviot range. If life at Stitchel did not, as expected, tend much to the strengthening of his frame, there can be no mistake that it had the effect of lifting his thoughts away out of his everyday environment; in his solitude he was led to look a little beyond the present, and when he returned to apprentice work in the shop, his career being in a sense mapped out for him there, it was at the same time to begin to rigidly discipline himself for the future. Of course, facilities for reading were not great, but he never missed an opportunity of satisfying his growing taste for it, as also for knowledge, and after some years he took the first opportunity of indulging in a longed-for desire for travel. This opportunity came to him through his brother Robert, who had established and was working a flourishing Store at Hong-Kong. For some time Mr Rutherfurd assisted in the management of this Store, which was patronised to a large extent by Europeans, but the work, which was very confining, he never felt to be congenial. Leaving, he went to America and found a very likeable engagement in the office of a land agent at St Louis, where he came into contact with many early emigrants and with people of varied type and nationality. In 1849, with greatly-broadened opinions and sympathies as the result of his travels and experiences, and much better equipped both intellectually and physically, he returned to Kelso, where he joined his brother John in business as printers, publishers, booksellers, &c. Mr Rutherfurd applied himself with great diligence on his return to the development of all branches of the business, the entire responsibility devolving upon him when his brother John died, and it was largely by his own individual exertions that the "Southern Counties' Register" and the "Border Almanac" were brought into prominence. The former, an eminently useful publication for its topographical and personal notes, was allowed to collapse when the "Border Almanac" was enlarged and improved, but the latter still holds on its popular way, on the lines mapped out by Mr Rutherfurd, who was eventually joined in the printing business by the late Mr Thomas Craig, who, by his love of literature and antiquarian study, proved of great assistance. Mr Craig, though largely self-taught, and to whom the few introductory remarks to this article also apply specially, was a man of much intellectual strength and of great force of character, and on whose whole career the influence of the Rev. Henry Renton, stern but noble and true, was very marked; he was likewise one of the most leal of Borderers, whose pen name of "Thomas Tweed" was quite as familiar as the initials "J. H. R.," and I have a feeling that it would be most remiss on my part, while writing particularly of the partner, not to pay this little tribute, in passing, to his memory.

Coming to Mr Rutherfurd's literary work, it may be effectively summarised in another quotation from the "Kelso Chronicle" notice above referred to:—"He prepared a 'Guide to Kelso,' which enjoyed a large sale, and this was afterwards, in collaboration with the late Mr W. Fred Vernon, revised, extended, and re-i sued under the title of 'Kelso Past and Present.' Mr Cockburn Hood's 'Rutherfurd's of that Ilk,' and the late Mr Tait's supplementary papers, published with the later editions of the book, led him also to take up the work, including a Register (complete as far as possible) of the Rutherfurds. This work, from the thoroughness required, involved not only delicate handling, but also an immense amount of painstaking research and labour. Mr Rutherfurd, however, found it very congenial work, and he continued at it enthusiastically until his health began to fail. From his pen a great deal of valuable supplementary matter was passed through the press, and he leaves behind him a further mass of material which, if it ever is taken up by another with a view to the completion of the work, will be found in apple-pie order, for he was outstandingly a man of method, and one of his last actions was to collect, classify, and endorse the papers he had in his possession. He was also responsible for a number of minor publications, chiefly relating to local history, in which he was exceedingly well versed, and it is worthy of record that he never sent a budding author away without encouragement; he was well qualified to advise, and if the work had merit in it at all he would not only undertake its preparation for the press, but would also accept all the risk of publication. They are not a few who have reason to be grateful to him for what he did in this connection, and also for helpful suggestions for future guidance. Then his superfluous energy also found an outlet in his 'Stewardship,' printed for private circulation only, and upon which he worked for years; as well as in stray contributions to the press. His main medium was, of course, the 'Chronicle,' and many of these contributions were of great interest, and were all the more enjoyed from the glimpses they gave of social and commercial conditions in the early and middle years of last century."

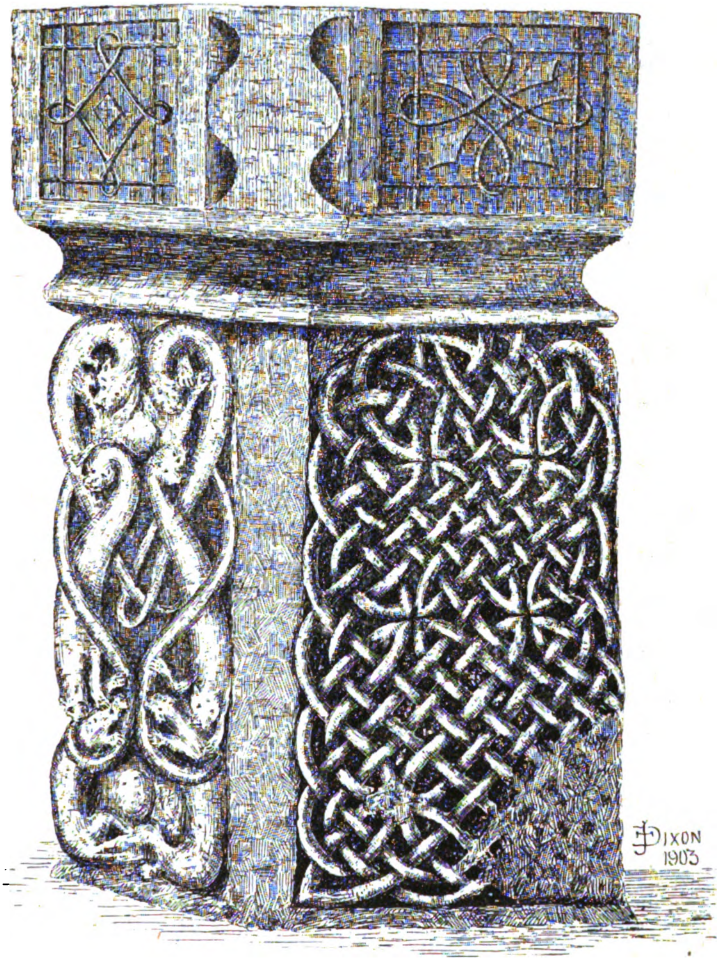
In my close association with him during the past fifteen or sixteen years I had exceptional opportunity of knowing something of his extensive correspondence. Letters reached him from all parts, so widely was he known, and, so all-embracing was his knowledge of the past, and so excellent his memory, that many and varied were the inquiries laid before him for answer, which, to his credit be it mentioned, he did most cheerfully and with the utmost care. It might be some fine literary point, some almost forgotten incident or family or residence, or even the "redding up" of a genealogical tree—he very often put himself a good deal out of his way in order to supply, and supply accurately, the information required. Some of his replies I have been privileged to read, and it is not too much to say that were it now possible to collect them and have them published, along with his occasional contributions to the Press, the outcome would be an addition of considerable interest and value to the already wealthy store of Border literature. His style was so peculiarly his own that people would readily have known a product of his pen minus the signature, and quite as much fascination lay in it as in the subject matter; the tritest sayings found happy expression in new guise, and racy anecdote and epigram lit up his pages, which revealed also his keen sense of humour and his sturdy independence in thought and action; and none could more effectually point a moral to adorn the tale. Nothing out of the ordinary escaped his observation, even to bird and insect life, and it was not only to this very faculty that many of his stray writings were due, but it also helped considerably to lift what he did write much above the level of the commonplace. A seemingly insignificant affair to the ordinary mortal would often set him to study cause and effect, and his impressions were invariably given to the public in one form or another. I likewise know something of his devotion for "The Rutherfords of that Ilk," referred to in the "Chronicle" quotation. It may be set down as his most ambitious literary effort, and it is well, considering the great expense and enormous amount of trying work involved, that it has so far been bound and thus preserved. Completely relieved from the cares and worries of business a couple of years ago, he worked very zealously at "That Ilk" which was his chief solace while chafing under enforced confinement to his rooms during what proved to be his last illness. He felt that the old inspiration was lacking, and grieved over what he produced; yet, try as he might, he could not definitely lay the work aside, and the chill hand of Death was laid on him while he was still practically in harness. On the day before his death he sent some "copy" to the printer, and it was accompanied by the following pathetic note, written in a hand altogether remarkable for its steadiness and clearness in one of 84 years:—"To-day I send you some more 'copy,' at which I have been labouring, and, let me add, blundering. . . . I feel as if this will be my final effort. Rough and blundered as the note is, it was only by using up my capable hours—few and far between—that I have been able to pass it on to you. I am convinced that my labour on these papers—it has been one of love—is now ended."

So much for James Hogarth Rutherfurd's life, and so much for his work and the place he filled in the Border community. I have yet a few sentences to add regarding the man himself. He was essentially one of the old school, and resolutely refused to move out of his own way of doing things. He dressed so quaintly as to irresistibly remind one of some Dickens character, and yet there was such an air of distinction about the man as to compel, as much as the oddity, a second look from the passer-by. He invariably wore the old-fashioned square-cut surtout, with double-breasted white waistcoat, prominently peaked high collar, and broad-bowed scarf; and no description of his familiar out-of-door figure would be complete without reference to his two sticks, each with its dainty tassel. Their use could hardly be assigned to frailty, for, though constitutionally weak from the first, his physical activity, like his mental activity, was preserved until almost the very last. But the two sticks, all the same, were part and parcel of his individuality; he was rarely seen out of doors without them, and when with a companion—he was about the last of Kelso's "old school"—I have seen him suddenly stop at intervals in his conversation, and, while apparently resting on one stick, point to an object or emphasise a remark with the other. Then, since I knew him, the well-defined features had always their fine setting of silver grey, and from under the bushy eyebrows there peeped forth a sharp pair of eyes. Frequently they sparkled with merriment, but I have often seen them, as I did on the occasion of my first interview with him, which took place in his private room in the large circulating library which he founded, as if they would penetrate to your inmost being; and one of the shrewdest of men, as well as an accurate judge of men, he did not care over much for the individual who did not boldly meet his gaze, or who furtively averted it. His wide range of reading, his familiarity with all that is best in ancient and modern literature, and his fine critical faculty, made him an excellent conversationalist, and, having also a refreshingly pawky way of relating his stories, people of all classes deemed it a privilege to meet him when in a "cracky" mood. This was not seldom, and to peer and peasant he was the same. Yet he had never any regard for "Society's" claims, or for outside social or public functions. He interested himself, of course, in local and county affairs, but he had never any stomach for politics. He was fond of his home, as well as of the companionship of a devoted wife, and his only real indulgences were occasional trips to Edinburgh to see "the play," or for a visit to some of the libraries. He had his full complement of the Rutherfurd "bauldness," which, being interpreted, means just something akin to the "Wha daur meddle wi' me" of the Elliots. Those who courted a tilt with him had to be on the alert, and, whatever the result, they had at least reason to respect him as a clever and resourceful opponent. He preferred, so long as he was able, to fight his own battles, just as he preferred to very largely keep his own counsel, for he was not one of those who, in common parlance, wear the heart on the sleeve, or tell their story all in one day; and a noticeable trait in his character was that, however keen, or bitter the struggle, he rarely allowed himself to betray ruffled feeling, being frequently able, indeed, not only to hide what he felt, but to bring about the collapse of a "foe" by returning the "soft answer."

And now, after life's fitful fever "J. H. R." sleeps his last sleep in the cemetery of his native Kelso, which he loved so well, and his remains were followed thither, despite the coarse day, by a very representative company of mourners. He once said himself—"I do not say that wisdom will die with me; but it is certain that much curious and out of the way information will." This is certainly true. But Borderers have reason to be thankful for that life as it was. It might lack romance; it certainly was comparatively uneventful: yet it has its lessons, and, therefore, the life has not been lived in vain.

Upper Coquetdale.

As briefly stated in our last issue, Mr Robert Redpath, the well-known publisher of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has recently issued a handsome volume bearing the above title. Paper, printing, and binding are first-class, so that apart from its contents the volume throws great credit on the publisher, who is also the printer. The work is a most valuable one, and throws a flood of light upon scenery, history, and folk-lore of that interesting tract of the English Borderland which lies nearest to the boundary line between the two countries. The author, Mr David Dippie Dixon of Rothbury, who has already done excellent work in his "Whittinghame Vale," "History of Rothbury Church," &c., has spared no pains in collecting a vast amount of valuable information on every possible subject connected with the district, and has put it together in such an attractive way that a most readable volume of 500 pages is the result. Interesting and valuable though the letterpress is, the beauty of the book is considerably enhanced by the vigorous and artistic sketches of Mr John Turnbull Dixon, a brother of the author.



ANCIENT FONT IN ROTHBURY CHURCH.

Of the interesting district of Upper Coquetdale, Mr Dixon, in his introduction, says:—

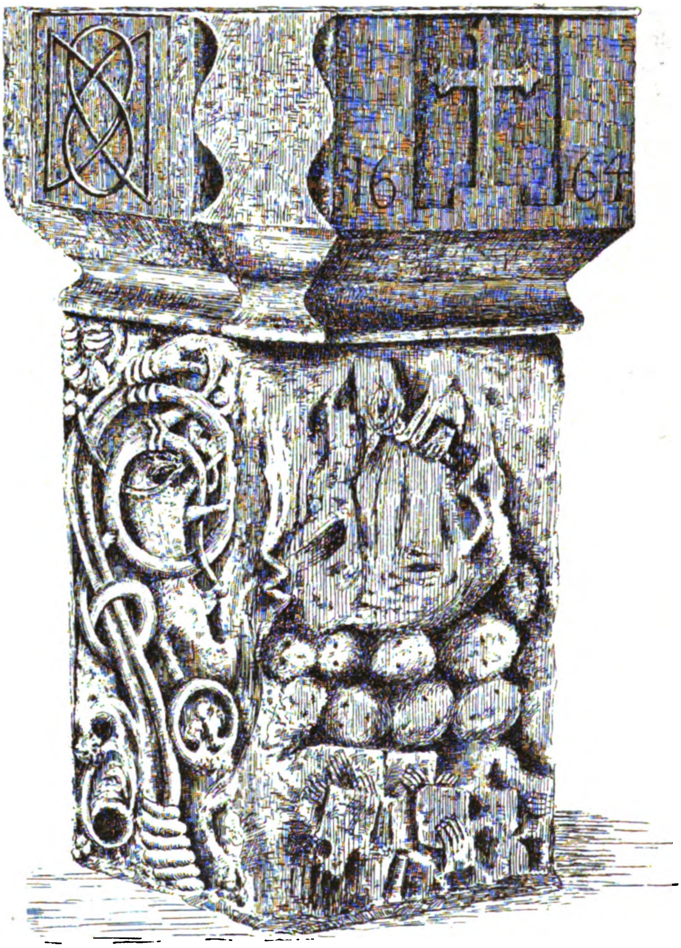
> Immediately above Alwinton the valley suddenly contracts, and from Barrow Scar upwards the waters of the Coquet become closely hemmed in by the massive green hills that rise straight up from its

very channel, leaving in some parts scarcely sufficient room for the narrow cart-road that crosses and re-crosses the stream, as it winds its way up the valley towards Makendon—the last house on the English side of the Border—where all signs of a road cease, except a foot-track through the fells to the Roman Camp at Chew Green, and another leading over Brownhart Law into Scotland.

This interesting portion of the Borderland, known as Upper Coquetdale, is contained for the most part within the two large parishes of Rothbury and Alwinton, and lies within the watershed of the river Coquet. From the solitudes of Chew Green down to the sylvan shades of Brinkburn, the whole district is rife with historic associations, and every foothold of its soil is full of legend and fascinating folk-lore. The hills and moorlands around are studded with camps, hut-circles, standing-stones, and sepulchral cairns—rude memorials of a pre-historic race that in early times occupied the rising grounds on the banks of the Coquet. Roman causeways intersect the valley at Chew Green, Holystone, and Brinkburn, furnishing material evidence of the occupation of these northern wilds by the legions of Imperial Rome. The nomenclature of the district, villages, and old townships, with their place-names, mark the Anglian settlement on our eastern shores. Architectural remains of mediæval times are found in the ruins of Harbottle Castle and Brinkburn Priory, while a number of strongly-built square towers—a class of buildings peculiar to Northumberland and the Borders—are grim reminders of those turbulent days when—

> "English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes."

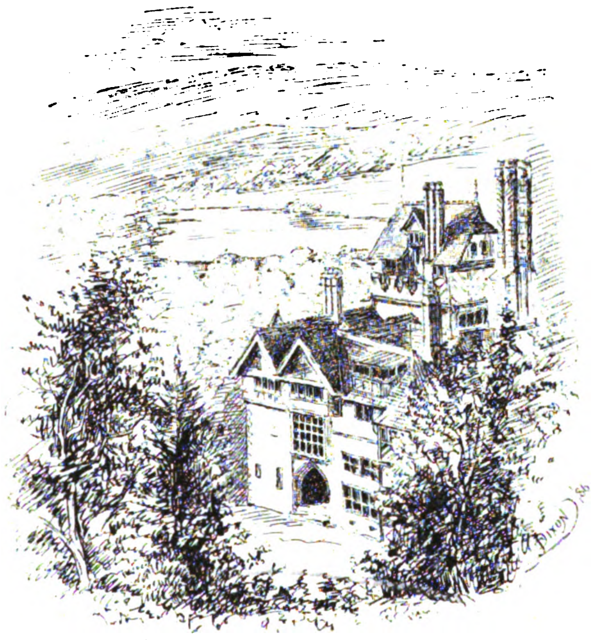
In short, throughout the length and breadth of this charming bit of Northumberland, whether it be amid the wide expanse of its heathery moorlands or the grandeur of its lofty hills, in its rocky ravines and wooded dells, or the quiet pastoral scenery of



ANCIENT FONT IN ROTHBURY CHURCH.

its lowlands, the lover of nature, the sportsman, the antiquarian, and the artist will alike find an ample field for enjoyment and research. Ofttimes has a peep of its mountain heights and its wimpling burns inspired with fresh life and vigour the pencil of the artist and the pen of the poet.

From the foregoing our readers will at once see the scope of the volume, and we trust that not a few will become possessors of this treasury of interesting lore. As the book is published at the remarkably low price of 5s, post free, it is within the reach of all. Our limited space prevents us making any lengthened quotations, but our antiquarian readers will be interested in the following quotation and the accompanying reproductions of the illustrations:—



CRAGSIDE MANSION.

The chief object of antiquarian interest in Rothbury Church is undoubtedly the pedestal of the font, the lower part being a pre-conquest cross, sculptured with endless knot-work, entangling snakes and other figures. The style of the sculpturing is of a somewhat similar character to that found on Bewcastle Cross and Bridekirk Font. The figures carved thereon are thought to be symbolical. The sculpture may represent three principal circumstances in the history of the world. On one side is portrayed an animal walking quietly amongst trees and foliage, and feeding upon the fruits of the earth, figurative of the peaceful and happy state of things before the fall of man. On the other side there is carved a number of nondescript animals, preying and feeding on each other, shewing the state of wickedness after that occurrence. On another side is seen the Saviour of the world ascending up into Heaven, and underneath numerous heads of men looking upwards in a suppliant manner. The fourth side contains a fine example of the intricate knot-work pattern characteristic of that early period.

Our author dedicates his handsome volume to Lord Armstrong, and thus writes of that industrial prince's Northumberland home:—

In 1863 the late Lord Armstrong (then Sir W. G. Armstrong) with the eye of an artist, and with that fine taste for beauty and effect which has characterised all his plans . . . fixed the site of his "Highland home" on the craggy side of Rothbury Hill, and gave to the house the suitable name of "Cragside." The mansion is built of fine coloured stone, quarried on the spot, in the Elizabethan style of architecture; the quaint gables, high-pitched red-tiled roofs, the floreated and twisted chimney stalks of great height, and the lattice windows make a charming and interesting picture. From the centre of the building rises a lofty tower, while another massive tower at the south-east angle bears the name of "Gilnockie." The wing to the south of this tower, the walls of which are built on the face of a rocky cliff, contains the drawing-room, which was just finished in the August of 1884, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family, with a numerous retinue of English nobility were the guests of Sir W. G. Armstrong at Cragside, when a right royal reception was given them by their noble host. . . . This lordly mansion—one of the most beautiful and unique of country seats—occupies an elevated site on a plateau, midway up the face of a boulder-covered hill of sandstone, and is surrounded on all sides by nature's colossal rock-work, where, out of every nook and crany grow the finest and rarest of Alpine plants, saxifrages and stonecops, heather, heath, and ferns. From its coigne of 'vantage a magnificent view of great variety of hill and dale, wood and water, is obtained, with the interesting vale of Coquet opening out to the west. Apart from the glorious beauty of its mountain scenery, Cragside contains within its walls great attractions in the many rare and costly treasures of art and literature, which bespeak the wealth and refinement of the illustrious possessor of this fair and stately pile.

An Unfinished Nicht at Tweed.

IT was nearing the close of a warm day in July, nearly twenty years ago. At that time I was in the last years of my apprenticeship; was big, strong, and yauld, and my weoht and muscle were often in request. When the lang saw or forty-pound sledge hammer were in operation, I was generally to be found hanging on to the handle.

The day in question had been a pretty hard one in the saw pit, and of course, I had had the place of honour—on the top of the log. When I further state that the saw had an eighteen inch eke on one side for slabbing, fellow-martyrs will have some idea how my back and shouther-heids felt. I had trudged home up the brae, wi' my lugs hingin' an' my heid atween my feet, as the saying goes, heavy fittit, an' mawky wi' sweat and sawdust. After a wash and a good tea I felt much better, and sat down in the neuk by the side of the dull fire to scan the angling news and see what had been doing on Loch Leven on the previous day. The catch had been a heavy one, some splendid baskets and some beautiful trout having been caught. Takes were there in black and white which would make a modern Loch Leven angler's mouth water. Musing over the sport which I conceived some of the most successful anglers must have had, and wondering if ever I would be rich enough to have a cast there myself, I suppose I must have given it up as hopeless, or at least a long way off, for I suddenly determined to have another "nicht at Tweed" and see what I could do there. I may mention "in the bygaun" that I had had two nights at Tweed that week already.

No sooner was the resolution taken than I was upon my feet. Rod, basket, hook-book, and waders were all handy, and wi' "a bit scone in my pooch," I was off in a few minutes, doon the Auld Road, an' whusslin' like a mavis. The lang saw, saw pit, oak logs, and sair shouther heids were a' forgotten, and I had a spring in my heel that I hadn't felt since the last nicht I'd had at Tweed.

Crossing the Ford nearly dry shod, I soon passed Ettrickbank and Sunderland to the Craw Plantin', where the usual welcome was accorded me from old and young of that noisy fraternity, the craws. Swinging round by the West Lodge. where the rabbits were hotchin' in the hedge-roots, or scamperin' across the road, and the young pheasants were stepping sedately and gingerly with the parent birds, I came in sight of the "Ridin' Stane," high and dry in the middle of the "Raeweel," and, further up, the bonnie banks o' Yair and Fairnalee in all their glory of cool shade and leafy grandeur. Another half mile brought me to the foot of the "Yair Rocks," where I "muntit up." My usual practice was to fish up over the "Rocks" to the bridge and return, picking up a trout here and there with small flies amongst the pirly bits and deep corners before the "rise" came on. I generally reached the bottom pool of the "Rocks" before this happened, and from that point—with larger flies—fished down over the "Saugh Tree" pool, the "Gipsy Bog," and "Merlin's Cairn," and finished at the "Rock End" or the "Raeweel" about midnight; and often the only accompaniment to the sough of my flies was the eerie hootin' o' a hoolit, with occasionally the splash of a marauding otter or the squeal of a rabbit in the clutches of a weasel. On this particular night I followed my usual practice, and found myself at the bottom pool of the "Rocks" when the "rise" was "coming on." This pool is very deep, with ragged overhanging rocks on the Yair side, and is bounded by a steep bank on the other side, against which it flows. It widens and becomes shallower towards the bottom and falls over a long oblique "cantle" towards the Yair side. A few yards above the "cantle" some fine trout were rising. One of these just touched my end fly—so gently, oh, so gently—that I supposed one of those very small and irresponsible parr—which will intrude at times—had been toying with my flies. Instinctively tightening up, however, I was surprised and delighted, amongst many other sensations, to see a trout which might have weighed anything from two pounds to five lashing the pool like a small water wheel off on a "tantrum" all by itself. The next instant it shot across the pool to the music of the reel until I thought it would land itself, high and dry, on the opposite side. It wheeled at the very edge however, and by the quickest of turns made straight for myself and left me helpless, but for the hook which, I was praying, might still be fast. Reeling up with feverish haste my breath at last returned, and my heart began to thump against my ribs with the knowledge that I still had him "on," I now found him boring dourly under the overhanging rocks, down through the black depths immediately under my feet, and became alarmed lest the gut might be severed on one of the sharp edges which I feared might be there. Putting on a little pressure he gradually sheered off towards the centre and top of the pool, where the water rushed through a narrow, rocky gully. Keeping on a steady strain he seemed to lie still for an instant, when birl went the reel and he was off down through the pool like a racehorse. Shooting obliquely across just above the "cantle" he wheeled to the right at the furthest corner and raced down through the broken water to a smaller pool below. With forty or fifty yards of line out he leapt high into the air, a glorious shimmering streak of white and bronze and yellow, and shining in the lingering sunlight like a burnished image composed of all the precious metals suddenly endowed with life. I thought he had gone, and I trembled for the third or fourth time that night as I cautiously worked my way round the willows that skirted the bottom of the pool. To my delight I found he was still "on," and to my great relief that he was resting. Reeling up steadily I soon came up with him a few yards in from the bank in three or four feet of water. I attempted to bring him to the edge, but he had on another dour fit, and he moved slowly out towards the middle of the pool. Putting on a little extra pressure he suddenly resented it and started on a mad rush back the way he had come, and evidently making for his old haunts again. When he reached the stronger water, however, his pace slackened, and I gradually felt him giving way. Slowly but surely I towed him in, with an occasional spasmodic break-away, until, when within seven or eight yards of me, he gradually swung round and fell over on his side, displaying his magnificent proportions to my enraptured eyes. Here, indeed, was a record-breaker as far as my record went, and which also eclipsed the two beauties which my father had brought home one night many years before from the "Raeweel," one of which weighed two pounds and the other two and a half. I weighed my prospective prize at three and a half, and maybe it might touch four.

"I'll no gut you the nicht, my man; na! na! you'll lie alang the middle o' the big ashet till the mornin' wi' your heid on an' your wame hale in a' your beauty. I wonder what my mother will say when she sees 'im. Eh! but she'll be prood the morn; an' my faither? He'll no say muckle, but I ken he'll just be as prood as she'll be. I wad like if my gran'faither could see him tae; how pleased he wad be, for naething pleases him better than to see a big troot unless it's maybe a bonnie salmon."

While these thoughts were receiving partial utterance I had cautiously reeled him in, and was approaching him with the landing-net. When within six inches of his tail he gave a splash and took another race, apparently as fresh as ever. "Ay, man, ye'll hae another caper, will ye. I think I have the best o' ye now though. I've bate ye yince an' I think I'll bate ye again, ye rascal; come back here." This, indeed, proved to be his last spurt, as I quickly towed him back again and successfully got my net under him. Landing him high and dry on the bank I flopped down on my knees to gloat over my prize, when I was startled by the familiar voice of my father crying out, "What on earth are ye daein' there, sir, ye'll set the hoose on fire." I picked the paper and myself oot o' the ash-hole an' gaed sorrowfully ben the hoose.

J. A. G.

Hawick Archæological Society's Transactions for 1903.

THE annual issue of the above Transactions is looked forward to with pleasure by those who, like ourselves, are not privileged to attend the meetings, although our names are on the roll of membership. The Society was founded on the 16th September, 1856, and has been instrumental in bringing to light and preserving an immense amount of interesting and valuable information on things archæological and historical. The present annual report is the 46th, and it is pleasing to note from the reports of the various office-bearers that the Society is in a flourishing condition. The number of life-members is 70, and annual members 94, giving a total of 164. The papers delivered at the ten meetings held during the past year appear in the "Transactions," and as each member receives a copy, the small annual subscription is returned in value even to those who cannot be present at the meetings. Several of the papers have been already referred to at some length in our columns, and we regret that want of space prevents further quotations. All information as to membership, etc., can be had from the enthusiastic and energetic secretary, Mr J. John Vernon, 81 High Street, Hawick.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr William Sanderson, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. Walker & Son, *High Street, Galashiels*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As volume after volume is added to the Border Magazine, those readers who are careful to preserve the monthly numbers and get them bound, become possessed of a storehouse of Border literature which is not to be despised. To those who have not kept the loose numbers we would recommend the purchase of a bound volume at 6s post free. These volumes make excellent presents to send to distant friends or can be shewn to prospective subscribers. A gentleman, who has written several important works dealing with Border subjects, writes:—"I get the Border Magazine regularly, and have the whole series from Part I., and I find it most interesting and instructive reading." A poet, whose handsome volume has had a wide circulation in Australia, and whose grandfather—a lieutenant in the Roxburghshire Yeomanry—was, according to accepted records, the last survivor of the "False Alarm" turn out, writes:—"With best wishes for a better number every time and more subscribers each month."

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,—So much has been written in the daily and weekly newspapers about the "False Alarm" that I am almost afraid to mention the subject, but you will pardon an old Dominie if he is inclined to think of the past and recall one who had he been still with us would have been in the thick of the centenary celebrations. I refer to our dear departed friend Robert Murray, a true son of Hawick, who made the "False Alarm" a pet study, and knew almost everything that was worth knowing on the subject long before many of those who took a part in the celebrations were born. Doubtless he was looking forward to this year when the celebration would be held, but "it wasna to be," as the old folks say, and so the old man went to his rest, and all we can do is to drop a flower on his grave in "Hawick amang the hills," the brave old town he considered "Queen o' a' the Border." Although our departed friend had accumulated much information upon the subject of the "False Alarm," I fear that much of it has been lost, but the last few weeks have seen the publication of a mass of interesting articles and paragraphs which should be collected into one volume dealing with the centenary celebrations. Advancing years prevent me attempting the congenial task, but surely one of our young litterateurs will set himself to the work. Such a volume would go far to keep alive an interest in the unfought battle of the Borderland, when the sons of the Border proved that they were made of the same mettle as their forbears, for, though the result was a fiasco, the "turn out" on the eventful 31st January, 1804, was intensely real.

* * *

From a mass of interesting paragraphs in various papers and magazines, I select the following two from the "Southern Reporter":—

Amid the unrest caused by the fear of a Napoleonic invasion of the "tight little island," Yarrow vale did but share. Even into the "silent land" crept the whisper of the coming of the Little Corsican. And yet, somehow, when we think of what the echo was of that whisper we do not regret it, for it reached the ears of one who, but for it, might have been a "mute, inglorious Milton"—it was heard by Jamie Hogg. Only a herd laddie out of his teens a few years, and yet one in whom burned the twin consuming fires of Patriotism and Poesy! It reached Hogg, and it awakened his soul. All the native ardour of the shy shepherd kindled to the call of his country, and from the heights of Blackhouse was sent forth a song which caught the imagination of the multitude more than any of the effusions published at that time. For years Hogg had been brooding in secret over a hope that he could write. Hitherto he had crushed his feelings, now they mastered him, and his song "Donald Macdonald," though now forgot, had a mission and fulfilled it. Through the length and breadth of the land, in barracks, clubs, convivials, and even in political associations, the song was sung by excited multitudes. Of the author the world knew not, and cared not—though it is said a certain General McDonald got all the honour of his namesake's ardour, and enjoyed it too! A verse may suffice for the song, but it is worth repeating that the False Alarm gave to the world the Poet of Fairyland, the genial, kindly romancist, Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." A typical verse of Donald McDonald ran:—

Wad Napoleon land at Fort William
And Europe nae langer should grane,
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairy
We'd rattle him off frae oor shore,
Or lull him to sleep in a cairny,
An' sing him "Lochaber no more!"
    Stanes an' bullets an' a',
    Bullets an' stanes an' a';
    We'd finish the Corsican callan'
    Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

* * *

In connection with the valour and patriotism displayed by the Selkirkshire Yeomanry on the occasion of the False Alarm, it may be interesting at the present time to give the lament recited by David Thomson, the poet-laureate of the troop, at the farewell banquet given by their captain, Alex. Pringle, Esq. of Whytbank, when they were disbanded by the Government twenty-four years after the events recorded above. The Duke of Buccleuch, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and all the neighbouring gentry were present at the banquet. Thomson's lament is as follows:—

Last night I heard a lady cry,
And vent her feelings with a sigh—
Maun Captain Pringle's gallant band,
That flourished sae 'neath his command—
That gae us ilka year a dance,
And saved us i' the war wi' France;
Maun they—I canna understand it—
An' are they really a' disbandit?
That gallant corps, our country's pride,
That taught our young men how to ride,
To walk the streets wi' martial grace,
An' look a body i' the face!
No' like the boobies, heather-bred,
That's fit for neither board nor bed—
That look as silly, faith, as sheep,
And gaunt as they were gaun to sleep.
The King at Portobello sands
Did mark them out frae a' the bands,
And asked the Duke, "Whose men are those,
So neat and handsome in their clothes,
Wi' Forest branches in their caps?
I never saw such goodly chaps."
The Duke, of course, extolled their zeal,
Their ardour for the common weal—
How in the Forest they were bred,
And how a pastoral life they led—
How that their sires on Flodden field
Were never seen an inch to yield;
How they a banner bore away,
Which may be seen unto this day,
'Mang "Souters ane and souters a',"
In an auld kist "in the *Back Raw*."
I heard the story told by Grieve,
And here repeat it by his leave.
Wha doubts may speir at Mr Rodger,
That's baith a notary and a sodger.
While thus the ladies mourn the sorest,
A wail is heard o'er a' the Forest'—
Blackandro shakes his heathery pow,
Newark makes a' the moan he dow;
Rough Ettrick roars, and Yarrow rins
To hide her in her dowie linns;
And little Caddon—woe, indeed—
Rins underground to hide her head;
The Gala Water's looking blue,
And Tweed is ragin' roarin' fou.
Meanwhile the cock on Selkirk steeple,
To the amusement of the people,
Is whirled about by every gale,
Wi' the Town Council at its tail.

8th September, 1828.

* * *

It may not be generally known that the game of "Willie, Willie Wastle, I'm up in my castle," so popular among the boys of the Borderland had its origin in the last siege of Hume Castle by Cromwell's troops. The governor, Sir William Wastle, being called on to surrender the Castle by the commander of Cromwell's army, sent the following reply:—

"I, William Wastle, am high up in my castle,
And a' the Whig dogs in the toon
Winna gar me come doon."

But Cromwell's Whig dogs (the cannon) made Sir William come down in less than twenty-four hours.

* * *

I am very pleased to see that our Border friends in Kilmarnock have succeeded in starting a Border Association, and their first social is to be held on Monday, the 14th of this month. The principal item in the programme will be an address on a Border subject by the Rev. Andrew Aitken, Grange U.F. Church, Kilmarnock, whose powers as a lecturer are well known. About fifteen years ago, when Mr Aitken was a student at Edinburgh University, he joined the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and has remained a member ever since. Mr Aitken is intensely patriotic, as is shown in the following quotations from an address he delivered to the Guild of his Church:—

The love of country is the mark of a live nation; where patriotism is dead, the land is also dead. It is a feeling old as man. And we are no more proud of being able to say "I AM A SCOT- A BRITON" than the Roman was in his boast: "Civis Romanus sum—I am a Roman Citizen," or Paul was in his confession that he was "A Hebrew of the Hebrews." . . . . . . Patriotism at its highest is the thought of God in our history, shaping, moulding, and guiding our destinies. If God is to remain with us, we must remain with God; we must refrain from that moral blindness which, winking at sin and corruption, has destroyed so many peoples in the past. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Fate of James IV. of Scotland.

By Lady Logan.

The Battle of Flodden was fought September 9th, 1513, from 4 to 7 in the Evening.

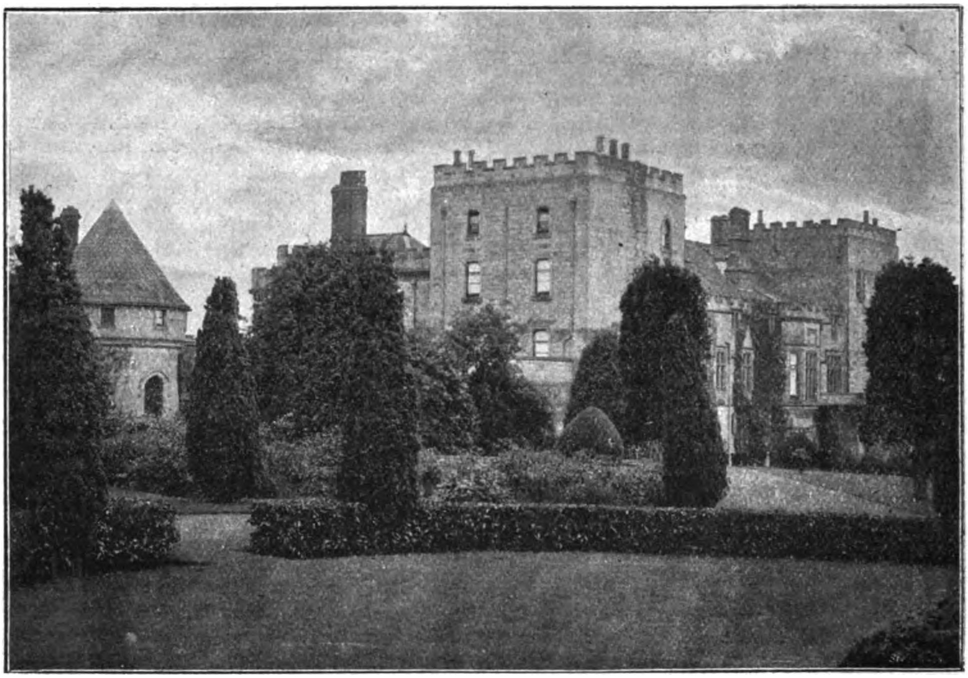
What was thy fate, O dauntless Stuart king,
When Flodden's stricken field
With crash of sword and shield
Made Cheviot's lofty summits' echoes ring.

'Tis said the lovely Lady Heron's smiles
Detained the King at Ford,
While chafed his Council board,
Vexed at delay wrought by a woman's wiles.

Guarding their Monarch loved, a noble few
Wore corselet as his own
His cognizance and crown,
That so perchance less marked, he might win through.

To lordly Elphinstone his chosen friend,
Much like to him in life,
Armed like him in the strife
The wounds of death a greater semblance lend.

Mistaken for his King, the valiant Knight
To Berwick was conveyed,
Though there it was betrayed
No iron girdle bound him hid from sight.



FORD CASTLE.

But all too weak the links of beauty's chain
O'er his heroic soul
For long to keep control,
And soon his Standard graced the fatal plain.

There fell sad Scotland's choicest "Forest Flow'rs,"
Her fairest chivalry
Known by their heraldry,
Each crested chief fought well, three mortal hours.

O'ermatched by Surrey and the English foe,
Who numbered two to one:
At setting of the sun,
Brave souls had set in even ruddier glow.

For since in warlike guise at Sauchie-burn
Prince James, misled, appeared
Against his Sire revered,
Such heavy belt had he in penance worn.

On Flodden's Eve were some who did maintain
Five horsemen crossed the Tweed
And Kelso passed with speed,
Till weary at Hume Castle drew the rein.

The lord of that grim Border fortalice
Nor loyal was nor true,
Yet here the King must sue
For food and rest that should his needs suffice.

But when the morning dawned with aspect bland
From out those portals vast
No regal presence passed,
Nor e'er again was seen on lake or land.

So runs the tale, though more is to relate:—
The evil Baron Hume
Swift met a traitor's doom,
Denying knowledge of his Monarch's fate.

When time had lulled three centuries to sleep
A dead man's bones were found
With band of chain girt round,
In a long disused well beside the keep.

So when night fell he sailed to seek the grave
Where once his dear Lord laid
There his devotions paid,
He fain might hope his sinful soul to save.

For never since his father's dying hour
Had James Fitz-James found peace.
Nor could his sorows cease
Until he felt absolved through Christ's own power.

And thus for years his people hoped and prayed
He would return to them
From far Jerusalem,
And much they marvelled what his ship delayed.

SYBIL'S WELL—FLODDEN.

But what his name who darkly perished there,
Veiled is in mystery,
Unknown his history,
Or if he prince, or peer, or peasant were.

And still one legend more of Flodden's day,
Lived long in Scotland's heart:—
Some saw their King depart
For Holy Land, in palmer's amice gray.

Oft had he spoke of this his deep desire
E'er his ambition crossed
By stress of battle lost,
In furtherance of his vow did all conspire.

The swallows came and went, but he came not,
And none may surely tell
If James at Flodden fell,
Or if in grave obscure he sleeps forgot.

We know thou art at rest, chivalrous Prince!
What needs it to seek more:
Earth's bitter conflicts o'er,
A Crown of heavenly radiance thine long since.

See Buchanan's Account of Battle of Flodden, written *about* 1530 to '40. Also Drummond's, written *about* 1620. Also Note "78" to "Marmion," Sir W. Scott.

Centenary of the "False Alarm." 31st January, 1804-1904.

WE thought of devoting the greater part of this number of the BORDER MAGAZINE to the Centenary Celebrations of the "False Alarm" of 1804, but so much on this subject has appeared in the daily and weekly Press that we have spared our readers a repetition of most of what they have already seen. So much interesting matter relating to the incidents of that stirring time has been published that it will be a great pity if it is not collected and published in what might be termed a Centenary Volume. In another column we quote the admirable speech by Sir George Douglas, Bart., and we reproduce below a concise summary of events from the "Weekly Scotsman":—

Alarming rumours continued to be circulated, and new and amazing theories of invasion formed. But the general opinion was that "Bonaparte had no idea when he made his rash threat that the youth of the country would volunteer in such numbers that the Government would be obliged to restrain them."

But the authorities continued on the alert. A perfect chain of signal posts had been made round the coasts and inland to the inner counties to summon the Volunteers to their appointed rendezvous in order to cover the threatened points. In the south, Berwick, Dunbar, and Musselburgh were considered the likely places for a landing, and to protect these ports Duns, Haddington, and Dalkeith were the places where concentration was to take place previous to any necessary disposition of the forces.

A code of signals was arranged, including the firing of twelve minute guns at Berwick, Eyemouth, St Abb's Head, Knockinghair (near Dunbar), and Haddington.

At the approach of the enemy the beacon on the Dowlaw would flash the news to Duns Law; thence the warning would be taken up at Hume Castle, and transmitted to the beacons on Caverton Edge, Pennielheuch, the Dunion, and Crumhaughhill, into Teviotdale by the Tudhope and the Wisp, and north in Selkirk by Black Andrew. From the St Abb's Head station the bale-fires at Hardchester, Knockinghair, Blackcastle, Pencraik Hill, North Berwick Law, and the Garleton Hills would send on the news to the north and rouse the capital.

Thus in the midst of wars and rumours of war the public were kept for months in a constant state of suspense and alarm. Anxiously the country people waited for news of the long-expected invasion for which the late foggy weather was considered favourable. Each evening before the door was locked for the night they gave a glance to the beacon posts to the north, to the east, and to the south.

Then it came. On the night of Tuesday, the 31st January, 1804, between nine and ten o'clock, the beacons on Hume Castle, Pennielheuch, and the Dunion were suddenly seen to be aflame, and Caverton Edge and Crumhaugh Hill immediately blazed forth the alarm.

Straight on seeing Crumhaugh Hill ablaze, James Knox, gardener at Damside, all alert, ran to the Tower Bridge of Hawick, fired the signal gun, and thereby gained the reward of twenty shillings.

Forthwith muster and bustle and confusion—the stirring of armed men: no word of delay, nor thought of remaining behind; though sweethearts, wives, and mothers clung to them in the bitterness of parting, in the fear that a French bullet would prevent their return.

Truly marvellous in those days of bad roads, rendered worse by the state of the weather, was the rapidity of concentration. Not a writer of the time but remarks with commendable pride on the alacrity with which the Volunteers and Yeomanry assembled. Westward into Upper Teviotdale the beacons on Tudhope and on the Wisp, and on Black Andro in Selkirkshire, has taken up the warning from Crumhaugh Hill. Farther west there were no beacons, and a trumpter went hot-foot up the Slitrig to rouse the men of Liddesdale.

Right readily they answered the summons. Into Hawick they poured by eight o'clock next morning, though many of them had travelled upwards of twenty miles. Horses and ponies they straightway requisitioned, and when they got out of their county they turned their mounts loose to find their way back over the hills, and marched into Hawick to the lively, inspiriting tune of "O, wha daur meddle wi' me?"

A few minutes after the alarm the Volunteers began to collect at Kelso fully armed; by half an hour the centre troop of Yeomanry began to assemble, and within two hours—before twelve o'clock—every individual, with two exceptions, was present at the assembly in the Market Square. Gentlemen and farmers around, whose servants were Volunteers, did everything they could to facilitate the muster, mounted them on their best horses, or conveyed them in carts and set them down at parade ready for service.

Ball cartridges were served out to the men; each had his 14 lb. of biscuit; and in the dark winter night they all waited anxiously in the street in the blaze of torches, for their marching orders. At length, as no news were brought by the couriers sent out, the troops were dismissed to quarters among the inhabitants, who were only too proud to receive such guests.

Mr Pringle, of Whytbank, happened to be on a visit to Lord Napier, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, at Wilton Lodge, on the banks of the Teviot. The butler entered the room, and gravely announced, "My Lord, supper is on the table, and the beacon's blazing." Whereat the host as gravely remarked, "Whytbank, if the beacon's blazing little supper may suffice; the sooner we ride to Selkirk the better."

In remarkably short time Captain Pringle had assembled his troop of Selkirk Yeomanry, and was on a march to Galashiels and Dalkeith; the Volunteers followed, and though many of them resided fifteen and twenty miles from Selkirk, several of them marched more than fifty miles to their rendezvous at Dalkeith. Carriages were furnished by Selkirk town, and soon after 12 noon on Wednesday these sturdy men had reached Dalkeith.

For the greater part of the way they were under the firm impression that they were marching to meet the French, and it was not till they met the Gala coach from Edinburgh, to which the alarm had not been communicated, that their suspicions began to be aroused, and when they arrived at the rendezvous their eagerness was disappointed.

There they were joined later after all the alarm had blown over, by Walter Scott. Learning in distant Gilsland, near Carlisle, that the alarm was out that the French were on the coast of Scotland, he took horse at once, and his steed carried him the hundred miles to Dalkeith in twenty-four hours, his zeal, like that of so many others, to be disappointed. The Roxburgh men marched into Kelso; those from Smailholm, headed by their patriotic minister, the Rev. Thomas Cleghorn, and while the east division of the Yeomanry mustered at Duns, the west met in Jedburgh, marching to Kelso, where they joined the troops preparing to march to Haddington.

The Berwickshire Yeomanry gathered in hot haste from all quarters to Duns, whence, with the Roxburgh men, they immediately marched to Dunbar. The Duns Volunteers remained under arms all night, and then having received no express message, marched, according to the previously arranged plan, the twenty-four miles over very bad roads to Haddington. Two privates of the corps, though fifteen miles from Duns at the time the corps marched, no sooner heard of their departure than they repaired to Duns for their arms and accoutrements, marched to Haddington in the night time, and were present at parade on the Thursday.

The celebrations of the Centenary began appropriately at St Boswells, where the anniversary dinner had been held regularly for seventy-five years after the event, the last chairman being Mr John Dickson, now of Glasgow. On Thursday, 28th January last, the Earl of Dalkeith presided over a large and distinguished gathering, while on the following evening a large assembly of Borderers from all parts sat down to dinner in the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh—Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, Bart., presiding.

We quote from a local paper an account of the commemoration doings on the Borders this year:—

> In commemoration of the event bonfires were lighted at Hume Castle (Berwickshire), Dunion (Jedburgh), and Crumhaughhill (Hawick).
>
> The bonfire at Hume Castle was erected on the old beacon site by workmen from Hendersyde Park, Sir R. Waldie Griffith having himself taken the matter in hand. The torch was applied by Mr John Logan, Hume Hall, who made a few appropriate remarks on the bravery and patriotism of the Borderers before doing so. The assembled company afterwards engaged in dancing.
>
> At Jedburgh the Provost, Magistrates, and Council met in the Council Chambers, where a short address was given by the Provost. Afterwards Jedforest band marched through part of the town, and a procession, headed by the Council, who were preceded by halberdiers, started from the Market Place for the Dunion. The inhabitants, in imitation of the beating to arms 100 years ago, had been summoned by tuck of drum, and joined the company in large numbers. Blazing torches were carried. On the signal being received from Hume Castle, Provost Hilson applied a torch to the pile, and the Dunion beacon blazed again, and sent its message on. The Crumhaughill bonfire was lighted by Provost Melrose, Hawick, in presence of a numerous company. Although the weather was wet and windy, it blazed splendidly, and the reflection was seen for miles around. The huge pile was surmounted with a banner bearing the old Border motto, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

"The False Alarm" (1804).

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

THE event whose centenary we celebrate presents this almost unique character: its memorable feature is a feat of arms, but one which brought no bloodshed with it—an overflow of martial heroism, untempered, unalloyed, unstained with tears. Glory and Grief, those spirits dark and bright which brood conjoined above the battlefield, for once are separate, exist apart. So was it willed to be. And hence this anniversary is one of pure rejoicing, having no sombre side. Let me review in brief the occasion which has brought us here.

The tide of Time rolls back one hundred years. In France the Revolution—that fierce assertion of the rights of man—has run its course even to delirium. Its lofty inspiration, pure ideal, tumbled in blood-stained mire, has issued, strangely altered and transformed, in tyranny incarnate and confirmed. The tyranny of one nation over others; supremacy of arms and rule of war—war of the least exalted kind, aggression and the wanton lust of power.

Borne on the high crest of the topmost wave, in that upboiling of the nether deeps, behold a Titan shape—a man such as the modern world had never known before; a portent not of God! A being unenlightened, dæmonic, and malignant; a soul bereft of grace, of human dignity, of human pity, all that most makes a man; a soldier without chivalry, a foe without remorse; a Frankenstein's creation run amuck through the fair cities and the fruitful fields—the sacred peace of Europe; a natural force without a moral sense—Napoleon Bonaparte, arch-enemy of Heaven and of mankind.

As yet his fated course was but begun. Parma annexed and Piedmont overrun: Lombardy of the Iron Crown turned creature of his will; the Netherlands snatched from Austria, as Egypt from the Mameluke; the frontier of the French Republic pushed forward to the Rhine: the chosen home of Freedom, Switzerland, a camp of alien troops: Syria and Turkey hardly saved at Acre and Aboukir:—surely no paltry record this of rapine and of ruin for six years!

But, stay! these wars were waged in Freedom's name. *Credat Judæus*, let the Jew believe: nay, let the sequel speak—that is enough. None laughed with such a shameless cynicism at all of noble and of good report that graced the propaganda of the Revolution as did Napoleon Bonaparte. Bold speculation, ardent philosophic thought—these had been spent in vain. But the new vigour of a race regenerate as by fire should serve his personal ends. Forsooth! for this and only this, the ordeal as of Pelias had been borne.

So Europe to a nation cowered before the threatening, overcoming, might:—Denmark false to herself at Elsinore, Holland false to herself at Camperdown; Sweden and Russia, Prussia, Spain, the Empire—all! nay; all save one. Britain still proudly reared an undiminished head. Britain still offered to the outcast, Liberty, the asylum of her shores. But Britain stood alone. So towers a lonely column above desolation of temple, palace, senate-house o'erthrown!

Our isolation and our independence marked us the object of his hate—he had already a long account to settle with us. Frustration of his schemes in Egypt; the victories of Nelson, Jervis, Howe, of Duncan and of Sydney Smith—these rankled in his breast. He steadied himself for one blow which should pay off old scores.

According to the calculations of his own arithmetic, his triumph was secure: a population of forty millions must bear down one of but fifteen millions. So at Boulogne, within sight almost of our shores, he formed his camp: 100,000 men—whom a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, convoyed by fleets, should bear across the intervening straits. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours," he said, "and we are masters of the world!"

The hour of Britain's proof was come, and nobly Britons answered to the call. The glow of patriotism spread like an epidemic through the land. The icy impassivity of Pitt was thawed and broken up. And, as is usual with our island race, the shape enthusiasm took was practical, was logical—a perfect syllogism. Britain must face the universal foe: trained men would be required: they should be forthcoming.

Accordingly, north, south, east, west—militia, yeomanry, and volunteers—the manhood of our isle flocked to the enrolment. Our fields were turned to drilling-grounds; the drill-sergeant was paramount. Our factories of war-munitions poured forth their warlike stores. Organization did the rest.

Some droll scenes might now be witnessed. For example, at musketry-practice, the Colonel of the Hexhamshire Militia would set up a sort of scare-crow figure, dressed in cocked hat, green coat, and white breeches, and would say to his men, "Now, my lads, let's see who'll hit old Boney first!" They fired at 800 paces' distance.

Well, thus the country at large. But our concern is with one portion of it: *imperium in imperio*—no, scarcely that; but, surely, *patria in patriâ*—the Scottish Borderland.

No one, I think, who knows that land, has read its history, will dream that it now lagged behind the rest. That was by no means so. Briefly, about 2000 Volunteers, and near 300 Yeomanry, formed the contribution of the Merse and Teviotdale towards the general force. I do not here count regulars. Their martial spirit ran as high as the best. Just one example—typical. The age of service had been fixed from seventeen to fifty-five. But, in the roll of "names for general defence," we find the Minister of Teviothead (for one) entered as "above age, willing to serve." (Bravo, the Minister!) "Per contra," entries "below age, willing to serve," are also met with. The Border poets, Scott and Hogg, inflamed the ardour of their countrymen.

Another poet, Younger of Longnewton, the caustic-witted cobbler, who was also an efficient Volunteer, has left a striking picture of the time. During their first few months of soldiership, the Volunteers, he tells us, were drilled very hard indeed. The special reason of this pressure was that winter had set in with raw and foggy weather—which was thought favourable for Boney to steal his march on us.

Hence the revival of a disused custom. The practice of alarm by beacon-fires is on the Borders of unknown antiquity. It is enough to mention here that it was minutely regulated by the March Laws of the Fifteenth Century. With the Union of the Crowns it became obsolete—it was no longer needed. But now the occasion for it had returned. So our rough Border heights again assumed the character of watch-towers.

Let me name some of these. Eastward Home Castle and Duns Law stood warders to the Merse. Caverton Edge warned Morebattle and Linton; Peniel Heugh the lower, Crumhaugh the higher waters of the Teviot. The haunted triple peak of Eildon guarded Tweed; dark Rubерslaw the valley of the Rule; Dunian the burgh; Bellia the southern wilds. Black Andro apprised the Forest of approaching danger. Above all rose the lion couchant, Cheviot. Suspense was in the air.

Yet the first winter months were all but passed, and still no enemy. Then came solution of the long anxiety.

On the last evening of the first month of the year, the watchers at Home Castle, looking eastward, saw as they thought the Billy Law beacon kindle. The looked-for signal, then, had come at last. They fired their cresset, and a swift response proved the alertness of their fellow-watchmen. The Fiery Cross was started on its course.

So the news came to many—I follow one. James Patterson had served his country well, in Egypt, under Abercromby. Leaving the Army, he was placed in charge of the "light-house" (so-called) at Caverton. The old soldier saw, and punctually passed the signal on. Then, springing on a horse, he bore the tidings at full speed to Yetholm. Then back to Kelso—there was work that night for veterans like James—and he had uniforms, arms perhaps, in charge. And there we leave him—he is unknown to fame, like many more who only did their duty. Yet I would have his name to sound this once upon this high occasion—our families being bound to one another by the tie of long-continued tenancy.

Meantime the alarm was spreading fast throughout the dales of Teviot, Tweed, and Liddle. Beacon caught flame from beacon; north, south, west, the fires glowed ardently—a symbol of the martial heat suffusing many hearts.

His office done, the fireman on the Dunian fled to Jedburgh—an incarnation of ill-news that flies apace—pushing his way into the Council Chamber and the Provost's presence, breathlessly crying that the French were come. This passed from mouth to mouth. The town's bell, set a-jowing in its tower, compelled all men to hear and heed its tocsin of ill augury. The town-drummer beat to arms. Beneath the lurid glow, 'mid the exciting din, both sexes and all ages filled the streets, thronged to the Merkat Cross. The landward folks were flocking to the town. Fingers were pointed to the blazing cone; enquiry met enquiry. One answer was returned to all alike: the French and Bonaparte.

Confusion worse confounded, you might say. Not so! A moment to collect our wits, and see! one steady purpose manifests itself—it animates the whole. The enemy are landed? Face them then! The time has come to prove our quality. And so the Volunteers stood to their arms, and mustered in their place. Jedburgh has not forgotten byegone times; now, as so oft before in hour of need, she answers, "Jethart's here!"

So

> "then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale, that but an hour ago
> Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness:
>
> And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war. . . ."

Save that the firing of the minute-gun at Berwick was inaudible at Jedburgh, Byron's stanzas fit the situation.

I have selected Jedburgh as typical, by no means as preëminent, in the spirit shown that night. In truth I do not think there was a first or second then. The old Border virtue shone in all alike. Hawick and Selkirk, Kelso, Galashiels—Teris and Souters, the "braw lads," the men of Duns—one spirit animated all. The French were in the country—then, in God's name, drive them out! And whilst this spirit and this unanimity endure, Britain need fear no foe.

I need scarcely say that the Volunteers turned out well. Though most of the officers of the First Roburghshire Battalion lived at some distance from Jedburgh, they were soon at the alarm-post. In his haste to reach it, one of them—Gilbert Elliot, first Lord Minto—dashed his horse through flooded Teviot. When the roll was called, there was but one man absent, and he, tradition says, was a lame tailor.†

Rutherfurd of Edgerston commanded—it is recorded that his command was worthy of the Border Country's warlike past.

Kelso was the head-quarters of the Second Roxburghshire, commanded by Sir John Riddell. The local Companies soon mustered in the Square, where from time to time they were recruited by contingents from the neighbouring villages. Yetholm contributed no less than a hundred and twenty-four Volunteers; the Smailholm and Sprouston men were led by their respective Ministers. (The Ministers are coming out strong to-night.) The scene as they kept arriving was a stirring one—each fresh arrival being warmly greeted. The bystanders bore flaming torches, and the musicians played up the old warlike Border airs: "The Blue Bonnets" and "Little Jock Elliot."

Having mustered in the presence of their Lord Lieutenant, Napier of Thirlestane, the Selkirk Volunteers set out in the dark small hours of the night to march to Duns. Pringle of Torwoodlee was in command. They were joined en route by the Galashiels corps—whose scarlet coats and white kerseymere breeks their own looms had produced. At the call of the fife the Duns men gathered at the Langton Gate, west of the town, whence they got quickly under way. The Lauderdale men were under Baillie of Mellerstain, who, in his hurry to reach the rendezvous, had not even paused to draw on boots.

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†Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, vol. 3, p. 301.

So much for the infantry. The Roxburghshire Yeomanry Cavalry were commanded by Eliott-Lockhart of Borthwickbrae. One by one throughout the night they arrived in Jedburgh, fully accoutred, and when the bugler sounded to saddle, each man was in his place. The Selkirkshire Yeomanry performed a march which earned the praise of one whose eye was keen for soldierly distinction, the Sheriff of the County, Walter Scott; for despite the distances at which some of them lived, and the bad state of the roads, they had assembled at Dalkeith, their trysting-place, by one o'clock next day. The Berwickshire Yeomanry rallied at Dunbar, where they arrived at daybreak. The non-combatants also faithfully did their part—following up the march of the military with carts and horses laden with provisions. I might say much more, but I think that I have said enough to prove my point: that Borderers rose to this occasion with a spirit worthy of their sires.

Yet, after all, it may be said, the whole incident ended, as it had begun, in smoke—and not the smoke of battle. It was a lime-kiln, not a beacon-fire, that had raised the first alarm. No blows were dealt, no bones were broken, no surgeon's aid required. I admit that the affair had a burlesque side, nor do we wish to blink it. For instance, it is said that one trooper went home fou, and for want of an enemy attacked the cabbage-plants in the kail-yard with his sword. That good old Border worthy, Andrew Scott—church-officer, ex-soldier—has set this side of it inimitably before us in his ballad of "Symon and Jennie." Does a hint of the old campaigner's natural jealousy of praise lavished on untried recruits peep through the genial humour of his doggerel? Let others say. But this I know: the False Alarm was more, far more, than a gigantic "sell"—far more in what it meant, in what it proved. For there was shown that night a spirit and devotion, a faithfulness to duty, and a fire of martial zeal, which Borderers may well be proud of yet. Shepherds, not soldiers, were the men who showed it—followers of husbandry and peaceful arts, not arms; the greater credit theirs. The enemy whom they were called to face was one such as the world has seen neither before nor since; and great as were its power and its prestige, rumour had magnified them. The noblest of all causes roused our fathers' zeal—defence of hearth and home, of country, wife, and child—the first, perhaps the only certain, ground of righteous, ay, of consecrated war. And though no blood was spilt, no lives laid down, either I err, or that same Border mettle, had it been brought to the touch, would have given a pretty good account of itself!

One word more. There is an ancient knightly tale—our fathers knew it well, and fie! on him whose late-born sapience and crude conceit would flout their cherished lore,—an ancient tale which tells of Roncesvalles—a name of pity yet:—how, as the rereward of the Frankish host swept homeward out of Spain on wings of victory, a Saracenic horde swooped like a hawk, and there, in a lone defile of the mountains, caught at a disadvantage, laid it low, and left not one alive. So there fell Roland, there fell Oliver, fell Turpin and Mitaine, with all their peers—the flower of Christian chivalry, the pride and stay of mightiest Charlemagne. Alas! for all the grief that there befell, the valour spent in vain. Yet the Childe Roland, so the story goes, the peerless Roland, noblest of them all, died not without a sign. For, as he lay sore-wounded on the ground—suspiring on that desart air a soul too high for death—his ivory bugle-horn hung by his side. Often in time gone by its tuneful tongue had stirred the soldiers' blood—calling to battle, calling to the charge, to glorious dangers, and to bright renown. A timeless silence waits upon it now, even as o'er its master's dizzying sight broods night without a star. That thought was pain. So once more to his lips the dying knight did set that faery horn, and winded one more blast—a blast so great as ne'er was blown before. Shivering the dark air o'er the waste it pealed, and smote the Pyrenean precipice, whose eager echoes leapt to life and cried; and Pampeluna's fortress gave it back, and Fontarabia's crag. Nor ceased its strong reverberations there. But with that peal Sir Roland's spirit passed—passed to the better life above, for he was brave and true.

But you will ask what means this idle tale, and how does it concern us here to-night? I answer that these olden tales have in them that which grips and takes its hold upon the hearts of some of us. So Spencer proved, so Sidney, and so Scott, whose boyhood's dream their noble pathos thrilled—a far-borne echo of dead Roland's horn. And this was right. For as the sword-smith plunged his new-forged blade in Tagus' icy flood, so manhood issues tempered and refined from salutary tears. And Roland's blast upon his horn means this: that *deeds of valour die not in the doing*; their fame and their example live—their echoes vibrate long. And you and I are witness to this truth. And hence we meet to-night.

We who are here assembled have known other times than these—the piping times of peace. We have seen Border Volunteers go forth to face the stern reality of war. They did not flinch, they did not fail; some of them gave their lives unmurmuringly; these we shall not forget. And to those earlier Volunteers whom we to-night commemorate, they owed this debt; that these had handed on to them unquenched the torch of Border valour and of Border faith.

Before me as I speak there lies the sword of one who bore arms in the False Alarm. Its blade was rusted when they fetched it forth, the treasured heirloom of a Border home; in nature's course the hand which should have wielded it has passed long since the way of flesh. But in this sword some portion of his spirit lives, some recollection of a faithful heart that would have done its duty. Therefore with reverence I raise it now, and, counting this no idle privilege, do here salute this relic, waif, and symbol of the Past.

Projected "False Alarm" Centenary Volume.

TWICE in our present issue we have suggested the advisability of the compilation of a volume in connection with the "False Alarm," and the recent centenary celebrations. Since writing these suggestions we have learned that the work has been taken up by several energetic Glasgow Borderers, and already a large number of subscribers have been secured. As far as we can ascertain, the book will be published in a cheap form, so as to place it within the reach of all. Any of our readers who are in possession of unpublished anecdotes regarding the stirring events of 31st January, 1804, sketches or photos of relics, etc., would confer a favour if they would send them to the Editor of the "B. M.," who will forward them to the proper quarter, and see that they are carefully returned.

SIR WALTER SCOTT liked to tell the story of his meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for a sixpence. Not having one, Scott gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh, "Now, remember, you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you!"

A Day on Teviot with the Otter Hounds.

OTTER hunting is unquestionably one of our best national amusements, and the most exciting of all our field sports.

One of the most brilliant and dashing hunts of the sort ever witnessed on the Borders of Scotland occurred on Friday morning, 29th May, 1863, in the Teviot, with the late Dr Grant's otter hounds, and was, for a considerable time after, the theme of conversation among all classes of society in the district.

The hunt was well supported, and among the many present on foot, as well as on horseback, were observed the Hon. Colonel Elliot (uncle of the present Right Hon. the Earl of Minto), the Hon. William Fitzwilliam Elliot, William Rodgie, Esq.; Alfred Wilson, Esq.; Robert Selby, Esq.; W. B. Graham, Esq., &c., &c., most, if not all, of whom are now long since dead.

The hounds were thrown off at six o'clock in the morning, below Burnfoot, about a mile below Hawick, and from the beginning all could see that the Doctor was at work in real earnest.

Among the rocks in the river, below Hornshole, "Caledonia" first challenged the drag, and well supported by her companions "Royal," "Ringwood," and "Pibroch," ran it briskly to above Teviotbank, where it was lost.

For reasons only known (so far as we are aware) to the huntsman and his special friends, some of whom had been out all the previous night by the riverside stopping drains and making observations, no time was put off here in searching for the otter's whereabouts; but off they dashed to opposite Minto, where the river runs deep and the bank on the south side is densely wooded, very steep, and its margin every here and there extensively excavated below, owing to the river, during the floods, washing away the sandy soil from among the roots of the sturdy trees.

The Doctor having first rid himself of his horse, cheered his hounds to the river, and sent them across.

Some took to dragging the land, while the brave and renowned "Ringwood" preferred swimming down the river, smelling every stone, hole, and cranny as he passed it. All were quiet, eagerly viewing with admiration the instinct of the dogs, when "Ringwood" broke silence by a hearty burst of music which told its own tale, while he "set" an otter far away underground beneath an elm tree, and wrought his way eagerly through the dense network of the roots into his halt, where he fought the first of single-handed subterranean conflicts that followed.

Up came the other hounds quickly with raised hackles and their sterns up.

In dashed the wise old "Royal" to support his friend. The other hounds cheered them with the most vociferous bursts of music from above, while their master called out: "Hark to Ringwood and Royal! Mark him, good old hounds. Ho! go at him! Yoicks!"

The otter slipped away, and was viewed by Broadwith, Stoddart, and others, swimming cleverly up the river under water. Stoddart sung out: "Here he goes, Doctor; he is a big one; now for sport!"

However, he gained one of his strongholds from below water, and into which no hole could be found. A messenger was despatched to Deanfoot farm to bring picks and spades, "Caledonia" having marked him far back several feet below the surface of the bank. A hole was being made there to insert the terrier, when the otter voluntarily shifted ground; but no sooner had he done so than he gained another place of shelter of the same sort further down, and also without any entry from above. Here again he was marked far back from the river, and another hole required to be dug over him to admit a dog.

He slipped away there, and endeavoured to cross the country to the river Rule. The hounds seemed alive to his movements, were soon on his track, overshot him, and headed him back to the Teviot, when he was viewed down the bank by one of Lord Minto's sons, and tally-hoed into the river again.

For a while after he seemed lost, and a friend remarked to the huntsman that it would be impossible to make anything of him, and strongly advised him to draw off the hounds. "By no means, while we are able to work and the hounds to hunt," was the reply of the Doctor, whose energy and perseverance had so strongly characterised all his lifetime.

At this moment Mr Broadwith's celebrated dog, "Slash," made a desperate dash under water, and gained a shelf of the beach underground, where he discovered the game, and had a desperate encounter with him.

But the other escaped somehow or other from the powerful jaws of "Slash," who came out after him, showing the crimson in different places, especially about the ears. After this the otter was so incessantly compelled by the persuasive eloquence of the hounds at one time, and the application of their ivory at another, to keep moving for his own sake, that he constantly shifted ground, dodging up and down from one halt to another with his enemies closely pursuing him.

In the end he broke away over Spittal ford, a considerable way down the river.

Mr Stoddart viewed him, gave the alarm, and stuck closely to him with his dog. The Doctor, with a whoop of his horn, instantly gathered the hounds, bounded into the saddle with a loud tally-ho, and galloped at a dangerous pace along the beach, and through the very channel of the river below the ford till he reached the new field of action. On seeing the game dog contending bravely with the otter, though much distressed, and at the risk of being drowned, for the otter had decidedly the best of it, he jumped from his horse, dashed into the river, and, under water, fearlessly caught the brute by the tail with an amount of dexterity that was long remembered by those who saw the feat, and at once brought the savage creature to bay.

By this time, however, the Doctor was much fatigued, and required even to be supported by Stoddart and others, while they dragged him by his own urgent request from the river across the beach, along with the otter and dog still entangled in lively combat.

He unfortunately fell on his back at the time, but no admonition could prevail on him to quit the otter's tail.

The hounds by this time were up, and the Doctor asked assistance to take them all back that he might have the honour of introducing to the otter a pet terrier that had never had the pleasure of meeting an otter before. It was led by a chain, with a collar round its neck. He brought him forward and allowed the varmint to bite his cheek, saying, "Go at him, Bobby."

To everybody's surprise "Bobby" was in no way discomposed, but turned his face coolly to his adversary without a whimper, and in a few seconds was with his jaws locked in the otter's throat, never shifting his hold till he completed his work and was removed by the hand of his master. All the dogs were then allowed to gratify themselves by tattering the dead carcase in return for the many compliments it had paid them during the hunt which had lasted over three hours and a half.

The Doctor became faint from over exertion, and had to throw himself down for a little on the cold ground.

The otter was a male, and aged, weighing 25 lbs., and measuring 50¼ inches in length.

A. H.

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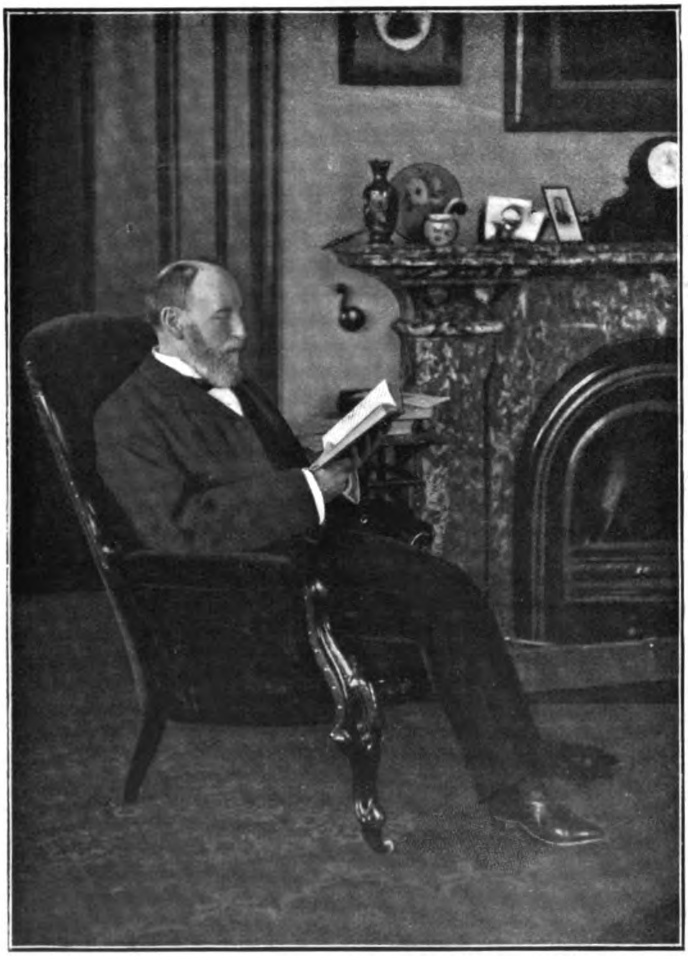
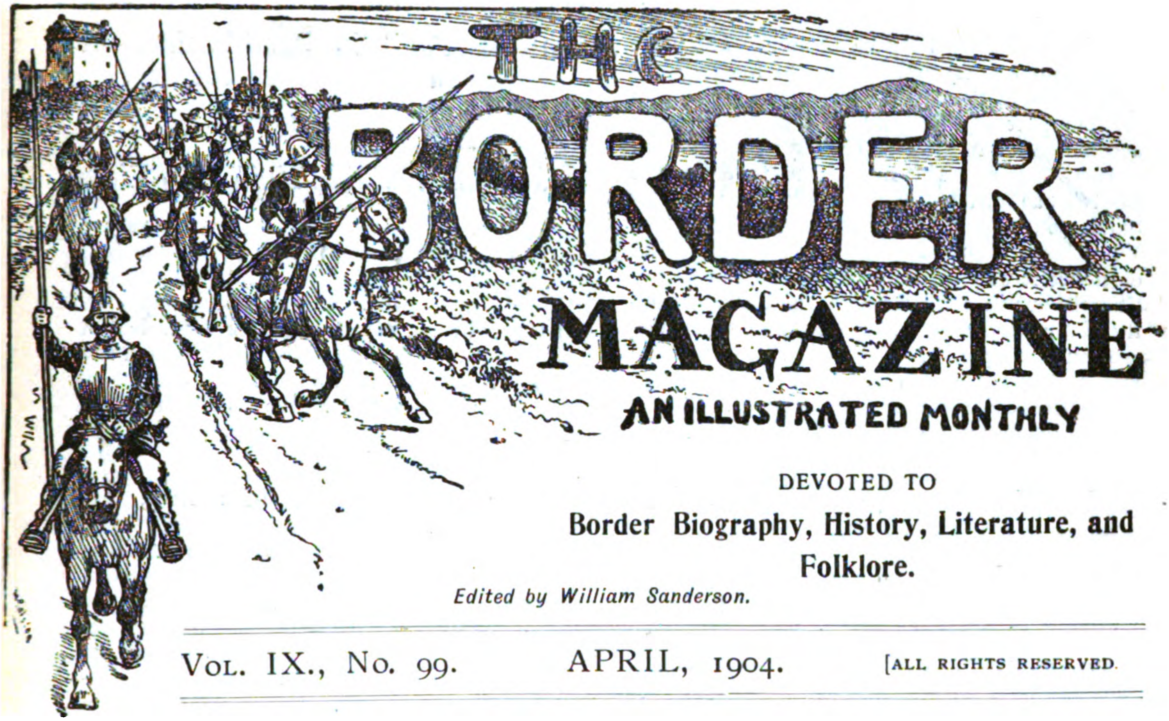


THE LATE MR ROBERT SANDERSON.



THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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THE LATE MR ROBERT SANDERSON.

BY the death of Mr Robert Sanderson, Galashiels lost a shrewd business man, a respected citizen, and one of the few remaining links with the pioneers of its staple trade. Mr Sanderson, who had attained his seventy-sixth year, had been in a feeble state of health for some time, but his sudden death came as a shock to many of his friends. The deceased belonged to one of the original manufacturing families in Galashiels, and inherited much of the energy and enterprise of his grandfather, Mr Alexander Sanderson, who was born in Galashiels in 1759, and became a manufacturer of woollen cloth at Melrose. In 1798 he removed to Newcastleton, and in 1805 he next migrated to Innerleithen, and again became engaged in the manufacture of woollens. Leaving Innerleithen, he finally settled in Galashiels in 1817, and carried on business in Wilderhaugh Mill till his death in 1828. Prior to this, his second son, Mr James Sanderson, father of the deceased Mr Robert Sanderson, had started business in Bridge Street, where he employed a few hand-looms in the production of tartans and other goods in demand at that period. He rented machinery in Wilderhaugh Mill, and latterly rented carding machinery in Gala Mill, which had been built by his elder brother, Robert. From about 1835 until 1841 Mr Sanderson continued his connection with Gala Mill, but in the latter year, in company with Mr John Sibbald, an Edinburgh merchant, built Abbots Mill. The firm established a good connection as manufacturers of tweeds, and there the sons of Mr Sanderson, Mr Robert and Mr Peter, got a thorough training. In 1845 Mr Sanderson died, and his two sons succeeded him in the co-partnery, which was carried on till 1851. On the dissolution of the co-partnery, the two brothers erected the original portion of the Tweed Mill, where they carried on business under the style of Messrs P. & R. Sanderson. This co-partnery was dissolved in 1892, when Mr Robert Sanderson acquired the business. In the public affairs of his native town, Mr Sanderson took a lively interest, and for a number of years was a member of the Town Council, holding for part of that time the office of Treasurer. In addition, as a member, and for many years as Chairman of the Landward School Board, he gave his services to the town in the sphere of education. He was also connected up till recently with the Gas Company, acting as chairman of the directorate for a considerable period. Mr Sanderson was an ardent supporter of the Church of Scotland and had much to do with the erection of the West Parish Church. The place of worship was erected in 1868 to meet the requirements of the rapidly increasing population in that part of the town who could not find accommodation in the already overcrowded Parish Church. The movement to erect the Church was initiated and carried through by Mr Sanderson and the late Mr Arthur Dickson, Wheatlands. During the earlier period of its existence it was a Chapel of Ease to the Parish Church, but in 1874 through the instrumentality of Mr Sanderson and others the Church was erected into a parish. In politics, Mr Sanderson was a strong Conservative, and was an active and enthusiastic worker for the party. At the time of his death, he was a Justice of the Peace, chairman of the Public Hall Company, a member of the Manufacturers' Corporation—he discharged the duties of Deacon in 1859; also a member of the South of Scotland Chamber of Commerce, and he had held office as president of the Chamber. Deceased, who was predeceased by his wife, a daughter of the late John Cochrane, Elmbank, is survived by one daughter (who is married to the Rev. Professor Paterson, who was recently appointed from Aberdeen to succeed Professor Flint in the Divinity Chair at Edinburgh University) and six sons, the eldest of whom is Mr Arthur Sanderson. His second son, Mr John Sanderson, contested the Border Burghs in the Unionist interest on two occasions; another son is Mr Kenneth Sanderson, W.S., Edinburgh; and the fourth is Mr Harry Sanderson. The other sons are Mr Spencer Sanderson who is in business in Ymyr, B.C., and Mr Francis R. Sanderson, advocate, Edinburgh.

The Queen of the Yetholm gipsies had been to church one Sunday, and the Parish minister on the Monday, in the course of his calls, visited Jean, remarking he was glad to have seen her in the kirk, and as he had noticed her moved to tears he was anxious to know what particular reference had so affected her, and offering consolation. "Awa' wi' yer havers; 'twas nae pairt o' yer sermon ava that affec'ed me. I've a favourite cuddy deid three weeks sin', an' ilka ither roar yae gaed brocht me sae muckle in mind o' the puir dumb beast I couldna but greet."

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his
mates,
Turning the hours of sport and food to labour,
Starving his body to inform his mind.
Motto ("The Monastery.")

"On the Peg" in Dumfriesshire—A Tramp in the Frontier Country.

"Oh, what care I for foreign lands,
Far, far across the sea;
Their trackless hills and boundless woods
Can hae nae charm for me."

A COMBINATION of duty and pleasure called us away from "Edina's darling seat," and rushed us into the western metropolis. Clearing the commercial city with its forest of "lums" we had a delightful run across Ayrshire, and through the valley of the Nith, with its hill scenes and transverse glens and rivulets. We struck the Border shire at the ancient town of

SANQUHAR,

once famous for stockings and mittens, and looked up old friends and made some new ones. Although it is many years since we visited the town, with its picturesque castle ruins and traditions of Covenanters and "killing times," we were pleased to be recognised. In Glasgow we had been likened to Lord Kitchener; here we were likened to the local policeman. Men generally find their level. Duties overtaken, a night's repose, a look round, and we set our faces towards

THORNHILL,

a town with a history, a cross, and a good opinion of itself. It was built by one of the Queensberrys, and has been greatly improved by the Duke of Buccleuch. The former must have had an eye for the beautiful, as the place commands a magnificent view. Its broad streets, handsome lime trees, and industrious people attract the visitors. It has been described as the most beautiful village in Scotland. Thornhill gave birth to Joseph Thomson, a born explorer. After being comfortably housed in the Temperance Hotel for the night, we were again, with light heart, stout umbrella, and strong shoes once more "on the peg," and taking long breaths of the pure air, and gazing on the beauties of "mine own my native land." Having passed through fine, woody, hilly scenery, glens, burns, hay fields, corn fields, rose-dotted cottages, back-grounded by blue mountain tops, we come upon

PENPONT,

"a village that shows plenty of kirks, and red-cheeked bairns, and quiet-faced men, that seemed quite wise enough to be pattern deacons and elders." We were much impressed with the pretty little village, which boasts its own gas and water supply. Here we renewed the acquaintance of a clergyman we had known in Auld Reekie, whose church and manse occupies a delightful situation on the banks of the rocky-channelled Scar. Pushing forward we travelled through scenery wild and romantically upland, embellished not a little with woods and cultivation. What wonder that we feel that this is a goodly land, one to be proud of, and one worthy of a brave and true-hearted people. Who would be slaves in such a land? Having toiled and sweated uphill for miles we had our first glimpse of

MONIAIVE.

It is indeed beautiful for situation, and well merits the adjective of "bonnie." Our view from the hilltop was extensive and impressive. Yonder is the valley of Glencairn, renowned in Covenanting story. Its men were foremost in the fight for freedom, and willingly died on its grand hillsides. The "bonnie" village stands at the head of the dale of Glencairn, near where the waters of Dalwhat, Glendarroch, and Castlefern meet. Its neat, white-washed cottages, encircling hills, and pastoral glades form a pretty picture. Within the village we meet with kind hospitality. The people are said to be mostly descended from the old stock of Covenanters. Every cottage window was filled with flowers, and every doorway framed with roses. Children, strong-limbed, blue-eye, and wonderfully clean, gambolled about the macadamised streets. The old-world cross interested us much. Next day found us early astir, despatching picture post-cards, and afterwards standing by the Rev. James Renwick's monument. He was the last of the Scottish martyrs and a native of the village. A solitary gean tree marks the spot where he was born. Dinner over, we mounted a char-a-banc for our next pitch, and then turned away from the village of small proprietors and independent people, feeling glad that we had seen the beautiful and restful little place before it was exploited by the new railway. A sprightly run, and we drop from the train at

ANNAN,

which is said to have reminded Dorothy Wordsworth of France and Germany. Here the great-souled Irving was born, and at its Academy Carlyle led "a doleful and hateful life." The town has a fine appearance, notwithstanding its red sandstone buildings. "There may be ugly streets in Annan," said some one, "but they wisely keep these out of view, and keep the best side of the town to the station folks." We came across more than one old school-fellow, and some sad stories of men worsted in the fight. We had been boys together and could not but reflect. Saturday found us under a broiling sun and visiting places by the Solway. On the highway we came in touch with more than one dusky roadster, out at the elbow and down at the heel, and down in their luck, of course. Had they had fewer encounters with Bacchus, they would have worn fewer battle scars. Towards evening we were sweeping through scenery described as most captivating, and over the one time impassable Lochar Moss into Dumfries, the

QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

We sauntered about its streets and saw somewhat of its "gigocracy," as Carlyle styled it. It was probably down the shady side of one of these thoroughfares that Burns walked with his bonnet pulled over his brow. Visitors wander to the house in which the poet's last years were spent, and visit the grave where rests all that is mortal of him who is loved by the Scottish people. Yet did his mother not say, "He asked bread and they gave him a stone." Sunday was wet. It did not forget to come down. We feasted with some friends, saw the interior of two churches, and also that of the prison. Everything within the latter was "wondrous neat and clean." The religious service was at once sad and interesting, several fine-looking fellows were in the congregation—one who had spent a fortune. It was pleasing to hear them sing so lustily. Early on Monday morning we faced

AULD REEKIE-

wards. As we bowled along the iron way, the country, with fair fields and sweet scenes, stretched away on every side. There were the interesting tracts of Annandale, those of the southern uplands of the Clyde, and then the more productive stretches of Edinburghshire. A heavy mist enshrouded the "auld romantic toun," and rain continued to fall as we stepped along its streets, feeling that after all there was much in the saying, "God made the country, and man made the town." More out in the former, and less cooping in the latter, and man's lot would be enhanced. "Footing it bravely," even for a week tells. Try it.

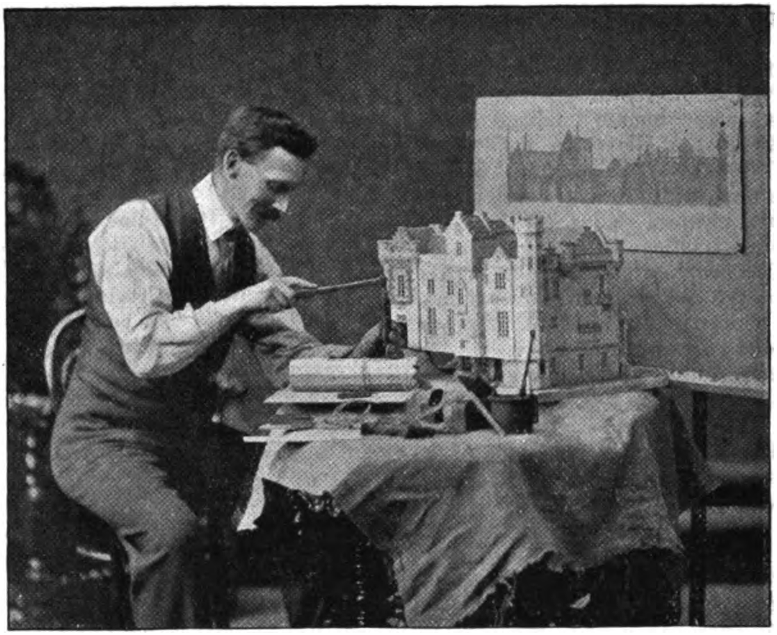
Walk through the scenes I love to view,
 And cherish ever more;
Oh! countless dearest memories dwell
 In the county I adore.

G. M. R.

It's a gude thing to hae friends in this warld —how muckle better to hae an interest beyond it!—"Heart of Midlothian."

A Border Model Maker.

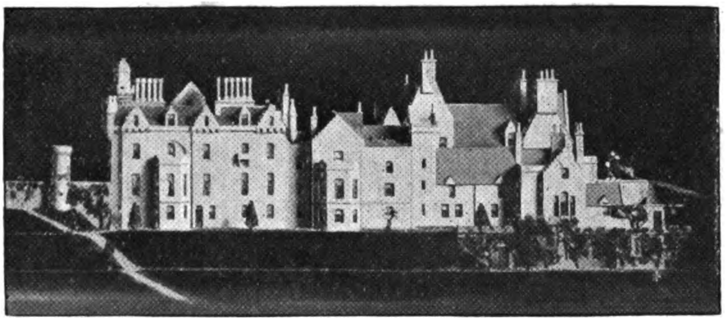
PERSEVERANCE is one of the outstanding characteristics of the true Borderer, and the history of the great Tweed trade furnishes numerous examples of men who, by steady industry and pluck have built up large businesses which employ thousands, whose earnings bring joy and comfort to many a Border home. Others have made names for themselves by using their leisure moments to such purpose that they have added considerably to the sum of human knowledge or contributed not a little to the realm of song. Time and again the cultivation of a hobby has been proved to be very beneficial to the one who indulges in it, while the results often give much pleasure to others. Mr John Mercer, of Galashiels, has selected as his hobby the making of models of famous buildings, and so successful has he been in this art that his name is known far and wide. Few people can understand a plan thoroughly, but everyone can at once grasp the idea of a model. The day will come, perhaps, when architects instead of producing plans and elevations, will be called upon to furnish models of the proposed buildings. When that time comes it will be found that Mr Mercer has been one of the pioneers in this desirable reform. A writer in that wonderful weekly, "Cassell's Penny Magazine," thus refers to Mr Mercer and his work:—



From Photo by Clapperton, Galashiels.

MR MERCER AT WORK ON A MODEL.

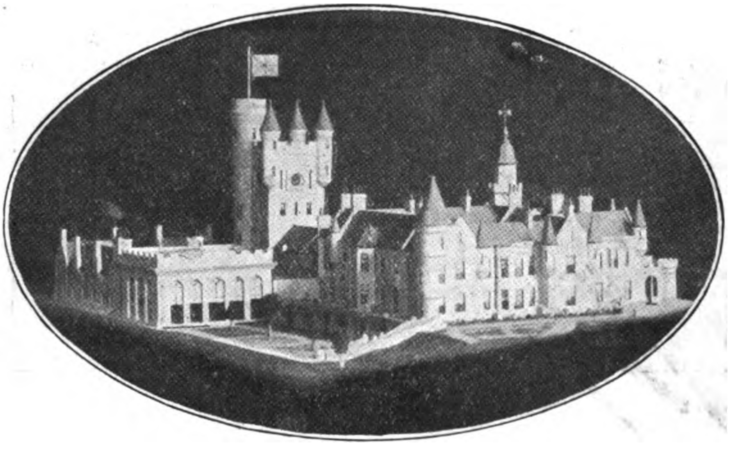
Given a pocket knife and a piece of wood, some people can do wonders. Amongst their number is the subject of this article, Mr John Mercer, of Galashiels, the builder, not only of the couple of models which illustrate these pages, but of a good many more besides. While his chief working tool is a pocket knife, his tool chest complete does not consist of more than a small tenon saw, a Chessel's hammer, a few tiny files, square and compass. To see the tiny tools—they are the smallest that can be obtained—beside the finished work one is inclined to question whether they alone are capable of doing all the labour necessary in the production of such marvellously accurate replicas of the actual buildings; but there is no doubt that in the hand of Mr Mercer they are all he requires as a means to an end. The making of lilliputian facsimiles of large and well-known buildings has been the hobby of his leisure moments ever since he began as a boy of nine, in 1873, to build up castles and less pretentious habitations in nothing more solid than stiff cardboard. Since that date he has executed some wonderful models, riding his hobby to such purpose that he has won innumerable prizes in the form of money and medals, not to mention many diplomas. Two of Mr Mercer's greatest triumphs in the art of model-making are Balmoral Castle, the beloved Highland home of our late Queen, and Abbotsford House, which will ever be associated with the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Of these buildings, Mr Mercer at various times made many models, first in cardboard and later in wood, and it is his most recent models of them that are here reproduced. Both these models are veritable works of art, for while made of wood they would seem to be built up of stone, so cleverly have they been painted, and their beauty is enhanced by the faithfulness with which every tiny detail has been reproduced, and the air of naturalness which has been imparted to the artificial grounds, consisting of gardens, with flowers and trees, in which they are set. Photographs, while admirably illustrating the buildings as a whole, fail to give any idea of the infinity of labour, of the time, trouble and care that had to be expended to secure such perfect reproduction, and to appreciate these facts is well-nigh impossible without seeing the buildings themselves. In each instance they are built to scale, Balmoral Castle being made one-eighth of an inch to every foot, a scale by no means easy to work up to. In its entirety this model measures about four feet long by three wide, and the tower, with the flag flying, which is its highest point, stands about fourteen inches high. It is painted in colour to imitate granite; and the grounds are laid out with green plush, which gives every appearance of grass, while the walks, of fine gravel, are interspersed with beds of tiny artificial flowers, and planted with artificial trees. Quite as pretentious is the model of Abbotsford House. Readers, or at least some amongst our north country subscribers, may have seen a model of this famous building either at the Forestry Exhibition, Edinburgh, in 1884, or at the International Exhibition of 1886. It measured seven feet long by three broad. This was Mr Mercer's first great attempt in wood to make a model of this building. Three years since he constructed a smaller model, and one of better workmanship, which was shown at two Scottish exhibitions, securing prizes, and this is the model of which a photograph is here reproduced. It measures three and a half feet long by two broad, the highest tower being nine and a half inches, and is make throughout of yellow pine, and painted. As in Balmoral Castle, the grounds are most naturally and faithfully reproduced in green plush and granite gravel, with flower gardens and trees. As examples of skill and patience these models would be difficult to beat, for even such details as windows and blinds are put in in glass and material. Most successful men are jealous of competitors, and guard carefully the secret of "how it is done." But not so Mr Mercer, who, for the benefit of readers who might find occupation and recreation for their leisure hours in following his example, has kindly given all necessary particulars for the building of such models. By following these carefully it will be possible for anyone with a taste for the work to achieve success in time, though it must not be expected that perfection will be attained at the outset. They will not, however, start so handicapped as did Mr Mercer himself, since they will have the benefit of his advice founded on years of hard work and experience. It was not till he had been working on models for over three years that he secured his first reward for his labours—a first prize of a sovereign; and it was not until six years later that he received a diploma of merit for a model exhibited at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, but in the meantime, and since, he had and has secured many prizes of money, silver cups, and medals and diplomas enough to decorate a room. Having decided upon the building that is to be rebuilt in miniature, the first necessary step is to get permission to measure every part of the house very particularly. Its dimensions must be secured exact in every way, a labour in itself that is by no means light. This stage having been passed you must determine on the size of the model you will make, and draw out a plan to scale. You will want plans of the building upright, a ground plan, and plans of the grounds. Then you can draw out your ground plan on wood and cut it ready for the building to be erected thereon. Similarly the plans of the building must be copied on wood, and yellow pine, about a quarter of an inch thick, is recommended as the best material to work with. For cutting the wood use a small tenon saw. The windows have to be drawn on the cut wood, then cut out with a small joiner's chisel and a hammer. The pocket knife comes into use to smooth the edges, and must be handled with great care. Behind the windows are glued pieces of glass. The window frames are marked out and then cut out to shape in thin cardboard, and fixed from the exterior against the glass that forms the window. In this manner all the walls and the roofing are cut, the former fitted with windows, and everything is ready to be fixed together. Strong glue is the liquid used. Glue the walls to the ground plan and to each other, plumb-



From Photo by Clapperton, Galashiels.

MODEL OF ABBOTSFORD HOUSE.

ing them, as is shown in the photograph, to see that they are perfectly true. Now the building is erected and ready to receive the roofs and chimneys, but ere they are fixed in position, the blinds and curtains must first be fitted to the interior of the windows. These latter fixed, glue on the roof and follow with the chimneys, and you have the model well on the road to completion, though as yet in the rough. It requires to be painted, and here, of course, the colour of the actual building has to be followed if correctness is to be secured. You have paint and brushes ready to hand. Paint the stone around the windows and the corners stone colour, putting in the main body of the building in blue to represent whinstone. Of course, if it is a red brick house you will paint it as such, not forgetting suitable toned lines where the bricks are laid. Then the roof remains to be painted a slate colour. Gutters and piping are made of thin tea lead. The building finished, there remain the gardens, terraces and walks to be laid. A good imitation of grass is grass-green plush. Cut it into shape and glue it on. Having shaped out your flower-pots glue some very fine dark sand over them, and fix in position small artificial flowers. The walks or paths are laid out in very fine granite atoms—sea sand will do—and natural tiny trees, bushes, and shrubs can be made from dried moss. These are then glued in position, and you will possess a model of your own creation that will give you greater pleasure than the ordinary kind, built from stiff paper printed in colours, which young children find so much delight in putting together, and one which cannot fail to earn the admiration of your friends. A few general remarks of advice are given by Mr Mercer. When building a model it will be found handy to nail your drawn plans to a wall where they can easily be seen and reached with the compass for the purpose of measuring. The tools already mentioned are all that are required, beyond an unlimited fund of patience, and determination to stick at the work. And then you must make up your mind that football and cricket matches will, together with other amusements, have to be scratched, for though the directions occupy so short a time to give it will probably mean a year or two ere you can contemplete the finished result of your patience and persistence, and it is to be hoped a prize-winner when it is put on exhibition. Mr Mercer has won three cups, five diplomas, seven medals, three first money prizes, and a special prize.



From Photo by Clapperton, Galashiels.

MODEL OF BALMORAL CASTLE.

That old-established and popular monthly, the "British Workman," thus refers to Mr Mercer and his work:—

The happy man, and the safe man, safe from temptation of evil companions and the drinking club, is the man who has a useful hobby. Such a man is Mr John Mercer, a jobbing builder, in the manufacturing town of Galashiels, who began to make models of buildings during his leisure hours in 1873. He has done so intermittently ever since, and besides the enjoyment, training, and recreation derived from his hobby, has gained many prizes and diplomas at local exhibitions where he has exhibited his models, in which he has accomplished wonderful effects by means of pasteboard and stucco, painted to look like the originals. His greatest triumphs have been Abbotsford, Balmoral, and the Scott Monument, Edinburgh. Other interesting subjects have been Netherby House, near Langholm, for which he received a first prize; a model of the house which stood in the ground of Abbotsford when bought by Sir Walter Scott, which was exhibited at the Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition, and the International Exhibition of 1886. John Mercer, of Hailes Villa, Galashiels, is a direct descendant of George Mercer, who set up the first carding and spinning machinery in Scotland, at Galashiels, in 1791. Mr Mercer's father, who was a tailor and clothier, took much pleasure in training a family of seven sons and three daughters; fond of the violin, he taught some of his boys, and now they have organised what is known as the Galashiels Orchestra.

Spring in the Uplands.

To a Canadian Borderer.

DID you ever spend a spring day on the Dod Rig? Or on the Blake Law? If not, you have missed some of the best of life. Let the sky be grey or blue, the air be cold or mild, there is joy in the presence of the bleak brown hills, these days of returning spring. Here and there are big patches of snow, that make the hills stand out the darker by contrast; and when the sun comes out on them they glisten like jewels in a plain brown setting. A strange style of beauty, you say? But still I call it beautiful. It is not pretty; it is beautiful.

The larks are very busy these days, and if there is the music of rushing waters down in the valley, the heights have the song of the larks, a sweet continuous outpouring. I could almost weep at the sound of so much joy. I try to sing, but I startle the curlew, and his cry is added to the hill music. Round and round he flies, with that mournfull trill, that changes, later on in the season, to the solitary double call. And as he calls, with a flash of white and brown, up flutters a peewit, to help awake the echoes. The chorus is in full swing now, with occasional breaks when the birds are down attending to household duties.

A shepherd is coming this way. See that stride! Do they walk like that in your country? If they have braes like the braes o' Yarrow they may, but I am afraid men do not walk much in the colonies, if what I hear be true. Walking is becoming a lost art, even in Scotland, since the introduction of bicycles and motors. Why, they have climbed Snowdon in a motor car! Shades of Aylwin!

Our shepherd carries a lambing-bag, and I think I see it bulge. Some weakly lamb is on its way to the more genial influences of the valley.

"It's a grand mornin'," he says, and swings on as if words were precious. If you wish to talk with him, follow, for in the lambing season he has no time to stand about.

They are a fine race, the hill men, shrewd, yet frank. It is a pleasure to get on the talk with any of them. Yet in some cases there is a narrowness of view, which leads them to think that the world is composed chiefly of sheep, and people who buy or sell them. I remember an instance of this in the case of a little boy of Meggatdale, who, after cross-examining a town-bred stranger as to whether there were any "blackfaced sheep," or "faulds," or "stells" in Edinburgh, and receiving a reply in the negative, desperately inquired, "What is there, then?"

Needless to say, the stranger did not enter into any great descriptive detail, for fear of rousing incredulity in the mind of his interlocutor.

The true shepherd's mind is the result of generations of training. It is not any ordinary man who could tell the history and pedigree of every sheep and lamb on a hill. Yet I have seen upland boys who could make a pretty fair attempt at it. We may understand what a feat this is, when we remember that to town-bred eyes, every ewe looks like dozens of her neighbours.

In the lambing season the shepherd has long days of hill work. He is often out at four in the morning, and is home and back again four times before night, as well as doing odd work among the park ewes and lambs. Many a little lamb, born on the snow-drift perhaps, owes its life to the timely arrival of the man with the lambing bag. And the dogs—well, they have the worst time of it. It would be hard to calculate how many miles a single collie will cover in a lambing season. I should think a good dog will do as much as from thirty to fifty miles a day. The shepherd has a deal of ground to cover, but he would have much more to traverse were there no "Jed," or "Laddie," or "Bess" to send "cot owre" or "doon through." You may remember James Hogg's account of his faithful "Sirrah's" sagacity in saving sheep from the snow; and if you see a dog or two going lame before May is out, be sure there has been hard work on the heights to account for it.

But the lambs are all right, say the shepherds, if the ewes are fit; and even though the little things are introduced to a world of drifting snow, if the mothers have benefited by a mild February and March, they can bring their frail charges through many a day of storm. I have been on the heights when it was impossible to look ahead for more than a yard, so great was the drift of soft wet snow, yet the lambs were thriving all round the hirsels, and every now and then their tiny plaint was heard through the storm.

Many a mother, too, having lost her own lamb, is cajoled into nursing another when the skin of the dead is wrapped round the foster-child. And down in the parks yonder, there is a busy time of feeding and nurturing of park-born lambs and weaklings from the hills. Often the younger members of the shepherd's household take this charge, occasionally visited by their stern-faced father or big brother just down from the hills, who does the more serious work. It is amusing to see a budding shepherd with a milk-bottle in one hand and a big crook in the other, running after a lamb in clumsy endeavour to put a crook round its neck. When a capture is made, there is a short, sharp struggle, then a long succession of comfortable gurgles, as the warm milk is sucked down to where it will do most good.

If you step into the cottage yonder, you may find a little black-faced creature lying on a plaid in front of the peat-fire, where it is slowly regaining lost animation. Indeed, the whole establishment is engaged in the one great task of preserving life; and not till well on in the summer, when frosts and sickness are past, does the shepherd again assume his usual calm demeanour. He is a smouldering mass of suppressed excitement all through this anxious time. His work is serious, yet it is sporting. It fills his veins with a fever of strenuousness, as he calculates and strains for a big percentage of survivors, out of so many that may go down under the hard conditions of an upland spring-time.

I never, in my experience, saw a fat shepherd; and if some of my town friends require an "anti-fat," I would recommend a season among the heights, with plenty of variation between wet weather and hot. They talk of sanatoria for consumption, but here is a grand sanatorium for the reduction of superfluous flesh. Given a good hotel up about Winterhope or Birkhill, and a few lithe shepherds to act as guides, not to speak of shepherds' wives to bake scones and bannocks, and I would be bound to say that some doctor would make his fortune at the head of the concern. But I would object to any more building in the district—on principle.

HARRY FRASER.

Blind Jamie Donaldson.

MANY a school-boy at Melrose, when playing among the tombstones in the old Abbey Churchyard, has pondered in wonderment over Blind Jamie Donaldson's last resting-place. The following explanation of the curious memento, which his admiring contemporaries thought fittest to perpetuate his fame, is from Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Papers on the Tweed":—We were wont to establish our piscatorial headquarters at Melrose. Our inn was the George, which was kept by David Kyle, who is so happily introduced into the introductory epistle which precedes "The Monastery." Sir Walter acknowledges that he drew the sketch from the life, and certainly he has been most successful in his portrait. When we knew him, he was a hale, good-looking man, in the full vigour of life, but he was making daily and serious inroads on his constitution by the strength and depth of his potations. He took the whole management and control of the household economy of the inn, leaving his wife and daughters, who were all remarkably handsome, lady-like persons, to follow their own domestic pursuits in the private part of the house towards the back. There was no pretence at any great degree of finery in the style of the table, but everything was good of its kind, and put down in the most comfortable manner, and the cut of salmon, as well as "the fowls with egg sauce, the pancake, the mince-collops, and the bottle of sherry," of which Sir Walter makes him speak to Captain Clutterbuck, never failed to be first-rate of their kind. Our landlord was always ready, when he could conveniently absent himself from his concerns, to give us his company and advice whilst angling, and when he joined us, as he often did after dinner over our bottle of sherry, we found him brimful of information. But, perhaps, the greatest source of enjoyment afforded by this quiet little village inn—for in those days it really was the small inn of a small village—arose from the circumstance that a certain blind man, an Orpheus, of the name of James Donaldson, resided permanently in the house, lodged, and fed, partly, perhaps, from the good-natured liberality of David Kyle himself, and partly from the conviction that his being here made many a traveller stretch a point towards evening to get on to the George for the night, or to tarry for the night there in spite of the affairs of travel that pressed him on. To us who, after the fatigues of a successful day's angling, and a comfortable dinner, were seated for the evening to enjoy our rest and a moderate glass of wine, it was indeed a luxury of the very highest order to get the blind man into our parlour; and he, for his part, held us so well in his books, that he never failed to be at our command whatsoever might be in the house. We pray our gentle and indulgent reader to give us credit for our assertion that we do know something of music, and that, at all events, we should make no such flourish of trumpets as we may now appear to be making, unless as a prelude to something really first-rate in its way, and we solemnly declare, that this blind man's performance upon the violin was matchless in its own particular style. He performed the old Scottish airs, and particularly those of the most tender and pathetic description, with a delicacy and feeling that we have never heard equalled, and which we are not ashamed to say were such as frequently to call forth a certain degree of moisture from our eyes, as well as from the eyes of the angling companion who sat opposite to us. Then his lively reel and strathspey music was equally remarkable in its way; and when his fancy led him suddenly to strike up Tullochgorum, or anything of that description, all manner of fatigue was forgotten in a moment, and we found ourselves, as if impelled by the enchanting effects of Oberon's horn, footing it to the music right featly, and cracking our fingers and shouting like good ones. Many, many is the time that we have listened to the lively strains of Nathaniel Gow—and it was once our lot to listen to this description of music performed by a superiorly gifted brother of his on board the "Edgar" seventy-four, in the Downs, where, strange to say, he was literally a sailor before the mast, but we hesitate not to assure our readers that the performances of poor blind Jamie Donaldson of Melrose were greatly superior to both. We must not forget to say, that he was equally remarkable in his performance on the clarionet, which in his mouth became quite a different instrument from what it is even in the hands of the best performers. Alas! our poor blind musician had the same thirst for the strong drink that possessed his kind patron and protector and host, and, accordingly, whilst David Kyle himself died in April, 1805, aged 52, poor Donaldson departed 31st March, 1808, aged 50. His tombstone in the Abbey Churchyard bears no inscription, but a rude representation of his head, with the face marked with the smallpox, which disease was the cause of his blindness in early youth, and in the centre of the stone is a violin crossed with a clarionet. Alas! of all that fine family of whom David Kyle was indeed so justly proud at the time we knew him, we have reason to fear that not a single scion remains! As for the George itself, it has undergone enlargement and improvement, proportionable to the increased size of the village, as well as of the traffic which now passes through it; and although its present landlord, Mr Manuel, may not rival old Kyle in regard to originality of character, he can in nowise be surpassed by any one in the attention which he pays to the guests, and in the exertions he uses in making them comfortable, and that in a style somewhat superior to what might have been termed "the rough and round" of those days to which we have been referring.

Hawick in its Infancy.

THE trade of Hawick began with the sale of the yarn spun by the women of the district during the long winter evenings. This was either sent to Kendal, Boroughbridge, or Stirling, or sold at the fairs to "riders," or bagsmen, from England. In the middle of the last century, four men established a carpet manufacture, which was speedily extended to that of carpet-covers, table-covers, and rugs. In 1771, one of the magistrates started the manufacture of stockings with four looms. In 1787, cloth was added to the productions of the town; and early in the present century woollen plaiding and blankets began to be manufactured. The tweed trade opened out fresh resources, and ran the estimates of the yearly value of the trade of the town, 20 years ago, up to 250,000 sterling, a sum which it has since greatly exceeded. In 1801, the population of Hawick was under 3000, it is now about 12,000. Its staple trade is lambs' wool hosiery and tweeds, but the manufacture of shawls, plaids, blankets, &c., is also extensive. Pork-curing also adds to the wealth of the town.

A Reverie.

I DREAMT I stood by Tweed's fair stream,
And heard its murmuring flow,
I trod again its lovely banks
As I did long years ago.

I saw where Elwyn rins to Tweed,
That lovely, nameless dell,
Upon whose banks and grassy swards
The fairies love to dwell.

I saw the Eildon's triple peaks,
Athwart the summer sky,
The Rhymer's fame still haunts the place,
As in the years gone bye.

I saw our grand old Abbey rise
Majestic o'er the dead,
The monks still seemed to pace its floor
With slow and measured tread.

I saw the braes o' Cowdenknowes
With yellow broom ablaze,
And Bemersyde, whose name recalls
The seer of long past days.

Tweed glittered round to Old Melrose,
Then from my view did fade,
Till broad and deep, she swept along
By Dryburgh's cooling shade.

The glory of a former age
Still seems to haunt each spot,
And this we owe to none but thee,
Immortal Walter Scott.

MELROSE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are obliged to those readers of the Border Magazine who have kindly responded to our request for further information, photos of relics &c., connected with the "False Alarm," and we take this opportunity of inviting still further contributions, all of which will be forwarded to the projectors of the proposed Centenary Volume. The proposal has been received very cordially by many prominent Borderers who have already applied for a sufficient number of copies to guarantee a success. Much information on the stirring times of 1804 has never been published, and those, who have old letters written about that time, should go over them carefully and make extracts, so that the proposed volume may be as complete as possible.

Our readers will notice that we have considerably widened our area, and have even crossed over into Northumberland. As there is a Border Association in Newcastle-on-Tyne (what a pity the scattered societies are not federated) we hope to go even as far south as that thriving city and give our readers some of the lore of Northumbria.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow-Borderers,—I was pleased to notice that my paragraph about my old friend, the late Robert Murray and the False Alarm, had been quoted in one of the Hawick newspapers. Should this lead to the recovery or publication of Mr Murray's notes on the subject, it will give much pleasure to many who are interested in the matter. Speaking of Hawick reminds me that I have never referred to the passing away of "Hawick Wattie," who was well known over the length and breadth of the Borderland. Poor Watty, though he was pretty much of a wastrel, yet he had enough of the "character" about him to make us regret his passing away. A Glasgow evening paper, which has a smart young Borderer on the staff, thus referred to Watty at the time of his death:—

* * *

"The Border country has long been famous for its local 'characters,' and of these none was so well known as 'Hawick Wattie,' who was found dead in a lodging-house the other day. It is said of him that he never saw the sea, but what he missed in this respect he made up for by his wanderings throughout Borderland. Though born and bred a Teri (and of good family), Walter Scott was not sure to be found in Hawick except at the Common Riding. He was fond of walking to all the towns and villages in the Border counties, singing his quaint songs wherever he went; and to find a farm steading within view of the Cheviots that Wattie's feet haven't trod upon would be a hard task. He was a good-natured, humorous man, with a fund of song and anecdote, and he will be much missed, especially by lonely farmers and their servants, who loved to hear Wattie's voice when he paid his periodic visits."

Wattie did see the sea, however, as those who have met him at Spittal can testify.

* * *

A prominent Border clergyman, whose wife is a native of Hawick, but whose delightfully rural manse is a considerable distance from Teri

Town, once told the late Robert Murray and myself a good story about Watty. After telling how each year, shortly before the Common Riding, the usual stillness which generally surrounded the manse was suddenly broken by the strains of "Teribus," which betokened the presence of Watty. Our clerical friend related an anecdote which proved that the wanderer, even when he was more than slightly "overcome," had his wits about him. The minister had occasion to be in Selkirk one bright sunny day, and while walking along the street he suddenly noticed Watty in a recumbent position on the pavement in front of one of the hotels. Feeling sure that the heat was not the only cause of this state of affairs, the clergyman kept as near the kerb as possible while passing. Watty, however, would not allow him to escape, and as the manly form of the minister cast a shadow over him, he looked up with a leer and said:—"I ken ye, ye're half a Teri!"

* * *

Last year when the King and Queen visited Scotland I got the following from "M.A.P.," and, though a little belated, it contains some interesting notes about the house of Buccleuch:

> "There is a good deal of interest attaching to a rumour which is being circulated in Scotland, to the effect that the King intends to mark his sense of the loyal hospitality extended to him in Scotland by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, by conferring on His Grace an English Dukedom, or rather by reviving in his favour the attainted Dukedom of Monmouth. The head of the 'bold Buccleuchs' although not (as is sometimes stated) the greatest territorial magnate in the kingdom—for several of his Scottish brother-peers, as the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Breadalbane, and others, are much larger landowners than himself—is one of the wealthiest of great nobles, and owns more country seats than even the many palaced Marquis of Bute. But he is not, of course, head of the house of Scott—an honour which belongs to Lord Polwarth—and is, indeed, not a Scott at all save in the female line, being sprung paternally from Charles II.'s eldest and favourite son (by Lucy Walters), who was created Duke of Monmouth, Earl of Doncaster, and Baron of Tynedale in February, 1663, and married the young Countess of Buccleuch two months later. The Duke of Monmouth, as everyone knows, took up arms against his uncle, James II., was defeated at Sedgmoor, and ended a short life and not a very merry one on the scaffold in 1685. Fifty-eight years later the English earldom of Doncaster and barony of Tynedale were restored to his grandson the second Duke of Buccleuch, whose descendant sits in the House of Lords as Earl Doncaster to-day. The dukedom of Monmouth was not revived in his favour, for the title of Monmouth had meanwhile been bestowed by William and Mary on Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough. At the death, however, of his great-grandson without issue in 1814, the Monmouth and Peterborough peerages became extinct; and it is, therefore, of course open to the King now to restore the Monmouth dukedom to the present Duke of Buccleuch, if he so please. The act would probably be appreciated in Scotland, where it is thought 'infra dig.' that the Lord of Drumlanrig and Dalkeith should sit in the House of Lords as a mere earl. The late Queen, it will be remembered, conferred an English dukedom on the Duke of Argyll, who had previously sat in the Upper Chamber as a simple baron."

* * *

Some time ago the following interesting paragraphs appeared in the "Southern Reporter" from the talented pen of the Edinburgh correspondent of that widely circulated paper:—

> "While hastening through Otterburn to cross the Border and reach Hawick and Melrose, owing to the alteration of the main line trains, I missed my connection at Bellingham. Otterburn is a clean, beautiful Northumbrian village, the name of which lives in the famous encounter between Percy and Douglas. The spot where Douglas fell is marked by a rude pile of masonry with a sandstone slab erected on it. It is commonly called Percy's Cross; it should be Douglas's Cross. The body of James, Earl Douglas, was taken over the Cheviots and buried in Melrose Abbey. Scott in his notes to the ballad of Otterburn in the 'Minstrelsy' makes the battlefield 30 miles from Newcastle. To be exact it is more than 32 miles; the battlefield is about a mile on the Scottish side of Otterburn. Redesdale is barer than North Tynedale, at least below Bellingham, but it has a charm and history of its own. There is the Roman camp at High Rochester; Troughend Hall, with its story of Percy Reid, and when I crossed the hilly road to Bellingham I found romance there too. While wandering in and around Bellingham, curiosity attracted us into the little churchyard around the old parish church. We found a photographer in the act of photographing a stone, dated 1628, on which the Reedsmouth inhabitant who rested below was commemorated in curious raised letters. On asking the local photographer if there were any other curious stones in the churchyard, he pointed to a strangely-shaped long sandstone block, without one single bit of lettering upon it, lying over a grave to the east of the church. This, he said, marked the spot where the robber of the 'Long Pack' story, as related by the Ettrick Shepherd, lies buried. The grass was long around the stone, and our photographic friend hesitated whether to wait or not until the grass was cut, ere he took a negative of the stone. One wonders if the mason who supplied the gravestone intended to imitate the 'Long Pack' of the story. Certainly it almost seems so."

* * *

I will be pleased to receive interesting items for the "Keep" from any of my readers who may possess anything worthy of preservation.

Yours in Border Brotherhood,

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Dead Bell:

An Old Scottish Custom.

FOR many centuries "bell and burial" have been associated together, and the usage of the Passing Bell dates from an early period. Bells were introduced into use in the Church about A.D. 400. Bede informs us that they were first used in the churches of England in the latter part of the seventh century; and shortly afterwards the custom of tolling the bell for the dead originated. The practice of ringing the bell when anyone was excommunicated, emblematic of that person's spiritual death, dates from the eighth century. The Passing Bell, or Soul Bell, as it was also termed, was tolled when a person was passing—whence the term —from this world into the next. In some parts it invited prayers on behalf of the soul of the dying person, and, in other parts of the country, of intercession for the soul of the departed. This custom is distinctly referred to by Bede (A.D., 673-735) in connection with the death of St Hilda. The former of these was owing to the current belief that devils lay in wait in order to afflict the soul the very moment it was separated from the body, the opinion being that the sound of the bell had power to terrify the evil spirits. "When anyone is passing out of this life," the 69th canon of the Church of England bears, "a bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not then slack to do his last duty." At the Reformation the custom of tolling the Passing Bell was retained, but a new interpretation was put upon it. The people were instructed that its use was intended to admonish the living, and to excite them to pray for the dying. The tolling of public bells at deaths and funerals is a reminder of that pre-Reformation custom, but it is now a usage more particularly as a mark of respect for the deceased. When the request is made that the bells be rung there is generally a charge made. In former times this custom pertained to and the privilege belonged to the Church, and from it the Church derived a considerable revenue.

The latter custom—that of tolling the bell at funerals—dates back fully seven centuries; for Durand, who lived about the end of the twelfth century, informs us: "A Bell too must be rung when we are conducting the corpse to the church, and during the bringing it out of the church to the grave." To these customs reference is made in poetry. The following couplet is given in Ray's collection of English proverbs:—

When thou dost hear a Toll or Knell,
Then think upon THY Passing Bell.

Another old proverb has it:—

When the Bell begins to toll,
LORD, have mercy on the soul.

Two monkish lines—in Latin—are preserved in Spelman's Glossary, in which the various duties of the bells are delineated, and of which the following is the translation:—We praise the true God, call the People, convene the Clergy, convene the People, lament the Dead, dispel Pestilence, and grace Festivals."

Another of the "melancholy bells" employed at deaths and funerals was the Dead Bell, and of this we desire more particularly to treat. Doubtless a simple evolution from the Passing Bell (being sometimes, indeed, known by that name), the Dead Bell served its purpose for many generations, and is now superseded by funeral letters and by means of obituary notices in newspapers. Upon the death of a person in the times of which we speak, the intimation of such was immediately communicated to the inhabitants of the town or village. "This was usually done," says the Rev. Thomas Somerville in his "Life and Times" (1741-1814), "by the beadle or kirk officer, who walked through the streets at a slow pace, tinkling a small bell, sometimes called the Dead Bell, and sometimes the Passing Bell, and, with his head uncovered, intimated that a brother (or sister), whose name was given, had departed this life. A few years ago the officer in Jedburgh was obliged to make this announcement at once, however unreasonable the hour. A 'lykewake,' too, took place in the night, or during the several nights intervening between the death and the funeral. As the intimation made by the Passing Bell was understood to be a general invitation, great crowds attended the funeral. I may add that, at the time to which I refer, several of the female relatives walked in the rear of the funeral procession to the gate or threshold of the churchyard, where they always stopped and dispersed."

In all the towns with which the Rev. Dr Somerville was acquainted every death, he tells us, was immediately made known to the inhabitants by means of the Dead Bell. It is asserted that Adam Wilson, a shoemaker in the Townhead, was the last who tolled the Dead Bell through the streets of Jedburgh. The following was the form of intimation and invitation delivered to the inhabitants of Jedburgh by the bellman:—

Adam Wilson died at the age of 72, some time between 1812 and 1816, and was buried in the Abbey Churchyard at Jedburgh. From his memorial there we take the quotation given above. The formula used in Jedburgh was much the same as that employed elsewhere in Scotland. In Hawick, for instance, we have it on the authority of the "New Statistical Account" that "on the occasion of every death it was customary at no very remote period for one of the burgh officers to proceed through the different districts of the town, when, lifting his hat, and ringing the bell at different intervals, he made the following announcement to the inhabitants with an air of great solemnity:—'I hereby take you to wit that , our brother (or sister), departed this life at of the clock, according to the pleasure of our Lord.'" At Hawick and elsewhere, the bell—after this intimation and a general invitation had been given—was taken to the house in which the deceased person lay and deposited in the bed in which the corpse was lying. This was the result of a gross superstition, and it was deemed sacrilegious to remove it therefrom until the time when the body would be removed to be taken to the place of interment. The Hawick Dead Bell, which formerly belonged to the magistrates, is now preserved in the Hawick Archæological Society's Museum. "The bell . . . . has had an eventful history," said Mr D. McB. Watson in a paper read before that society, "resembling in some respects that of Aladdin's lamp, having twice had narrow escapes from the crucible as old metal. It was cast in Holland, as shown by the inscriptions in relief round the neck—'R.S.I.D., Hawick,' and round the rim—'I'AN . BVRGVS . HVISHEFT . MY . GEGOTE . ANNO . 1601.' In modern Dutch—'John Burgushouse me made in the year 1601.' Both inscriptions are terminated with an antique figure resembling a head. On one side a cut has been made through its entire depth, probably to remove some accidental crack which interfered with the sound. The letters preceding the word 'Hawickt' are supposed to be the initials of contemporary magistrates; but this is only a surmise, as it is of older date than the earliest of our Burgh records which are preserved." This bell, says another authority, was not used subsequent to the year 1780. An illustration of the Dead Bell above referred to appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for September, 1901.

On the night following the "lykewake," which in many parts was continued during the nights intervening between the death and the burial. The old custom of the "lykewake"—evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation; "lic," a body, and "wac-ian," to watch—in all probability had its origin from an absurd superstition on account of the belief that corpses were in danger of being carried off by agents of the invisible world; or, what—in certain districts—is even more probable, to prevent the bodies being exposed to the ominous liberties of brute animals. Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland in 1769," gives an amusing account of the strange mixture of joy and sorrow in the "lykewakes" of the Highlands. When the body was removed in order for burial, the bellman took the bell and walked in front of the bier, giving notice of the approach of the funeral procession by an occasional toll of the bell. Such was the custom in Jedburgh, and the practice there is illustrated in the drawing of Jedburgh made by one of the French prisoners in 1812 (a reproduction of which appeared in the "Border Magazine" for March, 1900, page 46), in which a funeral, with the bellman preceding in front, is seen, under the town clock, on its way to the churchyard. Several other places on the Border had the same quaint custom, for instance at Polwarth, where in olden times a bell used to be carried in front of the coffin and rung in order "to frighten awav the evil spirits."

The Jedburgh Dead Bell has been less fortunate than that of Hawick, for, instead of "having twice had narrow escapes from the crucibles," it has actually passed through the fire. On the morning of the 17th October, 1898, the Jedburgh Museum, in which were many local relics—including the Dead Bell—was burnt to the ground, and everything in it was consumed. Only a few metal relics passed through the burning, some of them—such as the Dead Bell and the hangman's ladle—very much the worse of their encounter with the flames, in addition to a drop of some 30 feet from the top of the Corn Exchange buildings, in which the Museum was situated. One side of the bell was melted away, and the clapper welded to the other side. In that state it is still to be seen in the new Museum. Made by a John Meikll of Edinburgh, it is nearly a century younger than Hawick Dead Bell, as is testified by the inscription which the Jedburgh one formerly bore:—"John Meikll, me Fecit . Edr. . 1694."

GEORGE WATSON.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,
  The dullest will show fire;
The friar will often play the fool,
  The fool will play the friar.
    Motto ("Ivanhoe.")

Langholm.

It lies by the heather slopes,
Where God spilt the wine of the moorland,
Brimming the beaker of hills. Lone it lies
A rude outpost: challenging stars and dawn:
And down from remoteness,
And the Balladland of the Forest,
The Pictish Esk trails glory,
Rippling the quiet eaves
With the gold of the sun.

Here casts the angler
Half-hid in shadow: his eyes
Veiled with rapt contemplation
Where raider and reiver darted and harried:
These mild, terrible eyes
Came down from Flodden.
He sways and bends over the crystal waters
In large content,
The Roman Road all empty
By death's stern sure outlawing,
With here in great spaces of the wind and sunshine
Life at the full.

Oh, Border Shadow!
A silhouette of silence and old years
Thou shalt ever abide: now the clang of the long day over,
The little town shall fold itself to rest
With through its dreams the chequered River gleaming
In luminous peace.

Amos Valiant.

From Photo by Mr John Glendinning.

ESK ABOVE SKIPPER'S BRIDGE, LANGHOLM.

The Story of "Auld Ringan."

In Mr James Telfer's "Border Ballads" (1824) appears "Auld Ringan," a versified narrative of a Jed Forest tradition. The life of Ringan Oliver had been a stirring one, but the ballad in question only illustrates one incident therein—that of his quarrel with the Marquis of Lothian—or, as it may be put, the revenge which that nobleman took upon an old neighbour, who, in his better days, had done the State some service. The ballad was republished in 1852, in the new edition of Mr Telfer's writings; but in the interval it had been entirely re-cast, so as to adjust it more closely to tradition. It may also be added as having been much improved, and altogether may be said to rank as one of the most successful of the poetical productions of its author.

So much for the ballad. We gather the details of the various exploits of Auld Ringan from the ample notes supplied by Mr Telfer, who also prints a communication, enumerating some of the deeds of the stalwart Jed Forester, furnished by a descendant of the old hero. The story takes us back to the broken times of the Cameronians. Ringan Oliver was a Puritan. He was a farmer as well, and dwelt at the Smailcleughfoot opposite Ferniehirst, near Jedburgh.

"The Smailcleughfoot is a pleasant place:
It stands beside the stream,
It stands beneath the autumn sun
Like something in a dream.
The crystal Jed by Smailcleughfoot
Flows on with murmuring din;
It seems to sing a dowie dirge
For him that dwelt therein."

Ringan, we are told, "was one of the strongest and most active men of his time, being nearly a yard across the shoulders, and tall in proportion. He could have taken a ten half-fou boll of barley in the wield of his arm and flung it across a horse's back with the utmost ease." Ringan is credited with a stratagem similar to the one in "Kinmont Willie," by which he released two of his friends from Newcastle jail. He performed not a few deeds of daring, too, for the cause of the Kirk and Covenant. He was with Hall of Haughead at Queensferry, when that doughty friend of freedom was taken by the enemy. He was also at Bothwell Brig, where his thigh bone was dislocated. He was also at Killiecrankie; and a curious account is given of a duel which he fought after the battle with a Highland chief. This episode in Oliver's career, which was first communicated by Mr Telfer to a serial publication in 1837, is worthy recapitulation. "Making due allowance," we are told, "for a little embellishment, the circumstances are, in the main, in strict accordance with preserved tradition." After the rout of Mackay's army, Ringan and a few others kept together, and, making good their retreat, succeeded in reaching Dunkeld at daybreak next morning. There they found shelter in the house of a friend; but just as they were sitting down to breakfast, a Highland drummer came strutting along the street, bawling out a defiant challenge to the Whigs. When he came opposite the window of the room where Ringan and his friends were seated, they listened to the following announcement:—

> "Ochilow, and a petter ochilow. This is to be kiving notice to all it may be concerning, that Rory Dhu Mhore, of ta clan Donochy, will be keeping ta crown of ta causey, in ta town of Tunkel, for wan hour and muore; and he is civily tesiring it to be known that, if there be any canting, poo-hooinf, psalm-singing Whig-repellioner in ta town, he will be so pould as to coming forth his hiding holes, and looking ta said Rory Dhu Mhore in ta face; and ta said Rory Dhu Mhore hereby kives promise to be so fhery condescending as to the cutting ta same filthy Whig loon shorter py ta lugs, for the honour of King Shames. Ochilow! Cot save King Shames!"

Contrary to the arguments and protests of his companions, Ringan Oliver determined to accept the challenge of John Highlandman, who was following closely in the rear of the drummer along the street. The challenger was a chieftain of gigantic stature, who had, moreover, the reputation of being a swordsman of no ordinary expertness, and who, in single combat, had doomed many a fellow mortal. When confronted by the no less formidable Borderer, little time was spent in preliminaries. "Come on, you everlasting Lowland baiste!" cried Rory, "and I will be kiving your carrion to the crows of the airth." Ringan, if no less resolute, was less boastful, and fought we are told, "as the servant, however unworthy, of King Christ." The issue of the combat was for a long time doubtful. The Highlander was fresher than Oliver, and he also made use of his target, the aid of which was invaluable. Ringan soon began to feel that, in accepting the challenge on so unequal a footing, he had made a grave mistake. He had never, in any of his previous exigencies, been so hard pressed as now. Both combatants were wounded, but Ringan's wounds were more severe than those of his opponent, and he begin to feel faint from loss of blood. His friends became anxious for his fate, while his antagonist looked upon his victory as a question of time. Ringan was even brought to his knee; but just as things appeared to be nearing the bitter end, his opponent for a moment neglected his proper defence, which Ringan quickly taking advantage of, inflicted a fatal wound on the Highlander, who died on the spot. A scene of confusion followed, but Ringan's friends were on the alert, and had him immediately carried off to their lodgings, where his wounds were dressed, and afterwards, leaving the house by a back door, they gained the river Tay unperceived by the enemy, and reached Perth in safety.

We now come to the incidents on which Mr Telfer's ballad is founded. It appears that Ringan Oliver was a man known not more for his personal powers and daring than for his honesty and integrity. He was in the confidence of his neighbour the Marquis of Lothian, and on the occasion of that nobleman requiring to visit London, he entrusted with Ringan the key of the chamber at Ferniehirst in which his valuables were deposited. During the absence of the Marquis in London, the son and presumptive heir of Lothian demanded possession of the key in question, which was peremptorily refused. This refusal was never forgotten by the young laird; and when, shortly afterwards, he came into possession of the estates and title, he took the earliest opportunity to engage in a project which brought disaster and ruin on the now aged farmer of the Smailcleughfoot. One day the Marquis, accompanied by servants, horses, and dogs, crossed the water from Ferniehirst, and under pretence of hunting, trampled down the old man's corn, which was ready to be cut. Ringan, after repeatedly asking the men to desist, at last shot one of the dogs belonging to the party. As his persecutor only wanted an excuse such as this act furnished, he went and laid a complaint against Ringan with the Sheriff of Roxburghshire, who issued a summons for Oliver to appear in Court. Ringan refused to answer this summons, and as no one could be found who would undertake the task of apprehending him, the Sheriff applied to the Marquis to assist him to take the old man by force. Ringan's friends advised him to leave the locality for a time, till the storm blew past; but this he refused to do, averring that as he had done no wrong, he would not skulk away like a thief.

Meanwhile, his enemies were closing around him; and when his old house was assailed there was no one with him except a young girl, who stood in the position of adopted daughter.

"Auld Ringan sat in Smailcleughfoot:
A heavy man was he;
A breathing prayer was on his lips,
The Haly Book on his knee.

. . . . . .

The lovely May beside him sat,
Adorned in simple grace,
When lo! a trampling sound she hears
Approaching hard apace.

She rose, and to the lattice ran,
With look of fresh dismay,
And there a troop of horsemen saw,
All riding in array."

Ringan barred the door and windows of his "guid auld house," brought forth his old muskets that had been disused for many a day, and instructed the girl how to charge them with shot. When summoned by the Marquis to surrender, he refused. The enemy then commenced to discharge their firearms at the windows. Ringan, cautioning the girl to remain under cover, replied vigorously to the discharge of the enemy, and frequently caused them to beat a retreat; and we are even told that "one of his bullets was so well aimed that it carried away a curl from Sir John Rutherford's wig." At length a shot struck the girl, killing her on the spot. Then Ringan, roused to madness, forgot his advanced age; he buckled on his broadsword, and, arming himself beside with an axe, threw open the door, prepared to engage the enemy openly and hand to hand.

"One kiss he gave to those pale lips,
Whence flowed a purple drain;
One look he gave to that sweet face,
Oh, who can tell the pain!
And then he started to his feet,
And was himself again."

Unfortunately a rope caught his foot as he was leaving the door, whereby he fell; and his persecutors, seizing the opportunity, bound him hand and foot. It is mentioned that in the final struggle, a tinker, named Allan, struck Ringan on the head with a hammer, breaking his jawbone. "By the law or justice of those days," says Mr Telfer, "he was carried to Edinburgh, and put in prison, where he lay for the long period of eight years, suffering much, it is said, from the bad state of his health, which proceeded probably from wounds and ill-treatment. After his release, he continued to reside in Edinburgh, in a house in Crosscauseway. He returned no more to Teviotdale. He died in December 1736, and was buried among the Martyrs in Greyfriars Churchyard."

The descendant of "Auld Ringan," to whom Mr Telfer was indebted for a number of his facts, furnishes the following note:—

"I shall conclude this long letter by relating, with a feeling of satisfaction, that Ringan's son Robert met with Allan the tinker after the siege of Smailcleughfoot—he met with him on the path a little below Blinkbonny, and gave him such a dressing, that when he left him he was not certain if he left life in him or not; this dressing he gave him as payment for breaking his father's chaft-blade."

In the ballad, as originally printed, the girl in attendance is represented as Ringan's daughter, but this relationship has been modified in re-casting the tale. The attachment subsisting between the "lovely May" and the old man nevertheless runs like a silver thread through the ballad, which closes with some beautiful lines suggested by her death:—

"The lingering sunlight lay serene
Upon the cloudless rim,
Where she, his loved one, gone before,
Could make delay for him.
In chariot of ethereal sheen
She was upborne in state,
And angels soothed her with a hymn,
Till as she reached the gate.

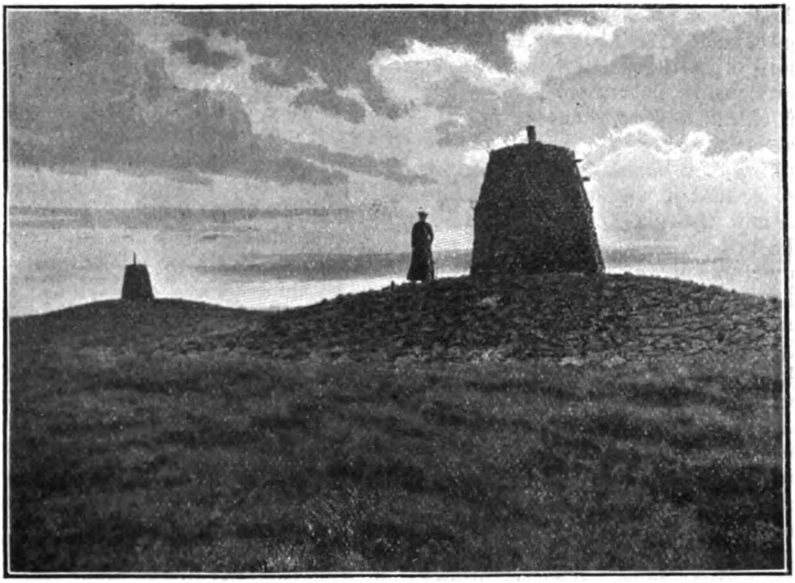
And they bathed her wound i' the crystal stream,
And gave her white array;
And he who sits at God's right hand
Wiped all her tears away,
And bade her welcome to his bliss,
In bowers of endless day."

In the last edition of Smail's "Guide to Jedburgh," by James Watson, it is stated that Ringan Oliver's sword is in the possession of Mr Veitch of Inchbonny, a collateral descendant of the old hero.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—"Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The Twinlaw Cairns.

THE Twinlaw Cairns stand on the summit of Twinlaw Hill, about four miles from the village of Westruther, in Berwickshire. This hill is 1466 feet above the level of the sea, and commands a most beautiful and extensive view of the Borders. To the north-west lie the fertile Lothians, while south and south-west the whole of the Merse is seen, stretching away to the Cheviots.



From Photo by Miss Cameron, Duns.

THE TWINLAW CAIRNS.

The Twinlaw Cairns are ten feet in height, and stand about seventy yards apart, with circles of loose stones round the base of each Cairn. From the outside, there is a flight of rough, winding steps leading to the top, and a recess, with a seat looking towards the south. The history of these monuments is given in the well-known poem, entitled "The Ballad of the Twinlaw Cairns." They are said to mark the site of a great, though unrecorded, fight between the Scottish and Saxon armies, and especially of twin brothers of the name of Edgar; who, ignorant of their mutual relationship, fought out a stiff and deadly contest between their forces by a personal and single combat. Both warriors were slain, and "an aged Saxon," who had anxiously watched the progress of his chief, sadly exclaimed:—

> "He's dead" . . . "the bravest youth,
> Ere sprang from Edgar's line;
> I bore him from the Scottish coasts,
> And made him pass for mine."

"Old Edgar" heard the Saxon's moan, and the terrible truth at once flashed upon him, for the ballad says:—

> "Frantic he tore his aged locks,
> With time and trouble grey;
> And faintly crying, 'My son, my son!'
> His spirit fled away."

And tradition further tells how the two armies stretched out in a long line from the scene of action to the watch river below. There they gathered the stones from the burn-side, and passed them from man to man all up the heathery slope to form this simple and lasting memorial of a terrible family tragedy.

AMY N. CAMERON.

Can not may be a more civil phrase than will not, but the expressions are synonymous where there is no moral impossibility.—"Rob Roy."

Scotland as seen by an Englishman in 1746.

A BOOK called "The Contrast: Scotland in 1746 and 1819," contains some curious information regarding this country during these periods. It shows us the appearance our forefathers presented to the eyes of Englishmen. It is written by an officer—at least the first portion relative to 1746—who travelled with the Duke of Cumberland's army in pursuit of Prince Charles. Scotland was a "terra incognita" to this southerner, and his impressions are neither flattering nor indefinite. He was told at Berwick "what terrible living we shall have there, which I soon after found too true." At Eyemouth and Coldingham "we had plenty of fish, which was our chief subsistence, such at scatt, codd, haddocks, and the pleasure of seeing prodigious numbers brought to the shore by fishermen." "We had here plenty of claret, and very cheap, but the cookery was so nasty, as also the women, and the houses so stinking, the houses and the inhabitants so miserable, that it was with horror I beheld them. I now thought I was too soon in Scotland. The houses smoaked, very few had chimneys (only a hole in the thatch) and stunk of turf, that I began to condole my present condition, but found 'twas too late." This was indeed a depressing introduction to "Caledonia stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child." But it is good for us to see ourselves as others see us. Our self-esteem may be shaken. There were, however, oases in the desert, though few and far between. Here is one. "Along the coast of Dunbar is a pleasant country, the most fruitful in the kingdom, especially in wheat and barley." This was not so bad, and a fair description is given of the town. The hospitality of the Town Council was profuse. "The Magistrates made a grand entertainment to every regiment that passed through." But, alas! prodigality outran cleanliness. The fastidious taste of the Englishman, and his idea of what was nice, were shocked. "The private soldiers had all a certain quantity of bread, meat, and drink allowed them; the officers were treated in their town house, where we had many kinds of their most curious dishes, but some of them were oddly cooked up, that it was but few that many of us could eat of. We had also claret and punch in great plenty; but with all these, they had a table-cloth so dirty, that at other times I should with great reluctance have wiped my hands on it; the sight of which alone would certainly have turned many of our stomachs had we not been greatly fatigued and hungry with travelling." Haddington, Tantallon, or as he writes it, "Tamtallan Castle," and the Bass Rock are alluded to. Musselborough is "a long straggling market town," with Fisherrow, Newbiggen, and 'Good-speed-all' adjoining it." It "was called the Montpelier of Scotland by Dr Pitcairn from its healthy air." But there was a terrible drawback. "Here the scene was the same over again at Haddington, where the women were extremely ugly and nasty, having dirty clouts tied round their heads, falling about their shoulders, and peeping out of boarded windows just big enough for the size of their head; they put me in mind of pigeon-holes. Their butter is loathsome to both eye and taste, which they always take care to make only when they use it; and in their cookery, the sailors far excel them. The nastiness of their food, together with their dirty beds, makes me always in fear of either surfeit or itch." This description certainly rubs off most effectually the gilding from the picture of the simplicity and beauty of the lives of our forefathers. We may, however, believe that with a jaundiced eye this English officer looked on every Scottish thing. We pass over, in the meantime, his narrative of the operations of the army of Prince Charles and Sir John Cope to glance once more at his account of the domestic and social state of the country. But what he says of the metropolis is most disparaging so far as concerns its inhabitants.

EDINBURGH IN 1746.

From the Water Port, "turning west, the street goes in a straight line, through the whole city to the Castle, which is above a mile in length, and said by the Scots to be the largest, longest, and finest street for buildings and number of inhabitants in Europe. . . . Beside the continual ascent of this great street, you may suppose it running along the top of a ridge so narrow, that the street and the row of houses on each side take up the whole breadth, so that whether you turn to the right or left you go down hill immediately, which is so steep that it is very troublesome to those who have not very good lungs to walk those side lanes which they call wynds." After alluding to the "famous Nether Bow Port," St Mary Wynd, Cowgate, Calton, "from whence there is a very handsome gravel walk continued to the town of Leith," the writer speaks of St Giles—of which he knows the history—its chime of bells, which he commends, Parliament Close, Tolbooth, and Lawnmarket, he describes the Grassmarket with its "weekly market for black cattle, sheep, horses, &c." The remarkable buildings on which he bestows attention are the new Royal Infirmary, Heriot's Hospital, the Palace of Holyrood, and the University. Then comes the remarkable and tremendous condemnation:—"Edinburgh is certainly a fine city, and can boast of the highest houses in Europe; notwithstanding it has its faults, and these are very great, meaning its nastiness. About seven o'clock it stinks intolerably; for which I believe it exceeds all parts of the world. For after ten o'clock in the evening it is fortune favours you if something is not thrown on your head if you are walking in the streets; it is then not a little diversion to a stranger to hear all passers-by cry out with a loud voice, sufficient to reach the tops of the houses (which are generally six or seven storeys high) in the front of the High Street, 'Hoad yore Hoand,' i.e., hold your hand, and do not throw till I am past. Every staircase is called a turnpike or land, with the addition of some name to distinguish it from another: as, for example, Hold your hand in Blackfryar's Land; this with variation is the common cry all over the streets at ten o'clock and after. The women here use the Scots plaid about their heads and shoulders, exactly of the same shape, and worn after the same manner with the Flemmingers veils; only these are of different colours made of worsted and the fringes always black silk—great numbers of the ladies are very handsome, light haired and fair complexions with freckles; along the streets they have a noble walk of erect deportment. They are also very industrious, and take great pride in having most part of their clothes the products of their own working; they are great admirers of white thread stockings, and showing them upon their legs; but what is still better, they make them themselves; for it is a very great rarity to see a Scotch woman sit idle; nay, over the tea-table they are generally at work, either upon their thread to make their linen or plaids, or else knitting themselves stockings or gloves, most curious and fine; a piece of industry that our English ladies take no care after, but more the pity, and their men, on the contrary, live as idle." We are thankful for this mede of praise, but then comes the drop down. "Three-fourths of Edinburgh are supposed to be Jacobites, and those of the town who pretend to be staunch Whigs ever tell us so; and the ladies in general are in love with the pretender's son's person, and wear white breast knots and ribbons in his favour in all their private assemblies. We were, too, most miserably accommodated and met with innumerable hardships from the inclemency of the weather. This was in January 1746.

The army left Edinburgh on 31st of January, and Leith, Burrowstonness, Hopeton House ("somewhat like Buckingham House"), Linlithgow, "vulgarly called Lithgow," are reached. This last town "is noted for a great linen manufacture; and the water of the Lake here, so extraordinary for bleaching or whitening of linen cloths that a vast deal of it is brought hither from other parts of the country for that purpose." The notice of the engagements with the rebels we pass over, and also the glowing description of Stirling and its Castle. Crieff, Perth, "the famous Palace or Monastery of Scone," Dunkeld, "a very neat and most agreeable small village," are more or less fully described. In the latter "I saw in one house a chimney made of a cart wheel, and out of the hollow for the axle passed the smoke." "As to their (the Highlanders) way of living, it is as odd, because chiefly on oatmeal boiled up in various forms with water, like hasty pudding; we used to mix it with milk or ale, and so eat it. Their bread is oatmeal and water made into thin cakes." "These cakes are made and kept in quantities by the better sort, and for tea we had them warmed before the fire and then buttered, and so are agreeable enough." "They have generally two apartments (meaning the common people), by means of a slight partition; in one end they live themselves, having a fire in the middle; and chaff of corn or heather in their bed; the other end for their oxen, calves, &c., which are exceedingly small." "The town itself consists of a few peat houses, excepting the minister's house, one pretty good change or public-house, and a poor old kirk; but the pews are all broken down, and the door left open, so consequently full of dirt; the minister, however, preaches in it once a week an Erse (Gaelic) sermon." The writer returned to Edinburgh via Loch Leven and Fife, for three weeks, and rejoined the army, passing through Dundee and "Brochty crag" (Broughty Ferry), thence to Montrose, Bervie, and "Stonehive," where he lodged with a doctor, named Lawson, who also kept a public-house. "His wife was lame, and he, none of the wisest of his profession; but had great quantities of wormwood, sage, and other herbs hanging up in the room where we supped, the dust of which diffused itself amongst our victuals, and gave it no small relish." Aberdeen met with his approval. Having passed a pleasant fortnight there, he went to Old Meldrum, Turref, "a miserable small town," Banff, "a neat town," "Port Soya" [Portsoy], Cullen, "Forcabus" [Fochabers], the "shire of Murray," Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and then to Culloden. Of the battle he gives interesting details, which may be quoted hereafter. In his experiences of Inverness, "a small, dirty, poor place," he mentions that the "manufacture here is chiefly in linen and plaids; and the market once a week is well supplied by the country people with extreme bad goat's milk, cheeses, and fresh butter of several colours full of hairs; but the salt butter is brought to market in wooden dishes that held about three pounds each, covered over with the membrains that hold the calves, and within-side is full of large grains of salt." "Red hair is also extremely common amongst the handsome women, and they are all taught music (as the spinet) and dancing, but for singing I know none that excelled in it." The surrounding country is characterised as "most beautifully green," and the weather, in the middle of May, "so exceedingly hot that it is with difficulty I keep from fainting." Lochness and Fort Augustus are described. It is alleged that the Highlanders "bleed their cattle generally twice a year, and with great care preserve the blood, which they mix with oatmeal to eat, and is esteemed by them a nourishing diet. Their drink is the broth of the boiled meat, or whey kept some years, which they quaff plentifully at their entertainments, but most of them drink water. . . . I have seen in their huts . . . their children, sometimes many in a hut, full of smallpox, and at their height they were lying and walking about in the wet and dirt, the rain at the same time beating through the thatch with violence." After his return to Edinburgh the writer travelled south "through a pleasant country to Linton, a small village, and so to Broughton, eight miles more, where he dined: and six miles more brings us to Tweedy (?) being but one house of entertainment situated just at the rise of Tweed, and the man's name is Tweedy who kept this house." Heavy rain and floods, "the most terrible weather I ever saw" (this was in September 1746), discomposed him very much. Moffat, "a small town with its medicinal well," attracts "in summer time a great concourse of the nobility and others from Scotland to drink the water and have a ball-room, where they meet twice a week." After Moffat came Lockerby, Achenfachen (Ecclefechen), Graitney Green, where "I got some English beer, for my landlady was an English woman, which beer, together with some dryed salmon, made me a noble regale after my day's journey of twenty-four Scots miles; my mind was also highly elated to think of getting upon English ground next day, Carlisle being but eight miles distant." He soon crossed the Esk, and "I took farewell of Scotland, wishing never to see it more!"

We may return soon to this curious, entertaining book.

A. W.

A Bride of the Sea.

Sad night with a sigh has stolen
  To close the pale eyes of the day,
A river by wild streams swollen,
  Speaks loud as she searches her way.

Her song has smoothed a path broader,
  For her silver gift to the sea,
While the rich west lured, to laud her,
  God's gold from the tall forest tree.

With russet and green glad given,
  To cover the queenliest breast,
The Sun, who loved her, has striven,
  To loosen each leaf that shone best.

The blasts that blacken all colour,
  He soothed in the shade of the wood;
Clouds that spread dampness and dolour,
  He kissed till he melted their mood.

At the Bridge, a roar and strong tide,
  Then wide to the Gate of the Sea,—
Save a rippling lisp where waves glide
  Up the steps of the silent quay.

The lamp's a fire to the brown leaf,
  That sighs for the sun in the sky,
But as Curfew tolls his long grief
  From the Bay comes a wind-tossed cry.

More grey the walls of the town stand
  Than they did when she girt their youth;
The guns still defend the old land;
  Fierce storms are the swinging cone's truth.

The face of the Bar has love's white,
  Thro' the gloom sobs a wintry sea:
"Silver Bride, I wait in the lone night!"
  Hark, a murmur: "I haste to Thee."

R. G. Maddan.

The following scrap touches on an ever fresh subject:—

"What an odd thing it is that the Stuarts should have gained such a firm hold on English love and devotion. If history is to be believed, not one of them had any good qualities worthy of mention, yet the most worthless of them inspired more affection than many a better king. The origin of the Stuarts was not calculated to inspire confidence in English breasts. I can well believe that it went very hard with Englishmen to have to acknowledge a Scotch king—and such a king as James I. Yet, in spite of 80 years of misrule, and when the kingdom had passed finally into other hands, Englishmen could be found to risk life and fortune for a picturesque but worthless adventurer, because his name was Stuart. The glamour of the Stuarts is a thing of the past, but it is touching to find that even in these prosaic days there are those who cling to the old tradition, and follow the old faith, well knowing that its revival in this country is one of the few impossible things."

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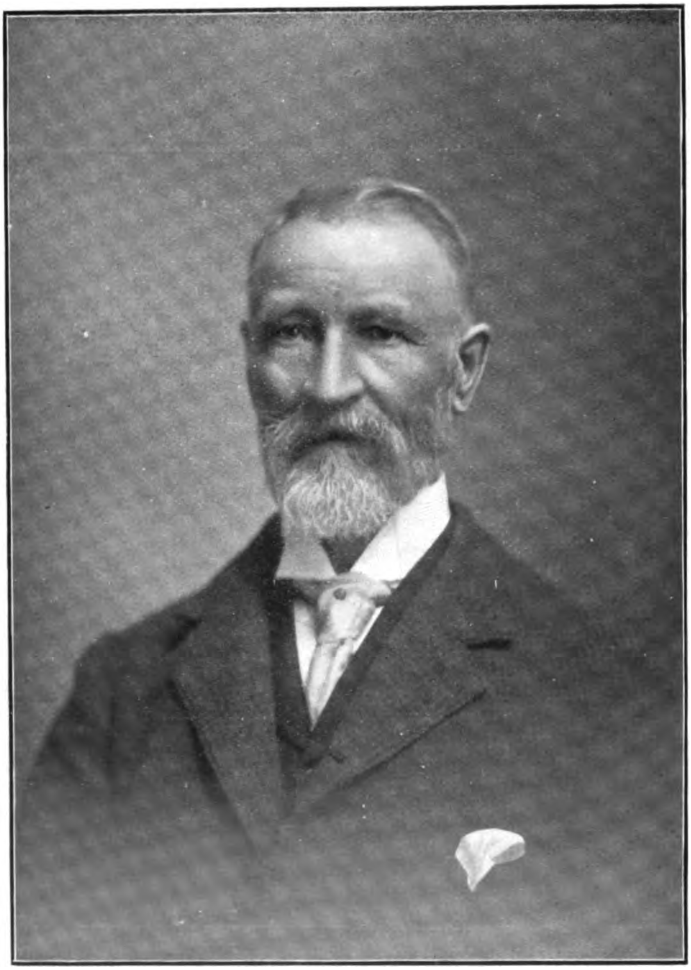
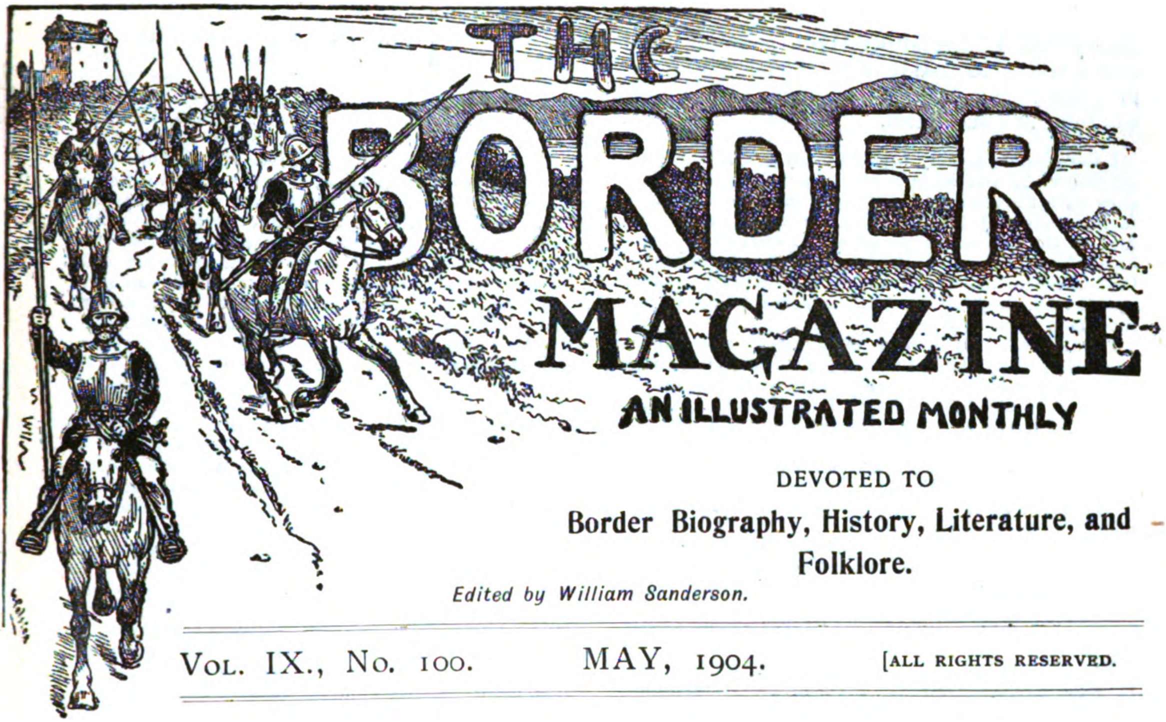


MR RICHARD WAUGH, WINNIPEG.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.
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MR RICHARD WAUGH,

OF THE CANADIAN "NOR'WEST FARMER."

OF all kinds of writing, autobiography, when genuine is the most profitable and interesting, for, if we get a really "human document," we read in our own experiences, failures and successes into the narrative. It is sometimes both stimulating and depressing. Every act and word of a man's life is autobiographical, and sometimes when he takes pen in hand, instead of revealing he conceals his real character. So there are biographies and biographies. Robert Burns is stilted and unreal in his letters; only half or less than half of the real man is there, and even he wears a mask. A genuine autobiography by Robert Burns would have been a very terrible affair, a kind of judgment-day business! Sir Walter Scott, to the everlasting regret of his readers, did not continue that delightful fragment of autobiography begun at Ashiestiel, and never completed. Letters are in a kind of a way autobiographical. Thomas Carlyle when he sat down to tell about his father, James Carlyle, forgot he was in London, and all the glories of his surroundings, and enjoyed in writing about him, as he says, the first Sabbath he had enjoyed in London up till that time.

We have pleasure in placing before our readers Mr Richard Waugh's reminiscences. He was happily inspired when he sat down to write them. Many on the Borders know, and remember Mr Waugh well, as he only left for Canada twenty-two years ago. Since going to Canada he has unselfishly scattered broad-cast the best and most up-to-date information about Canada in his power. Canada is now its own best advertisement. Mr Waugh has no reason to regret going thither. For the past eighteen years he has been connected with the "Nor' West Farmer," an agricultural paper, published in Winnipeg, Manitoba. From a circulation of 2000 or 3000 it is now over 20,000. In its interests, and in the interests of farmers, lecturing and writing he has travelled over all the middle west, and written hundreds of articles for this and other farming papers. He came to Canada mainly to find room for his boys, and he has found room for them. The eldest, like his father when on the Borders, is still partly in the building line, but could build or command a steam-boat as readily as build a house. Two are in business in Winnipeg, one is a farmer. His son-in-law is a lawyer. "I have never tried," says Mr Waugh, "to make money, but I have always been a useful man, and a terror to frauds of all sorts." May he long continue in this groove, where he has been so useful and successful.

I have been recently urged by my friends here to jot down the particulars of my personal acquaintance with the changes I have seen in the condition of farming since I became an observer of rural life, first in the old country and afterwards here. Perhaps these friends realise—as I partly do myself—that there is already a flavour of antiquity about me, though they are too kind to speak to me to my face as a back number.

I have certainly a long record of varied experience to draw upon, and the principal difficulty would be to condense. Otherwise most people would be tired of me before I got half through. I am, myself, a living link between the twentieth century in which I write and the middle of the eighteenth century, in the closing months of which my own mother was born. My pedigree goes back to and through the most virile types of old Border Scotsmen.

Twenty-five years ago I spent most of the summer in the North of England adapting to modern uses as a health resort an old family mansion, the owners of which had held for generations an assured social position—had even entertained royalty. They owned coal and lead mines and a plantation in Virginia, and their entrance hall was lighted with coats of arms in richly stained glass of all the families that had contributed a share of their blue blood to produce a perfect gentleman. That mansion had been profusely decorated by British and foreign artists, and the park and garden were in keeping. Humanly speaking, every condition did its part to bring to a climax a superb specimen of humanity. Alas for human pride! The great estate melted away, the last division of it was bought by my employers, and it took a whole fortnight to sell by auction the heirlooms that had been accumulated for centuries. The last owner died the same year in a boarding house. What a contrast with my own antecedents!!

The furthest back record I have of the achievements of my family is the entry made 150 years ago in the diary of a Liddesdale sheep farmer that he had hired Betty Weens for a half-year's service, her wage for all that time being half-a-crown, a pair of clogs (wooden soled shoes), and all the wool she could gather off the bushes on the hills where the sheep pastured. It is evident that Betty must have been a very diligent girl to glean enough wool in that way. I know that the habit of thrift thus early enforced must have been maintained, for when she died she left her widowed niece (my grandmother) 40 gold sovereigns. Her family Bible is still to the fore, a valued relic. Betty's brother, Tam Weens, made shoes in Hawick, and he and his wife, Margaret Aitkin, had six sons, all of whom followed Wellington, whose crowning victory on the field of Waterloo left only one of them alive. Had my grandmother not been a girl she would most likely have gone to the wars too. A valued relic in my family is one of the linen sheets spun by this same Margaret Aitkin, whose "muckle press" containing household clothing went down the River Teviot when a terrific flood swept away the house they lived in with many others along its destructive course. Tam followed it down stream fifteen miles and there fished it out, its contents very little the worse. That was in 1767, and my mother wore out her grandmother's scarlet cloak seventy-five years after. Fashions did not make lightning changes then.

The grandfather after whom I am named, Richard Waugh, "salter in Jedburgh," had two nicknames by which he was well known over the whole country, where other people had only one. Near home he was best known as "Stump Dick"—officially as "Dick the Sauter." At that time people too poor to be taxed in any other way were taxed on the salt which they used to season their porridge and potatoes, and my grandsire was licensed to sell salt to all who were in that way forced to pay a heavy excise duty—if they failed to procure it from the smugglers who carried it round the country by unfrequented ways under cover of night. One of his ancestors had inherited from a Roman Catholic relation a property in which he had fitted up a private chapel to pray for his patron saint. The first act of the new owner was to demolish the idolatrous image and leave the stump on the pedestal as evidence of his faithfulness to Reformation principles. It is perhaps from this old iconoclast that I inherit my proneness to take a crack at every new humbug as it comes before the public. Stumpy Dick, my grandfather, was an ardent Liberal, and was carried from his deathbed in 1840, wrapped in blankets, to vote for his man.

My mother's father, Nicol Mercer, "cooper and portioner in Lessudden," was also in his own way a representative of the condition of the times in which he lived. In summer he and a hired man or two rode round from farm to farm in a wide area mending the numerous wooden utensils then preferred to earthenware or tin for most domestic purposes. For these services he was paid in kind, principally in oatmeal, which he kept sometimes for years firmly beaten down into huge oaken barrels that stood in the garret of the house in which I was born. In winter he and his men made new goods—kirns, bowies, bickers, luggies, &c. He grew the hoops on his own land near the village. I still preserve the well-written document in which he and his brother had amicably arranged for a dissolution of partnership in 1795.

The village of Lessudden, now usually called St Boswells, stands on a rising ground on the south bank of the River Tweed, overlooking Dryburgh Abbey, the last resting-place of Sir Walter Scott and his family. I am proud of my birthplace and its people and its antecedents. Nearly 900 years ago it formed part of the dowry of good Queen Margaret, best of the old Scottish queens.

Some centuries before good Queen Margaret's day that little spot on Tweedside had been chosen as their mission field by two good monks, Aidan, a Saxon, and Boisil, presumably French, and I cordially endorse their favourable judgment of its attractions. Less than five miles away St Cuthbert herded cows almost on the very same ground where our own late Dr King, of Manitoba, was reared in a bygone day. I might challenge all creation to produce within a couple of centuries another example of three canonized saints from an area the size of one western township. St Aidan's village in my own time and that of my immediate ancestors owned a score of people each with a distinct individuality and more or less of vigorous self-assertion, the very atmosphere I would delight in if I had the world to begin again. The intellectual atmosphere in those days was far from dull. We had working shoemakers, masons, carpenters, and labourers more deeply read, and better able to discuss politics and theology than some M.P.'s and mayors of Winnipeg I have met since coming here. The girl whom my mother hired to notice us small children while she did her household work, was a daughter of William Knox, who wrote that poem on page 1214 of our Nov. 20th issue and the much more widely known "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud," the favourite poem of Abraham Lincoln. Plain living and high thinking had worthy representatives where I was raised. Most of the men I referred to earned £50 a year or less, yet we clubbed for a quarterly review at six shillings a quarter.

My Jedburgh grandfather being a burgess in a royal burgh had a vote, a privilege then unknown to people of his station outside the royal burghs, and though far from rich could, to use a then familiar phrase, "Aye keep the croun o' the causey," meaning thereby that he did not need to slink round back ways to avoid meeting people that he owed money to or cringe to with a sense of his own inferiority.

Both my grandfathers owned their own homes, and a little patch of land, very small it would look in our eyes, but not small in theirs, and all their sons were taught trades.

It was impossible in our day to realise the low ebb to which Britain had been brought by her long and expensive struggle with Bonaparte, and "dear years," the result of bad seasons. You had to sit at their feet and listen to their bitter experiences, partly to share in the results, before you could realise what a battle it was in those days to earn the scantiest living. My father had gone to Edinburgh where, being a resourceful young man, he had secured a job when many a good tradesman was singing on the streets on the chance of getting a copper. He contemplated trying America, where two of my mother's brothers had gone twelve years before. Two and threepence a day or a trifle more was the current wage for a good carpenter and about half-a-crown for a mason—when work was to be had. In that doleful era I was born—a weakling, and grew up a delicate boy amongst a robust population. My father quit carpentering and started as village carrier to Edinburgh, doing fairly well in his new calling, where his alert faculties had a better chance of profitable action. His horses were always admired for their tractability, and his industry seemed in a fair way to moderate success. But overstrain in a terrible snowstorm brought on heart disease, and one December day in 1838, when he and I were out together, he dropped dead.

I was the eldest of five children, one of them unborn, and myself only eight years old. Then the old Border blood in my mother's veins showed its strength. As she said herself, "she had nae time to greet," and so she set about providing for her helpless brood with Spartan courage. She sold the carrying outfit, including Farmer, the wisest horse in the parish, held on to the few acres of land my father had been farming at spare hours—herself worn with toil but never complaining. Some weeks after her last child was born the minister of the parish suggested to her that a case so hard as her's entitled her to help from the public funds, and that a few shillings a week would help to lighten her load. She was naturally a timid woman, and it cost her a great effort to contradict "the minister," but at last she gasped out: "Na, na, sir, as lang as I hae ten fingers, ma bairns 'll never be paupers." I was a silent spectator of that interview. Not long after, another temptation was put in her way. A man whom I honour for his personal worth offered to marry her and take the children for his own. She again refused. Speaking of it to a friend some time after, who asked her why she refused such an offer from so worthy a man, she said: "I was na gaun tae hae a frem'd (strange) man ringin' (ruling) ower ma bairns." It is little wonder that her children grew up self-reliant and industrious with an example like that before them.

All my spare hours, except those spent at school and in the play-ground, were spent working on that patch of land and those cows, one of which, a terribly nervous creature, was an extra heavy milker but kicked my mother round at the slightest noise. She was seldom long free of bruises, but held on to the cow all the same, and when I sold Crummie at last there was not a tooth in her head.

I was always liable to sick fits, precocious to a degree and carrying my full share of my mother's anxieties. But I kept on at school all I could, for it was a settled thing with my mother's advisers that I could never earn a living by hard work and must try to be a clerk or something else suited to a weakling. Luckily for my future vitality I could not get one half the books I wanted to read, and partly to hold in check my voracity for book knowledge, my mother only burnt a candle in winter while the neighbours came in to buy her milk.

In those days a weekly newspaper cost sixpence, and half a dozen readers clubbed together, thus cutting down the cost to a penny a week. I was a terrible pest to one member, for when my uncle's turn came round I was at old Tam's punctual on the hour, and even when seven years old I sat before my uncle reading the under side while he read on top. As I grew up an old naval surgeon supplied me with "Blackwood's Magazine" and other Tory literature to my heart's content. But he saw that this kind of thing was highly pernicious to my physical wellbeing, and at his instigation I left school altogether and went out to thin turnips at sixpence a day for ten hours' work. Later on, for the same reason, I started work with my uncle as a mason, but reverting to my old love of books whenever bad weather gave an opportunity.

My schooling was all paid for at current rates, and the ten years' fees totalled up to £5. My next brother was half through his apprenticeship before I finally left school, pretty thoroughly grounded in the three R's and with a smattering of Latin, French, and Greek rudiments. Being a mason left me leisure time in winter, but it was some years before, fully realising that a living dog is better than a dead lion, I quit close study and became a mason for good. Undue exposure to cold and wet nearly killed me during my first winter as a mason, but I pulled through. Before I was twenty-two I was as tough as an Arab, a combination of wiry muscle, skin, and bone, and ready for a friendly tussle at good workmanship with any young man of my age. I had not nearly the amount of natural aptitude for mason work that I had for my father's trade of carpenter, but made up in resolute will for that particular shortcoming.

I never cared to work in any town, mainly for the sake of my health, also to be with my mother. Our district was famed for the high quality of its mason work, and I was satisfied that if I could hold my own with my regular companions I would do anywhere. I have worked in a time of great depression for half a dollar a day; £1 a week for sixty hours' work we thought fifty years ago a fair wage. We always worked by the hour, and when we cut the week down to fifty-seven hours were paid so much less. In 1855 the rate rose to sixpence an hour, reckoned a very satisfactory wage. When I was twenty-five a man asked me to take charge as his foreman of the building of a particularly nice cottage. The landowner who employed him fancied my style of work and offered me several more to do next year on my own account. In twenty years' experience as workman and contractor I worked round hundreds of the best managed farms in the south of Scotland, and wanted no better recreation than to observe their farming methods. My own previous acquaintance with the same kind of work made me a pretty discerning critic.

I had once occasion as lecturer at a Manitoba farmers' institute to discuss unfavourably some of the pet views of a very able farmer, whom on most things I regarded as a past master in practical farming. It was principles, not persons, I was discussing, and I had no idea that I was treading on anybody's toes. But the good man was so ruffled over that little incident that he wrote a long and bitter letter denouncing me as an arrant impostor who never grew a bushel of wheat in my life. The editor to whom it was sent showed me the letter and I asked him to publish it and give me half the space for replying. In kindness to the writer, whom we both liked, he burned it, and two years after I read in a rival paper, over my critic's signature, an original article supporting almost in the same words my offensive teaching. My record here given in the fewest possible words and what they have known of me since may convince those who need to be convinced that though my hand is out of it, I have learned something about farming worth picking up in the fifty years since I laid aside my reaping hook.

AULD JOHN ALLAN'S BONNIE MAY.

MOTHERLESS,—wi' her auld dad
On a wee bit farmie,
Lives a lassie fell and neat,
A' her ways wad charm ye.

Auld John Allan's bonnie May,
Lassie sae bewitchin',
Pawky een and sunny smiles
A' my heart enrichin'.

Siller honest John has nane,
Gear, a modest share o't;
May rins liltin' oot and in,
Helpin' wi' the care o't.

Modest, sonsie, winsome May,
Lass and woman blendin',
Singin' like a lintie bird,
Cleanin', makin', mendin'.

Nae half wark gangs through her han',
Aye her best endeavour,
Mither wit and cheery will
Mak' her crouse and clever.

Hinny sweet and angel pure,
'Mang the lambs their marrow,
Dool be on his heid and han'
That wad work her sorrow.

What mair pleesure could I hae
Than frae skaith to shield her,
Mine the welcome life-lang task
Frae life's blast to bield her.

—RICHARD WAUGH, 163 Kennedy Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. January 28th, 1904.

Death of the Author of "The Border Maiden."

FEW modern songs have become so generally popular without being hackneyed as "The Border Maiden," but how few of the multitudes who have been charmed with its mingled pathos and patriotism knew anything of its author. Although not a native of the Borderland, the author, Mr John W. Fraser, was steeped in Border lore, and was an hon. vice-president of the Glasgow Border Counties' Association, to which society he occasionally lectured on Border subjects. His death, on the 23rd March last, is thus referred to by the "Glasgow Evening Citizen":—

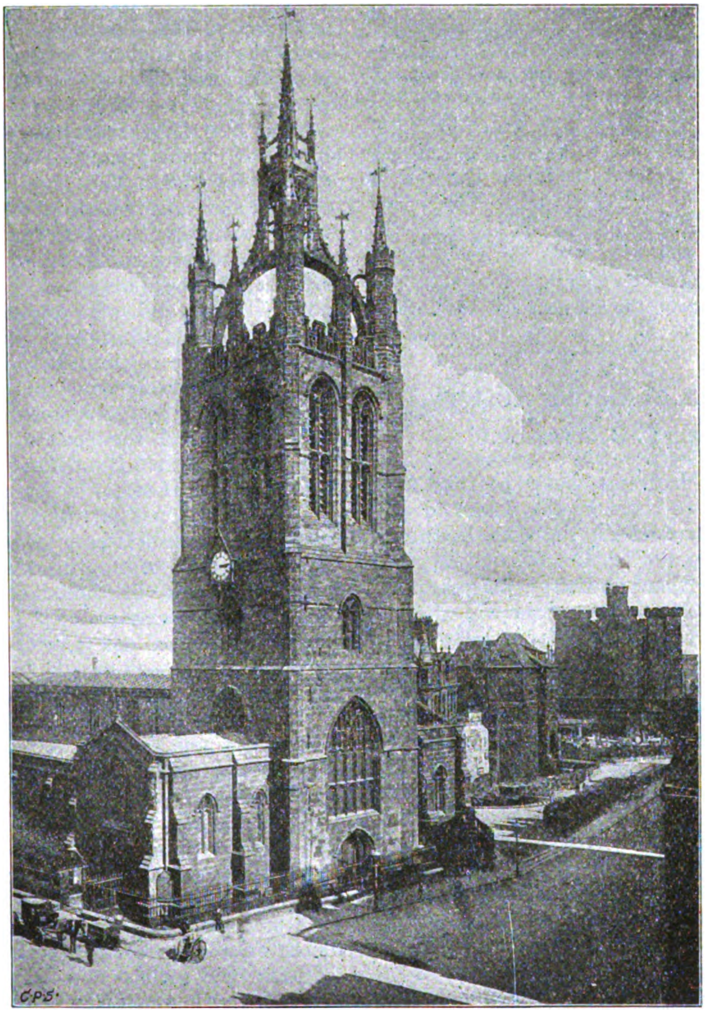
To many the announcement of the death of Mr John W. Fraser, so long connected with the administration of the Baird Trust, will cause sincere regret but hardly much surprise. For the past two years he had been in indifferent health, while for something like a couple of months he was confined to bed, having sustained a shock. His death, therefore, at his residence in Percy Street, Ibrox, was not altogether unexpected. Mr Fraser was one of the most lovable of men. Filled with the milk of human kindness, he was liberal-minded and tolerant to a degree of the foibles of his fellow-man.

A native of Crieff, Mr Fraser, when a youth, adopted the scholastic profession, finishing his training in Edinburgh, after which he filled various posts as a teacher, mainly in the mining districts of Lanarkshire. His last professional appointment was that of headmaster of the Baird School, Garngadhill, which he relinquished in 1879, when he accepted the offer to become the secretary of the Baird Trust, the delicate and responsible duties of which he discharged for nearly a quarter of a century. The duties of his office took him to all parts of the country, and probably no man knew the Auld Kirk manses and ministers of Scotland so well as he did. He had wide knowledge on many subjects, and a charming art of conversation. He was a favourite in every circle that he entered, lay and clerical. He was a member of several clubs—the Conservative, the Ballad, the Pen and Pencil, and the Thirteen, in all of which he took a keen interest.

Mr Fraser was a man of very considerable literary faculty, and made a speciality of Border Ballads, on which he lectured on various occasions. He himself wrote ballads of merit, and several songs which have been published and enjoy much popularity—particularly "The Border Maiden." His last song, published only a few months ago, is a sweet half pathetic little melody that haunts the memory and takes the imagination to his beloved Borderland—a district for which he had a strange liking. Mr Fraser was under 60 years of age,

The Church of St Nicholas (Newcastle).

OUR readers may have noticed that we have recently crossed over into Northumberland for literary material, but this action on our part does not arise from any scarcity of material connected with the Scottish side of the dividing line. Our intention was to extend the scope and interest of our Magazine, more especially as we have many warm friends and supporters in Northumbria. One of these is Mr John McQuillen, a busy Newcastle merchant, who still finds time (busy men can generally do that) to make valuable historical and archæological researches, and to present the results of his labours to the reading public in the form of most interesting and popularly written articles. We have recently found much pleasure in perusing a small illustrated volume bearing the above title, the sub-title being: "With a brief sketch of the History of Newcastle." Into small compass Mr McQuillen has managed to condense a great amount of valuable information, and to present it in a most readable form. On making enquiries we find that the book can be had from the publisher, Mr John Cochrane, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, post free 1/ cloth, 7d paper. We expect shortly to be favoured with some interesting articles from this author's pen, which will add to the interest of our columns, so



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST NICHOLAS.

Block kindly lent by the Co-Operative Printing Works, Newcastle, we content ourselves now with a short quotation from the above work:—

> Much has been written of "the Church of Newcastle-on-Tyne." Ancient documents have been studied, old deed chests have been ransacked, and ancient histories consulted. Yet the full story has not been told. Within its walls are stored the records of a thousand years. From a shield of arms, a badge or a rebus depicted on a painted window, there flashes upon us an otherwise illegible page of the past. An inscription on a monument, a bit of carving on an out-of-the-way stone, and even a stone defaced, oftimes supplies the link which makes history continuous, and perpetuates for all time the names and memories of the good and great. If thought is eternal, then is this church sacred with the thoughts and aspirations of kings, queens, and nobles; the heart-searchings and longings of saints, martyrs, and priests; and the humbler emotions of the rank and file of local worthies. Beneath its roof what a cloud of witnesses to the certainties of religion! It is the whispering gallery where are heard echoes not only from the days of yore, but from beyond the veil.
>
> "This is God's house: I feel His mighty breath,
> And hear His music, though no words He saith."

The Dawn of Border History.

By John C. Goodfellow.

A GOOD deal has been written from time to time on the wild and predatory modes of life that obtained in in the Border Counties of England and Scotland for many hundreds of years. It is scarcely possible for those who now live to have a proper conception of the state of the country up through the centuries from the time when the Romans left, until the present time. In his Geographical Grammar (published 1806) William Guthrie says: "When the Romans provinciated England they divided it into Britannia Prima, Britannia Secunda, Maxima Caesariensis, and Flavia Caesariensis." Maxima Caesariensis was the northern province, and comprised that portion of England from the Humber on the east, to the Mersey on the west, and reached to the wall of Severus, extending from the Shields on the north-east to Tinno-Cellum on the coast of the Solway.

This portion of England contained what is now known to us as the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and almost the whole of Yorkshire and Lancashire. On the Scottish side of the Borders the counties of Dumfries, Roxburgh, and Berwick comprised the major part of the wild and unsettled region which was subject to the usual predatory tactics of the more masterful and enterprising men who lived within the bounds thereof. The shires of Selkirk and Peebles, which lay beyond Roxburghshire, and were bounded on the north-east by Berwickshire, and part of Mid-Lothian, and bounded on the south-west by Dumfriesshire, and part of Ayrshire, also participated in the general life, quarrels, depredations, and freebooting excursions of the various leaders.

From the year 1018 or 1020 A.D., when the Lothians, the Merse, and Teviotdale were ceded to Malcolm II.[*] by Ladolph, a Saxon prince, until now, the boundary between the two countries has been recognised as a line drawn along the summits of the range of hills known as the Cheviots, thence to the river Tweed to a point near Coldstream, the Tweed itself forming the boundary until its junction with the sea at Berwick. The vast extent of country that is thus comprised in the shires of Dumfries, Roxburgh, Berwick, Peebles, and Selkirk, in Scotland, and in the shires of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and part of York, and even as far south as Derbyshire, was then the arena in which for several hundreds of years the inhabitants lived a wild, reckless, and freebooting life. There is almost no account of the various stages through which the people and the country passed in their time-journey, from the departure of the Roman in 436 A.D. until somewhere about the beginning of the eleventh century. The face of the country was then quite different from what it is now. Of course, the mountain or hill ranges were much the same in their general appearance, but the intervening country was of a much different aspect. Vast stretches of land were covered with forests of oak, birch, fir, and other trees. There were also large tracts of land, of the nature of heaths or moors, and interspersed over the whole district were morasses, such as that of Tarras, in which, oft-times, both men and horses were lost when they happened to get into them. Up through the centuries from the middle of the fifth, when the then inhabitants were very little removed from the most pristine state of savagism, the Borderers lived wild, unconstrained, and free. The typical Borderer would rise in the morning from his bed of straw and rashes, and betake himself to the forest or such place where, as he supposed, he would be able to capture rabbits, hares, or any other animal capable of satisfying the cravings of his stomach. The houses of the period would be, in all probability, of a very light and temporary nature. The walls of the houses would likely be formed of poles or stakes, cut off from trees and fixed in the ground, enclosing a space sufficient for the needs of the occupier, the spaces between the poles would be filled up with stones and divots, and the whole would be roofed with branches of trees, partly supported by a large pole placed in the middle of the dwelling. In this sort of primitive erection, roughly constructed and easily destroyed, the dwellers over the large tract of country indicated lived and roughed it, with very little difference or indication of progress for somewhere about seven hundreds of years. Age succeeded age, and generation succeeded generation with scarcely any perceptible variation. The outside influences which would emanate from the towns and cities situated on the confines made almost no impression on the rude and barbarous inhabitants of this region. Such then was the state of the Borderland as well as the contiguous parts of the country until the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century. The Feudal System of Vassalage, which Malcolm II. instituted in Scotland in 1004-1008, whereby all the land of the kingdom was divided into baronies and apportioned to those of his nobles who agreed to furnish him with men and money when such was required, either in times of peace or of war, made an immense difference take place in all the wild and sparsely inhabited parts of Scotland, and in no portion of the country was this more pregnant with beneficial results than in the southern parts of Scotland, and especially in the vast stretch of country known as the Borders. It is much to be regretted that there are so few and scant notices of the condition of the more southernly parts of Scotland, and the northern counties of England during the centuries to which reference has been made. The student searches author after author, and volume after volume in vain in order to acquire an insight into the modes of living which obtained among the common people during these seven hundred or so of years. There are, it is true, a considerable quantity of notices interspersed throughout books bearing on Scottish history and antiquities, but the major part of these refer mainly to the rise and progress of the cities, towns, and villages throughout the country, or to the lives and feuds of the various chiefs or nobles, as well as to the ecclesiastics who endeavoured to Christianise and civilise the inhabitants. In his "History of Scotland—Civil and Ecclesiastical,"† Duncan Keith has examined and collated nearly eighty authors who have written on Scottish history, or who have, incidentally or otherwise, made reference to scenes or matters thereanent. The links or notices culled from early or contemporary annalists which are now presented give very brief and passing glances at the events, which may be said to here and there lift the veil and make us aware that there were persons and influences at work which in a great measure were the instruments that laid the foundations on which the life of the succeeding centuries was to rest, and thus enabled the gradual formation of a better state of things to be called into existence.

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[*] See "Newcastle Monthly Chronicle," August, 1890, p. 354. See also D. M. Moir's "Roman Antiquities of Inveresk," pp. 1 and 2.

In the year 635 Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne, began the erection of a monastery at Melrose. The buildings took seventeen years before they were completed, and here both male and female recluses obtained a home of retirement from the outside world. It may be observed that the venerable Bede in his Ecclesiastical History makes special reference to this monastery of Melrose. The monastery or convent of St Ebb, near to Coldingham, said by some to have been the first founded in Scotland, which was tenanted by females only, was also established about the same time as was that of Melrose. It is surmised by the learned and erudite Alexander Allan Carr, in his History of Coldingham Priory, that it was founded by Oswald, King of Northumbria, in the year 634 A.D. In the year 670, according to Haydn's Dictionary of Dates; in 681, according to Mr Carr (see History of Coldingham, p. 229), Edilthryda, wife of Egfrid, King of Northumbria, here received the veil from the hands of Bishop Wilfrid of Lindisfarne. It is extremely probable that the missionary spirit which animated Aidan would make itself felt throughout the other parts of the neighbouring district. The famous and pious St Cuthbert, who had been brought up among the wilds of Lauderdale, became a monk of Melrose about the year 651 or 652, and he is said to have been made prior of Melrose ten years later. It is also said that he paid domicilliary visits to various places in the Border district, and that some years previous to his installation as Bishop of Lindisfarne he paid, among others, a visit to Coldingham Abbey, where he was well received by the prioress.

The ecclesiastical history of this portion of Scotland is like the civil, so scanty that surmises have often been accepted for facts, and fictitious and legendary tales and narratives as real and circumstantial matters of history.

In "Upper Teviotdale and the Scotts of Buccleuch," Mrs J. Rutherford Oliver has made us conversant with all that is at present known regarding the portion of Scotland which has Hawick as its centre. There was it appears a chapel dedicated to St Cuthbert not far from the Slitrig water, situated probably on the lands of Priesthaugh. According to Reginald of Durham a miracle took place at this chapel on one occasion which very much strengthened the religious feeling of those who were present, and added to the prestige of the patron saint. In the year 603 a fierce and bloody battle was fought about twelve miles from Hawick at Dawstone between Ethelfrith, King of Bernicia, and Aidan, King of the Dalraidic Scots. Ethelfrith was victorious, and this so materially helped to consolidate the Northumbrian kindom that it had, after the death of Ethelfrith, a continuous existence for 224 years, until it was finally absorbed by Egbert, King of, firstly, Wessex, and then afterwards of all England. It may be here mentioned that all the statements made regarding the extent and boundaries of the kingdoms of Strathclyde and Bernicia or Northumberland are so confusing that it is scarcely possible to gain a clear idea respecting them. The kingdom of Strathclyde is said to have reached from the river Clyde to the borders of Cumberland, and comprised the counties of Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and portions of Lanark and Dumfries. Northumbria consisted of Bernicia and Deira. Bernicia is said to have reached from the river Tweed to the river Tyne; Deira from the Tyne to the Humber. They were, however, united into one kingdom under Egfrid in the year 670. According to Mr Carr (see History of Coldingham, page 17), the kingdom of Northumbria consisted of "the modern shires of Northumberland, Berwick, Haddington, and Edinburgh, with a portion of Roxburgh and Linlithgow."

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† "A History of Scotland Civil and Ecclesiastical from the Earliest Times to the Death of David I., 1153." By Duncan Keith. William Paterson, Edinburgh. 1886.

It is only possible in a general way to indicate how gradually up through the centuries arose the conditions of life which in their continuity gave birth to, and made possible the life of the succeeding centuries, and how the various changes which took place from tribal laws and customs to feudal laws and customs gave way to the municipal system of life which slowly uprose through the diffusion of education and knowledge and the progress of the arts and sciences until it has now culminated in the present advanced state of society.

After the apportionment of the land among the barons by Malcolm II. almost the whole of Scotland in the course of half a century became stocked with castles, towers, fortalices, and other strongholds. These were generally erected in places where the natural features of the situation gave additional aid to security, and helped to render it more difficult to surprise or capture the defensive strongholds. Under the sheltering wings, so to speak, of these castles, villages gradually arose, which as time rolled on grew in importance and note, until, as towns ruled by magistrates, under the governance of the superior, they exercised an important influence in their respective districts, while at the same time they were a source both of strength and revenue to the feudal lords under whom they existed. If any one cause more than any other had a strong and influential bearing on the gradual advancement of the life of the European nations it was the feudal system. Under it all classes, from the monarch on his throne to the serf or slave, were bound by the obligations of honour and protection, to aid and assist the superior to whom their homage was due. This class of feeling operated as strongly in Scotland as it did elsewhere; and to the loyal observance of being faithful to their chief is due much of the predatory, free-booting, and warlike characteristics of the common people. The great barons or nobles held their estates (fiefs) from the king; the lesser nobles held their estates from the great nobles. These lesser proprietors or holders had others holding from them, all holding on the tenure of military or other service when called upon or in time of need. Under this system of vassalage the whole people of a country were linked together, either for defence or inroad, foray or fray. It was within the rights of the great barons to hold courts and to exercise jurisdiction within the limits of their domains, and this continued to be the case in Scotland for upwards of four centuries, or from the time of Malcolm II., until some time during the fifteenth century. The "Court-Baron," which every lord of a manor may yet hold, had its jurisdiction considerably restricted in the years 1747 and 1833. (See Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.) The state of Scotland during the reigns of David II. and Robert II. was such, however, that "there seems to have been a gradual dislocation of the parts of the feudal government, which left the nobles far more than they had ever yet been in the condition of so many independent princes, whose support the king could no longer compel as a right, but was reduced to purchase by pensions."‡

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‡ See Tytler's "History of Scotland." Vol. 2, p. 7.

Hope will catch at the most feeble twig for support in extremity.—"Redgauntlet."

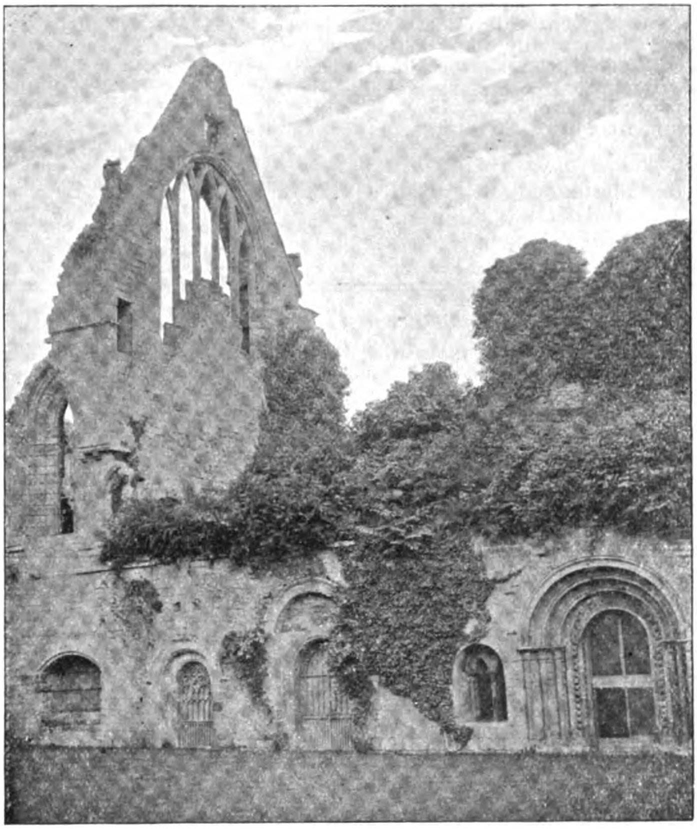
Where the Wizard Sleeps.

Where does he sleep,—the wizard bard—
Who wrote of the Border keep,
Of the minstrel old, and the knights so bold,
Of the Highland fray, the smugglers' hold,
And a hundred gay romances told—
Where does Sir Walter sleep?

Surely he sleeps in some hallowed fane
To high Edina known;
Is he laid to rest where he first drew breath,
Where his brow was crowned with the laurel wreath,
Where, loved in life, he was mourned in death—
His own romantic town?

Does Smailholm Tower his ashes guard?
The haunt of his early years;
Melrose, Lasswade, or Abbotsford glade,
Branksome, Kelso, or Trossachs' shade,
Or by 'the lone St Mary's' laid?
Full well their claim appears.

Nay! we must go to the banks of Tweed—
The Tweed he loved so well!
Where the river makes a majestic bend,
Encircling Dryburgh in its wend,
Where weird-like ruin and beauty blend—
'Tis there we break the spell.



DRYBURGH ABBEY AND TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Great Tweed! he wooed thee not in vain
With many a thought and dream,
For constant thou'lt prove to the wizard's love,
As round his grave in requiem move,
With answering echoes from the grove,
The waters of thy stream.

And long as they flow and seaward go
Let this be ne'er forgot—
No braver soul e'er won renown
In fame's bright smile or fortune's frown,
And taught the world 'no cross no crown'
Than did Sir Walter Scott.

And though by the Tweed the wizard sleeps
He lives in the Border land;
His spell enchants Edina's towers,
Old Scotland's glens, and England's bowers;
World-wide in thought, world-wide in powers,
He lives on every strand.

Edinburgh.

Robert D. Ker.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. Walker & Son, *High Street, Galashiels*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

How time flies! Our readers will notice that this number of the Border Magazine is marked 100, which means that we are into the ninth yearly volume. As no previous Border magazine reached beyond the second volume we can congratulate ourselves that our magazine has existed so long, and has every prospect of continued vitality. We are grateful to our readers for their loyal support, and we would particularly thank those who do their best to recommend the Border Magazine to their friends, for only by this means can we hope to reach that circulation which we believe our publication deserves. We are aware that many of our readers have not complete sets of the Magazine, because Nos. 1 and 2 have been long out of print, but we hope to be able to supply these two numbers in the near future. This will enable us to supply complete sets of bound volumes, and so satisfy an oft expressed desire on the part of many Borderers.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,—Every now and again I receive pleasant reminders that the old dominie is not forgot by his friends, and these tokens of friendship generally take the form of books or pamphlets on Border subjects. The other day I was delighted to receive from Mr James Sinton a bound copy of the special reprint (limited to twenty-five copies) of his recent paper on Alexander Campbell's "Third Journey to the Borders," which literary treat was delivered to the Hawick Archæological Society. Mr Sinton is a great Leyden enthusiast, and all Borderers are indebted to him for what he has already done in bringing to light the "Tour" referred to in our columns last year. This promising litterateur is thus referred to by the Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter," to whose interesting letters I have been so often indebted for valuable matter for this column:—

Mr James Sinton, of W. Blackwood & Sons, publishers, Edinburgh, who gave the Hawick Archæalogical Society such a literary treat lately, with Alexander Campbell's "Third Journey to the Borders," is a great Leyden enthusiast. He was fortunate enough to pick up a letter by John Leyden, dated from Frederick Street, Edinburgh, October 27, 1797. Frederick Street must have been very new, and not only new, but desperately genteel, when that letter of Leyden's was written, which is included in his Hawick communication. Last year, Mr Sinton published Leyden's "Journal of a Tour in the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland in 1800." It contains the fullest bibliography ever drawn up in connection with Leyden's works, and shows not only wide scholarship on the part of his subject, but also unwearied industry. Mr Sinton also possesses a most interesting unpublished fragment of the journal of a tour made by Leyden in the North of England, from Gilsland to the English lakes, which I have read; also two sonnets, the one on "Sabbath Morning," one of the finest things Leyden ever wrote, and another on "Love," written in 1800. Mr Sinton, who is modest and unassuming, is a book collector besides, and takes great pains with any literary work he undertakes. Mr G. M. Reith, author of a biography of Alexander Murray, is busy writing a fresh life of Leyden. He astonished me the other day by saying that he had proof that the Leydens were of Dutch extraction.

* * *

To the same source I am indebted for the following interesting paragraph:—

> Just one hundred years ago next month William Blackwood, the afterwards famous publisher of "Blackwood's Magazine," began business as a second-hand bookseller at 64 South Bridge, opposite the University. He prospered greatly, and had Walter Scott as one of his early customers. He grew ambitious, and as he was gaining a connection amongst the literati of the capital, he tried publishing. About 1816 he moved to 17 Princes Street, a shop occupied at present by Mr Andrew Elliot, bookseller, who has some hereditary connection with Newstead, and whose father was Secession minister of Ford, near Pathhead. It was here in October 1817 that Blackwood launched his famous magazine. But for some months previously he issued a magazine which did not entirely please him, edited by Thomas Pringle, from Kelso, and his friend Cleghorn. Blackwood did not approve of the politics of the pair, nor their editorial efforts, and he determined to strike out in a new vein, and above everything be original and catch the wind of popular favour. Amongst his earliest literary advisers were Professor John Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, and the Ettrick Shepherd, who was first applied to. Mrs Oliphant, in her narrative of the house of Blackwood, does James Hogg less than justice. At all events she mentions that Hogg claimed to have suggested and written most of the Chaldee Manuscript, which naturally created such extraordinary excitement in Edinburgh. From the proofs, now, we believe, preserved in the British Museum, it can be shown that Hogg had a very considerable hand in it; as much as the first two chapters, part of the third, and part of the last, were certainly his. The skit was written in Biblical phraseology, and Constable, the publisher, and many well-known Edinburgh folks found themselves satirized. The magazine sold like wild-fire, but threatened to produce such a crop of libel cases that the publisher withdrew the Chaldee Manuscript in the second edition. When Hogg wished to return to this vein in 1822, Blackwood would have none of it, saying that the magazine had got quite above "attacks and malignities." Hogg more than once tried to stop the delightful nonsense of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" in "Blackwood," in which he appears as an inspired talker, and much was put to his credit, and into his mouth, that he did not at all approve of. Then he badgered his publisher, who lost his temper, and would write, "You are so utterly ignorant of business that it is quite unnecessary for me to attempt to show you how completely you have misunderstood everything." When Lockhart saw Hogg about this time, he wrote that his face and hands were still as brown as if he lived entirely in the open air, "his very hair has a coarse stringiness about it, which proves beyond dispute its utter ignorance of all arts of the "friseur," and hangs in playful wisps and cords about his ears, in a style of the most perfect innocence imaginable. His mouth, when he smiles, nearly cuts the totality of his face in twain, ... the forehead towering with a true poetic grandeur above such features as these, and an eye that illuminates their surface with the genuine lightnings of genius." William Laidlaw, Scott's amanuensis, who stayed near Abbotsford, described Hogg as having a fair, round face, ruddy cheeks, with big blue eyes beaming with humour, gaiety, and glee. His height was above the average, and he was finely made, and swift of foot. His head was covered with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he usually wore coiled up under his hat.

* * *

Last month I referred to the notes of the late Mr Robert Murray of Hawick on the "False Alarm," and expressed the fear that they had been lost, but I am reminded that "the ripest fruits of his research" on this subject are to be found in the "History of Hawick" (Vol. I., p. 75), published in 1901 by Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, but now out of print. The subject was also very fully dealt with by Mr Murray's friend, Mr Robert Hall, registrar, Galashiels, in the BORDER MAGAZINE (1898). Mr Hall, who is the author of the "History of Galashiels," is in possession of much valuable information on Border subjects, and I trust that it will be long before his able pen is laid down. His "Schools and Schoolboy Life in Galashiels Forty Years Ago," by the kindness of the author, found its way into the solitude of my Keep, and I felt myself young again as I read and laughed while perusing these delightful reminiscences.

* * *

Another enthusiastic Borderer to whom I am often indebted for interesting pamphlets, articles, &c., is Mr J. Lindsay Hilson, the well-known librarian of Jedburgh Public Library. Mr Hilson has done much for this library, but his recent move is one which all district librarians might copy. He conceived the idea of collecting and placing on the walls of the library portraits of the eminent men, past and present, connected with Jedburgh, and to this end he communicated with the ladies and gentlemen who were likely to be in possession of the original portraits. The response was most gratifying, and Mr Hilson was enabled to present to the Library Committee a most valuable collection of portraits which will add much to the interest of that institution. It is to be hoped that all our Border librarians or keepers of public institutions will follow Mr Hilson's example, and so preserve for further generations likenesses of the men who have done honour to their Border homes.

Yours in Border Brotherhood,

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Scotland as seen by an Englishman in 1819.

WE have seen last month the impressions of an Englishman when he came to Scotland in 1746. His description of cottages in the Lowlands and in the Highlands was not flattering to the people. Their dress, manners, and food did not commend themselves to his fastidious taste. And though undoubtedly he exaggerated the defects and magnified the faults of those with whom he came into contact, we find in "Rob Roy" some pictures of peasant life which to a certain extent bear out his criticism. We now turn to the second part of the book from which the extracts were taken—"The Contrast." A gentleman, evidently a Quaker, or connected with the Society of Friends, came to Edinburgh in 1819. We find from his letters that a great change had come over the city and the social manners of the population. Neither the town nor its inhabitants bore the least resemblance to what they were in 1746. He travelled to Scotland from England via Newcastle, and his first letter to his friends at home is dated, "Edinburgh, 3rd month (March) 13, 1819." When he arrived by coach he was conducted to the house of one to whom he had received an introduction, "Where, late as it was, the supper table was spread, and a kind and cordial home offered me by persons whom I had never before seen." Next day he was taken to the college and heard a lecture by the famous Dr Hope, on chemistry. He then was guided through various portions of the city, and declares that "Edinburgh is really a magnificent place, the great diversity of surface on which it stands, has been so managed as to inclose its picturesque beauty, and at the same time its convenience. In no place that I have seen are there greater evidences of a regard to elegance of arrangement, without any sacrifice of the facilities of intercourse and business than in the modern parts of this town." Then follows a description of the new and the old parts. The writer took lodgings near the college, "where I should be at liberty to receive calls, and dispose of any time without the danger of intrusion on private domestic order." "I have obtained a very genteely-furnished parlour and bedroom in an open part of the old town, at seventeen shillings per week, and every necessary care is engaged to provide meals agreeably to my orders." He carried a letter of introduction to F—— J——, Esq. (Francis Jeffrey), whom he "found in his office, surrounded by numerous clients, listening to their representations. His house is in George Street, the central part of the New Town. On perusing my letter he left his seat, and with a ready politeness made the way easy for further acquaintance. He is so much of the public man, and has been so much talked of, it seems scarcely necessary to say that his stature is beneath the middle size, and his features small for a Scotchman; but a high, well-arched forehead, and an eye of peculiar fulness and lustre, sufficiently compensate for the absence of those broad and imposing traits of countenance so common in people of his nation." The writer was shewn by Jeffrey over the Parliamentary House, and then comes a most interesting episode:—

"In one of the court-rooms my attention was arrested by the appearance of a person at the table whose physiognomy resembled that of a certain print not uncommon in the shops of New York. 'Would you,' said my conductor, 'like to be introduced to Scott?' I replied earnestly in the affirmative, and, following him, elbowed our way nearly to the lawyer's table, and waited till Jeffrey caught his eye. On introducing me to him he very courteously expressed his pleasure, and immediately informed me some of his ancestors were members of the Society of Friends, and that he held the Society in great respect. In reference to the respectability of his Quaker ancestors, he related the story of a great aunt who belonged to that sect; she had been inhumanly persecuted by a certain family on account of her religion, and on a particular occasion, prompted by virtuous indignation, she kneeled before the door of her persecutors, and then prayed that a male child might never be born from either branch of the family; that thereby such a persecuting race should not be continued upon the earth. Her prayer was answered, for no son was ever afterwards born in the family. Though short in stature and rather clumsy in person, there is in the appearance of Walter Scott enough to excite the most favourable prepossessions in relation to the powers of his mind. I do not know what Dr Spursheim has thought or pronounced with respect to his cranium, but I do not recollect to have ever noticed a finer model; particularly in the whole space above his eyes. His manners appeared to be bland and engaging, and marked with that ease and simplicity which result from the highest cultivation. He was pleased to express his regret that his intention of leaving town almost immediately would prevent the opportunity of further acquaintance, unless I could visit him at his country residence on the banks of the Tweed, which I find is at a considerable distance from Edinburgh. As soon as the

Courts are over he flies to the country, as he informed me, like a bird loosened from its cage. Being lame in one leg he has a limp in his gait, but neither this nor the broad muscularity of his limbs can prevent the acknowledgment of those irresistible attractions which arise from his towering pile of forehead; and still more, the eloquent animation of his eye when he selects from the vast stores of his poetic memory some lively anecdote for the amusement of the company."

One day this writer had the pleasure of meeting at Jeffrey's table two gentlemen of eminence in their respective professions—Sir H. M. W. (Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood), one of the most distinguished preachers in Edinburgh, and Mr——, a lawyer. Concerning Jeffrey, he says: "His remarks are more sprightly and entertaining, than profound and instructive; but they are on this account better suited to ordinary occasions. His wife, you know, is a New Yorker. They have one child, a fine little girl, about six years old. They have a residence in the country three miles from the city (Craigcrook) to which they are now retiring for the summer. The distinguished rank which he holds at the Bar, and the prodigious sale which the Edinburgh Review now commands, must afford him an ample income. It is indeed surprising that one man can execute so much, and do it so well. There are few instances in literary biography which more forcibly demonstrate the importance of an early and assiduous cultivation of the faculties, and the power of habit and exercise over the imagination and judgment than in the case of Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott."

Dr Gregory was at the time the famous Professor of the "practice of physic." He is described as "advanced in years." But "nothing can exceed the ease and familiarity of his manner. He sits (in the class-room) with his hat on, and talks to his numerous class like a father to his sons, telling them of his experience, and that of his father before him; and they listening to him with the fondness of children. This instruction is of so practical a cast, and has withal such a moral bearing, it cannot but be very valuable to the tyros in medicine who in such large numbers listen to his discourses. If he has any faults it is merely that which arises from the garrulity of age."

Here is the description of an evening party given by Professor Brown on 20th March, 1819, at the "singular hour of nine o'clock p.m." The room became crowded to excess, so that to sit was impossible, except for a very few whose strength could no longer support them on their feet, and those few would, of course, be ladies. Notwithstanding the crowd, it might be called a select party, for the greater portion were persons of some literary reputation. Among the females were Mrs Grant, of Laggan, and her daughter. Much ease and sociality prevailed. About eleven o'clock two or three supper tables were spread, with a cover of cold fowl, tongue, ice cream, jellies, fruit and wine. The company did not all incline to partake of the refreshments, but such as did went to the table and helped themselves standing; for there was not room for many to sit. Dr Brown politely interposed to assist me to the various good things on the table, and what was of more consequence to my sensibilities, to a chair. The company dispersed about twelve without any formality. Instead of the carriages at the door (though there might be some of these), I observed a number of sedan chairs. These, as well as the hackney coaches, are public vehicles, and have regulated prices. They are principally used for the conveyance of females." Compare this elegant "at home" with the dinner given to the officers at Dunbar by the Town Council, described by the officer in 1746, as given last month! In seventy years what a change in social habits!

He heard Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood preach on Sunday. "This is the first Scotch sermon I have heard; and I must confess it gave me a favourable impression of the fidelity and ability with which the minister of a national kirk performs his service." He dined one day with Professor Hope. "Our dinner resembled a French as much as an English repast; for though there were numerous courses and meats of various kinds, there was wanting the towering ribs of roast beef so essential to the well-being of John Bull in the important science of gastronomy." All the objects of interest in Edinburgh are fully described, and at the close of his visit our anonymous writer proceeded to New Lanark to inspect Owen's establishment there, and thence on to Glasgow. The extracts given will, however, show the difference between Scotland in 1746 and 1819, and truly the book has been well named "The Contrast."

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain:
More paltry still the sportsman's gain:
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
—"The Betrothal."

Langlands o' that Ilk—A Chapter of Border History.

The Laird o' Langlands rose in haste
And called for his horse and harness fair,
And has ta'en the road by the auld Stirkshaws
To hunt the dun deer in its lair.

But why is the laird in an angry mood,
As he turns his face towards the town?
And why does the clink of St Mary's bell
Cause angry flush and a heavy frown?

And why does he mutter and touch the hilt
Of the massive sword that hangs by his side?
And why say he " tush " and drops his hold,
As he passes along the lone hillside?

The Abbot of Melrose is sore to blame
For the touchy temper of our good Laird;
For the ban of the church hangs o'er the head
That foeman in armour never scarred.

For the Abbot has written a letter braid,
And sealed it wi' the Abbey seal,
And says if the tithes are not now paid
Of Langlands he may bid fareweel.

Sae our gude laird is deep in thought
As he glances o'er his lands sae fair,
For he knows that his tenants would pay at once
If purse and pantry were not both bare.

Though the dun deer basks in the thorny brake,
And the day is fair as fair can be,
His stag-hounds still in the leash are led,
As he turns his eye to the Stowhouselea.

Ah! then his looks grew hard and stern,
And his eye is lit wi' sardonic smile,
As he sees approaching from afar
What seems a monk of St Mary's aisle.

The Baron drew his coursers rein
As the monk approached him o'er the lea,
And he said, " All hail thou Baron bold,
And peace and benedecitie."

" All hail to thee," the Baron said,
" And wherefore dost thou come this way?
Thou'rt sure a monk of Melrose fane,
Whose duty 'tis to watch and pray.

And many a sun will rise and set,
And gild with light the forest fair
Ere Langland or any of his ilk
Will seek an interest in thy prayer."

" Yes, I'm a monk of Melrose aisle,
And Langland, I am sent to thee
To ask thee to pay the church's dues,
Or else to put her ban on thee."

" What! darest thou speak to me with pride,
And thus impeach me standing bye?
Art thou not afraid for thine own ass hide,
Or that I make thee low to lie?"

" Nay, nay, my lord, I value not
Thy haughty words nor scornful smile;
For know that I thine equal am,
And the Abbot of St Mary's aisle.

Nay, never frown nor touch thy sword,
I do not fear or quail for thee;
If the church's dues thou dost not pay,
I call the church's curse on thee.

I call its curse with bell and book,
On Langlands and on a' his kin'."
But Langlands he with fury shook,
And then he did the deadly sin.

He drew his glaive of metal clear,
And thought not of the sinful deed;
And he has struck the Abbot there,
And made him shorter by the head.

But up there starts a weird, weird wife,
And she stood close by Langlands knee—
" Since you have ta'en the Abbot's life,
The Abbot's curse will cling to thee.

Each passer-by will cast a stone
To mark the place where his spirit fled,
And mutter a prayer for the soul
Of him who did the accursed deed.

And on this cairn thou shalt raise a cross
To set thy sin forth and thy shame,
That each recurring year may show
The blot that lies on Langlands' fame.

In St Mary's kirk thou shalt light a lamp,
And a cross before it aye shall stay;
And a priest shall kneel and count his beads,
For the Abbot's soul by night and day.

And when you pass the cross or cairn
Thou shalt doff thy cap and bend thy knee,
And mutter an ave for the Abbot's peace,
So shalt thou aye of Langlands be.

But if through lapse of years your heirs
Fail to keep up the cross and its legend fair,
Your line through want of heirs shall fail,
And Langlands of Langland shall be nae mair."

" Ha! say'st thou so thou auld, weird wife,
But little of thy rede I fear;
But I maun see our noble king
Ere the church's version he does hear.

For James the Good, of Douglas blood,
Will stand my friend and plead my cause;
For he and I have often stood,
And are brothers still by the Border laws.

He'll stand my friend with our noble king,
And what care I for the church's ban?
I want a friend baith staunch and true,
And James of Douglas is the man."

Sae Langlands's off to Edinburgh town
On his sable horse of purest blood,
And I wat he neither stint nor stayed
Till he arrived at Holyrood.

" What news, what news, thou Baron bold?
What brings thee from the forest fair?
Has the English crossed the Solway's flood,
And burnt my town of Hawick since mair?"

" Nay, my good lord, there's nothing wrong,
Our stock is safe in barn and fold,
And Branxholm keeps the Border side
'Gainst English steel or English gold.

But the Abbot of Melrose, from whom I hold
My barony of Langlands wide,
Met me on Stirkshaw's hills this morn,
And spoke to me with haughty pride.

And good, my lord, you know full well,
We've often rode to meet the foe;
And well you know that Langlands's words
Are ne'er so ready as his blow.

He threatened me with the church's ban,
I bade him mind his aves and prayers,
I turned, my blood was boiling hot,
But I respected his grey hairs.

He clutched my cloak to hold me there,
I turned me round with much surprise;
My right hand grasped my trusty blade,
And the Abbot's mitre lowly lies.

The church is powerful in our land,
I've raised a swarm about my head;
I want an audience of our king,
And a pardon for the sinful deed."

"Yes, Langlands, you have come in time,
An audience you shall have to-day;
And Douglas aye will do his best
For a Borderer by night or day."

So Langlands came before the king,
And bended lowly on his knee;
The Good Lord James stood by his side,
And to our noble king spake he—

"Here kneels James Langlands o' that ilk,
A Borderer both true and keen;
For he's the Lord of Langlands fair,
Of Everhall and Wilton Dean:

He seeks thy presence, gracious king,
And a boon he fain would ask of thee;
For the church has had him lang at feud,
And threatened him repeatedly.

The times are hard in the Border side,
Since we bore the brunt of civil war,
And the lazy horde of Melrose aisle
Will have their dues be it weel or waur.

The Abbot of Melrose, from whom he holds
His barony of Langlands fair,
Met him this morn on Stirkshaws height,
And the church's ban he did not spare.

But Langlands answered ne'er a word,
But turned to leave him where he stood,
When the Abbot caught him by the cloak,
Which raised his anger to the flood.

He quite forgot that church and priests
Were excepted aye from arms and war;
He only felt he was opposed,
And felt inclined to do and daur.

And he has drawn his trusty sword,
Which flashed like silver in the light;
The Abbot's hat lies on the sward,
And the Abbot got a mortal fright."

Loud and long laughed our noble king;
"And is this all he asks?" said he.
"If we'd mair Langlands in our land
The better would it be for me.

Rise up, James Langlands o' that ilk,
A pardon you shall have to-day;
But keep your broad sword in its sheath
Till next we meet in Border fray."

So Langlands had his pardon then,
And sealed with the king's own seal;
And he's mounted on his coal-black steed,
And to Holyrood he bade fareweel.

"A hall, a hall," cried our noble king;
"And, macer," says he, "bring the wine;
And James of Douglas give the toast,
A sentiment we'll take of thine.

Then fill your goblets one and all,
My leige, your health; long may you reign;
And may your enemies lose their hats
Like Melrose's Abbot on the plain."

"What harm is there, my good Lord James ,
The loss of a hat would harm them not."
"Ha, ha, my leige, you little know
How Langlands strikes when his blood is hot.

True, he swept off the Abbot's hat,
It could not stand the broad sword dint,
And low it lies on the green sward,
But, my gracious king, his head was in't."

The barons laughed, but the king was grieved,
And ill could brook their boisterous glee—
"The church and I do not stand well,
But its enemy I don't care to be.

Yet Langlands has his pardon gained,
And he's a warrior true and tried;
And always in the foremost rank
Whene'er we march to the Border side.

But the clamour of the church is strong,
I can't resist their cries and tears;
And Langlands has done very wrong
To set the church about our ears.

But a noble king, and a warrior true,
And trusty as his own good steel,
We can't put down for the Abbot's sake,
So our censure we must make him feel.

Our burghers true of honest Hawick,
Of their marches they take wondrous care;
And it takes Langlands all his time
To keep his marches straight and fair.

So Langlands on each returning date
Of the day upon which he the Abbot slew,
Must meet with Hawick in its pomp and state,
And stand for his own though his force be few.

And he must dress in the self-same garb,
And the same broad sword must hang by his thigh;
And stand by his rights at the Rougheugh Mill,
And ne'er let a burgher pass him bye.

For sure as a burgher passes his bounds,
Or Langlands forgets to meet him there,
He loses for aye his ancient right,
And Langlands o' Langlands shall be nae mair."

All echoed the words o' our noble king,
And praised the sentence on Langlands passed;
For kingly words, be they right, be they wrong,
Have a force and a power that for lang do last.

And many a year has come and gone,
And the lamp is quenched and the cross overthrown,
And the town of Hawick now owns the land
That Langlands once claimed as his own.

And Langlands ne'er meets the marchmen now,
To see that his flag is planted fair,
And peace prevails where once was feud,
And Langlands o' Langlands is nae mair.

Now the burghers of Hawick fills Langlands chair,
And peace and plenty fills the vale;
And there's none more ready to do and dare,
Within the bounds of Teviotdale.

AN AULD PLOUGHMAN.

The above is almost a verbatim piece of history. There is only one small matter that I have omitted. Douglas, after having introduced Langlands to the Secretary and given him the purport of his visit and the king's commands, thereon retired. While the Minister was writing out the pardon and came to the place where the priest's bonnet was mentioned, the baron slipped a purse of gold on the table. The pen of the functionary halted for a few seconds, and then asked what was the meaning of its appearance there. "You will oblige me much," Langlands said, "and probably save an ancient family from ruin if you will put the monk's head into the bonnet." The silent eloquence of the doucer on the table was not to be resisted, and the happy chief returned to his friend with the pardon in his pocket. The place where the Abbot fell was at a place named Heap, seemingly named from the "heap" of stones almost universally cast where a murder had been committed in the good old days. I have seen a part of the heap long ago, but at that time it bore no vestige of the cross referred to, unless a square of sandstone, about eight or nine inches long and about six inches on the square, which lay in the "Heap," had been a part, as it was reported to me it was, of which, however, I think there was some doubt. Tradition has preserved the lines that were engraved on the cross at Heap as under:—

"This is the place where Langlands slew
The holy Priest of Melrose;
And Langlands shall be of that ilk no mair
When time has levelled the cross."

The cross is thrown down, and Langlands of Langlands is a name now extinct.—Vide "History of Hawick." Wilson, 1825. A. A. P.

A New Border Book.

WE understand that a volume of "Border Sketches," Historical and Biographical, by J. R. Oliver will shortly be published by W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick. These sketches are of various interest, and, as the title of the book indicates, relate to Border affairs. One gives a short account of the life of Lord Heathfield of Gibraltar, and an epitomised description of the great siege. Another is a history of the Northern Rebellion of 1569, and the subsequent raid on the Scottish Borders. "The Gladstones and the Siege of Coklaw," which was alluded to by Mr Morley in the life of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, relates chiefly to the Gladstones in Roxburghshire, and to this paper is appended a facsimile of an autograph letter to the authoress from the great statesman. The other articles include a paper on the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, and contain several contemporary letters never before published. Most of these sketches have been written from time to time for the Hawick Archæological Society, others have appeared in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE. Their issue collectively will be welcomed as an interesting addition to Border literature. The book will be well illustrated, and will also have a map of Upper Teviotdale. It is expected to be ready shortly.

A Tyneside Ditty.

SPRINGWOOD PARK,
KELSO, March 14, 1904.

MR EDITOR,—I am indebted for the accompanying song to Mr George Landels, gamekeeper, at this address, by whom part of it was taken down from the lips of a Tyneside singer, the remainder being literary stucco. The song is supposed to be sung by a tramp artisan in the peculiar modification of the Northumbrian dialect which characterises Tynesiders. The air and burthen are homely and plaintive.—I am, &c., GEORGE DOUGLAS.

NEWCASTLE QUAY.

On a cawd winter's neet,
When cawd winds are blaen,
Eh, sure! but it is cawd
Stan'ing on Newcass'l quay.

There was nae baccy in my pipe,
To cheer the hairt within,
And oh, the winter's blast was cawd,
An' oh, my coat was thin!

There was nae siller in my pouch,
Nae victual in my creel,
'Twas four-an'-twenty hours an' more
Sin' last I ta'en a meal.

I thocht o' hame an' pleesant friends
I never more would see,
An' aye the sab raise in my throat,
The tear raise in my e'e.

The bonnie ships gaed up an' doon
Upon the river Tyne,
O' a' the hairts in a' thae ships
Nae hairt was sad as mine!

For it is oh!
On a cawd winter's neet, &c.

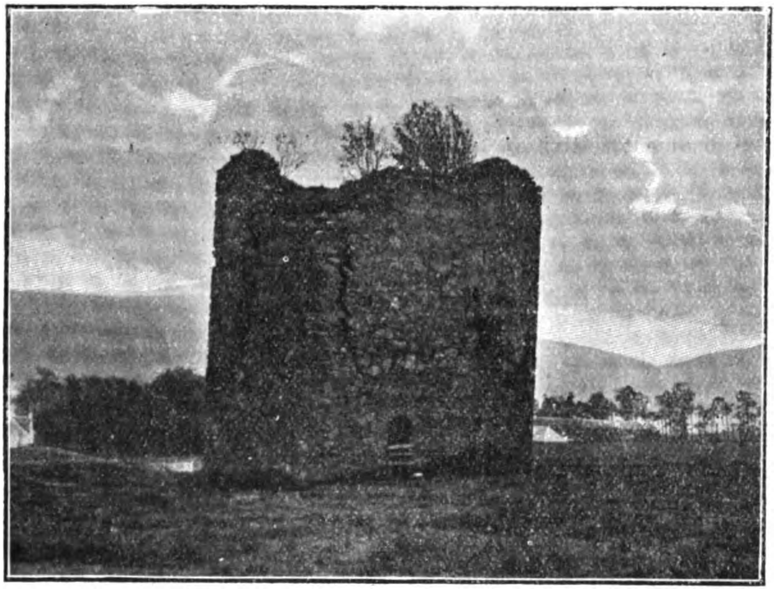
Dryhope Tower.

THIS ancient peel stands near the eastern extremity of St Mary's Loch, in Selkirkshire. The walls, though cracked in places, are in wonderfully good preservation, and the door and several windows are nearly perfect. The tower stands out as a tall, stern landmark, and must have defied the storms and troubles of centuries; doubtless because of its great strength, and also on account of its splendid position. Overlooking, as it does the valley of the Yarrow and hills of Ettrick, no foe could approach unawares. The mountains guard it behind, and a moat, fed by a rushing hill stream, surrounds the keep. This moat, though now merely a marshy ditch, must, in days gone by, have defied the advance of approaching invaders by its deep, dark waters

Dryhope Tower is celebrated as the birthplace of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow." She married Walter Scott of Harden, a man no less renowned for his depredations than his wife for her beauty. By their marriage-contract the father of the bride, Philip Scott, of Dryhope, was to "find Harden in horse meat and man's meat, in his Tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but five barons pledged themselves that at the expiry of that period the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names."

In the well-known poem by Sir Walter Scott, entitled "The Feast of Spurs," the speakers are "Auld Wat" of Harden, and Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow."

AMY N. CAMERON.



DRYHOPE TOWER.

Wull Faa.

WE frequently find in the annals of Scotland reference to the Royal Family of Yetholm. Far back in Scottish history they figure as Egyptians, and in particular under the hand and seal of James V. of Scotland received recognition and protection as "our lovit Johnne Faa Lord and Earle of Littil Egipt," and the King's loyal subjects were commanded to assist Faa against certain of his followers who had rebelled against his authority, "so that justice might be executed upon them conform to the laws of Egypt." But since the reign of Mary Queen of Scots the name of Faa has more frequently figured in the criminal annals than the statute book of the realm. In the reign of James VI. the undignified appellation of "Faa's Gang" was applied to them, and since, they appear to have become a proscribed race.

There has always been, however, a certain amount of glamour about the "Royal Faas," which captivates the popular imagination. The late Mr R. Murray, of Hawick, published a series of papers treating of their history, from which we extract the following account of old Wull Faa, one of the most genial of their long line of "Kings":—

Old Wull Faa of Yetholm, the "Gipsy King," who died in 1784, boasted a lineal descent from the Lord of Littil Egipt. The peculiarities of his race were strongly marked in every feature of his character and style of living. He was three times married, and was the father of twenty-four children, and at each of the christenings he appeared in his wedding-robes. These christenings were celebrated with no small parade. Twelve young handmaidens were always present, as part of the family retinue, and for the purpose of waiting on the numerous guests who assembled to witness the ceremony or partake of the subsequent festivities. Besides Wull's Gypsy associates, several of the neighbouring farmers and lairds, with whom he was on terms of friendly intercourse, used to attend these christenings. One of his sons died in London, sixty years ago, who had been a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and had distinguished himself, under Governor Wall, at Garee. This Yetholm king had a warm attachment to the lord of the manor, Mr Nisbet of Dirleton, who often gave the Gypsies money, and such like marks of kindness. Mr Nisbet used to call them his body-guard. The king hearing that the laird had become seriously ill, wished to see Mr Nisbet once more before he died. Journeying with that intent, he passed through Kelso, and there called upon Bailie Smith, the much-respected factor, to tell him that he was going to see the laird. The aged monarch set out by the nearest road, and was seen by some farmers from the Border next market-day at Edinburgh. They met him on the North Bridge, and when he saw them he tossed up his old brown-hat, hurrahing and shouting that he had seen the laird before he died. Having also seen the Scottish capital, he returned homewards, along by the coast of the sea. He only had proceeded as far as Coldingham when he became ill and died suddenly. The old king was honoured by a right royal funeral. When his death became known to his friends at Yetholm, they and others of the tribe down on the English side and on the coast met at Coldingham to pay their respects to their royal leader. His corpse was escorted from Coldingham to Yetholm. In the funeral train there were 300 asses. The ceremonies of the event consisted chiefly in the way of eating and drinking, and lasted three days and three nights.

The deceased king was succeeded in the monarchy by his eldest son William. The young king was thirty-three years of age, a man of middle stature, remarkably broad in the shoulders, and distinguished for bravery, strength, and agility. These qualities rendered him the most popular of kings. When he assumed the regal honours he was contended against by the "Earl of Hell," not for sovereignty, but to revenge an ancient feud. The Earl lived at New Coldstream, and bore the Gypsy name of Young. He made three attacks on King William, and was defeated in them all. The king was one of the most famous football player in his day, and carried off the palm from many a well-contested match on both sides of the Border It was grand to hear him relate the football exploits of his early years; his eye brightened up, and his tongue grew eloquent, when he told his thrilling tales. Kirk Yetholm Ball on Fastern's E'en is one of the keenest that can possibly be played. The Gypsies, male and female, rally out and play upon the ancient holiday. It is perhaps the only place where females engage in the game of football, and they play, even in these modern times, as eagerly as ever man did play. He possessed himself of a couple of horses and entered the smuggling trade—then quite general on the Borders. He was one of those who brought gin from Boulmer (a small fishing village near Alnwick), and sold it on the Scottish Border. The proverbial lawless spirit of his class, combined with his well-known pugilistic powers, rendered him a man of terrors to the officers far and near. When he went with his carts to Etal for coals, it was his custom, not to wait on his proper turn, but just to go forward and say, "the next turn is mine." Such was the fear in which he was held that he was generally allowed to fill his carts and go away without dispute. The king met his match though one day at Etal coal-pits when he met with Robert Turnbull, who was well known as the "strong man of Lempitlaw." Turnbull was there quietly waiting his time, when forward came the Gypsy King, as audacious as ever, and claimed the turn at once. Turnbull was a quiet man, but had been egged on to oppose Will Faa if he made his usual demand, and, standing at the elbow of the king, he did so in a most effectual way. They caught hold of each other to see which would be the successful man, and the next moment Turnbull raised the king from his feet as if he had merely been a boy, and, holding him over the yawning mouth of the shaft, said, "Must I let you go?" Terrified lest the "strong man" should really quit his hold, Faa supplicated for mercy, and obtained it. It was the first time he had met or seen his opponent. He inquired who he was, and said that he was the most powerful man he had ever grappled with in his life.

On one occasion, when the king was returning from Boulmer with his horse and his kegs of Holland gin, he saw an exciseman approaching, who was mounted on horseback and armed with a sword. The only weapon that Wull had was an oaken cudgel, so he tried to escape, and, in his flight past Little Mill, he tried to open a gate, which, however, had a spring sneck, which he knew not how to open. He then wheeled his horse to the left, and cutting off the kegs, he leapt over the wall into a field, but before he had gone far his horse stuck fast in a bog, and the gauger quickly approached him, sword in hand. Wull, with his wooden weapon, acted on the defensive, and a single combat ensued. Fiercely they fought, until the cudgel was cut to inches; and it was not until the exciseman's sword wounded the hand of the king, and the exciseman had told him he might as well surrender, else he would cut the hand off also, that he gave up the struggle.

This encounter is still related in the vicinity where it occurred, and it has been recorded in rhyme by a modern minstrel. It was related to me by his grand-niece, Queen Esther Faa Blythe.

> There is canny Wull Faa o' Kirk-Yetholm,
> He lives i' the sign o' the Queen;
> He got a great slash i' the hand,
> When comin' frae Boomer wi' gin.

As referred to in the verse, he was landlord of the "Queen," and a jolly one he was. Not only was his laugh "ready chorus," like the one in Tam o' Shanter, but he was generally the leader in all the cracks. He was a man of the world, and a shrewd one, too; he kept his eye upon the main chance, and succeeded well. He was what is called "well-to-do-with." Although of the lineal line of the pure Gypsy race, there was little of the listless loitering about him which has often been a characteristic of the male portion of the tribe.

He often rambled from home and from business, and wherever he went he had either the fishing rod or the gun along with him. He was an excellent angler and a splendid shot, and knew the whereabouts of the finny tribe in all the streams of the Border, and had access to them all, and to all the shooting grounds round about Yetholm. He had all the appearance of a sporting gentleman. He wore a velveteen jacket, and his white hat was bound round and round with fly-hooks of every shade and every form. He was a frequent and welcome guest at many a dinner-table.

This royal patriarch was hale and hearty until within a few months of his death, being then in the 96th years of his age. He died in the month of October, 1847, full of years and full of honours.

THE LAMENT OF WILL FAA,

The Deceased King of Little Egypt.

(From the "Scotsman," 20th October, 1847.)

The daisy has faded, the yellow leaf drops,
The cold sky looks grey o'er the shrivelled tree-tops;
And many around us, since summer's glad birth,
Have dropt, like the old leaves, into the cold earth.
And one worth remembering hath gone to his home—
Where the King and the Kaiser must both at last come—
The King of the Gypsies—the last of his name,
Which in Scotland's old story is rung on by fame.

The cold clod ne'er pressed down a manlier breast
Than that of the old man now gone to his rest.
It is meet we remember him; never again
Will such foot as old Will's kick a ball o'er the plain,
Or such hand as his, warm with the warmth of the soul,
Bid us welcome to Yetholm, to bicker and bowl.
Oh, the voice that could make the air tremble and ring,
With the great-hearted gladness becoming a king,

Is silent, is silent; oh, wail for the day
When death took the Border King, brave Willie Faa.
No dark Jeddart prison e'er closed upon him,
The last lord of Egypt ne'er were gyve on limb.
Though his grey locks were crownless, the light of his eye
Was kingly—his bearing majestic and high.
Though his hand held no sceptre, the stranger can tell
That the full bowl of welcome became it as well;
The fisher or rambler, by river or brae,
Ne'er from old Willie's hallan went empty away.

In the old house of Yetholm we've sat at the board,
The guest, highly honoured, of Egypt's old lord,
And mark'd his eye glisten as oft as he told
Of his feats on the Border, his prowess of old.
It is meet when that dark eye in death hath grown dim,
That we sing a last strain in remembrance of him.
The fame of the Gypsy hath faded away
With the breath from the brave heart of gallant Will Faa.

Galashiels Dyers' Corporation.

HOW much meaning oftimes lies treasured in a name! Long after it has ceased to be applicable to the object it was coined to define, it still serves a most important purpose. It shows the relation, it may be, between byegone ages and our own, as in the present instance. The term dyer leads back the mind to the time when there was no such division of labour as at present—when the wool was picked, spun, and woven by the peasant in his lone cottage, without extraneous help. But the operation of dyeing required more time, skill, and appliances than he could afford; hence a class of men arose who made it their special business. The Corporation from the first comprised two classes—the Auld and Young Dyers, meaning thereby the employers and employees, for, among a people working with their own hands, old is almost synonymous with rich and influential, while young is just the opposite. The object of it was much the same as that which trades unions have in view at the present day, namely, to see justice done among its members, to prevent encroachments on the part of the workmen, or wilfulness on that of the masters; for, be it observed, both masters and men combined to form a union, supposed to be to their common advantage. None but those who were natives of the town and had served a lawful apprenticeship were allowed to pursue the trade of dyeing, except under various limitations and restrictions, or on payment of a fine; and money penalties were also inflicted on any who broke any of the rules or regulations. The society was founded in 1778, and was composed of the two classes named above, called also the Senior Clothiers and Junior Clothiers. In 1815, however, a disruption took place between these two parties. This secession, however, only implied that henceforth they should be separated only so far as regarded the Michaelmas festivities, for the original purpose of its founding seems to have been lost sight of ere that time. No doubt the reason of this separation lay in the great social gulf that existed and exists between the two parties.

The weaving trade had also its Corporation, generally thought to have been more wealthy than the dyers. "Weaver" used to be the general term for manufacturer, and is so used in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, and still in country districts. When or why this Corporation took its rise we cannot tell, as all the records are lost. The minute-book of the dyers—if minute-book there ever was—is also lost, and all that remains is a list of the office-bearers from 1778 downwards. These office-bearers, elected annually at a meeting held on the last Friday of September, were as follows:—A deacon, two quarter-masters, an officer, a book-keeper, and a standard-bearer. The "standard" of the Corporation of Dyers is a flag on which is depicted a sheep hung by the middle, and the words, "We dye to live, and live to dye." The annual festival took place on the 10th October, unless it fell on a Saturday or Sunday. Now it takes place on the Friday nearest the 10th. On the afternoon of the appointed day, then, the weavers, young dyers, and auld dyers, put themselves in array—the place of meeting, house of the respective deacons. The first to put themselves in motion were the weavers, who moved in procession, two deep, to the house of the Auld Dyers' deacon, by whom they were served with refreshments. Both parties then marched to meet the Old Dyers, and then all three bodies retired to their respective hotels, where dinner was served. A ball in the evening closed the public proceedings of that day and year.

The Tweed.

SHINING and shadowy, verdant-walled
  And sliding on silver reaches,
Twisting and turning by haugh and lea
  By his banks of spreading beeches,
Thundering over the foaming cauld
Tweed goes down to the windy sea.

Out of the West he takes his way,
  And out of the Mosspaul heather
Teviot comes from the hill-mists grey
  And the two take hands together,
Laughing comrades that wander down
From abbey to castle, from town to town.

Tweed! As you roll by the Eildons Three
  With the moon in the Melrose arches,
Do the raiders ride by you, knee to knee,
  Trooping down on the English marches?
As you pass where the walls of Dryburgh stand
Does her great dead wave you a courtly hand?

By Kelso Bridge at the midnight hour
  Stand the monks at the abbey-railing?
Do you hear a guard on the Norham Tower
  Through the ghostly moon-mist hailing?
Is there stain of blood where a phantom Till
Creeps from the shadow of Flodden Hill?

Beside you in tiny glen and strath,
  With a love that your songs embolden,
Gallant and girl by the river-path
  Go down through the grasses golden,
Planning a life that as smooth shall be
As the flow of your waves to the waiting sea.

In the heart of the night go slow, go slow,
  As you drift by those dim wraiths signing;
But, Tweed, for your lovers leap and flow
  When the golden sun is shining!
For dead men beckon and grey ghosts call,
But Love in its laughter forgets them all!

—WILL. H. OGILVIE, in the "Scotsman."

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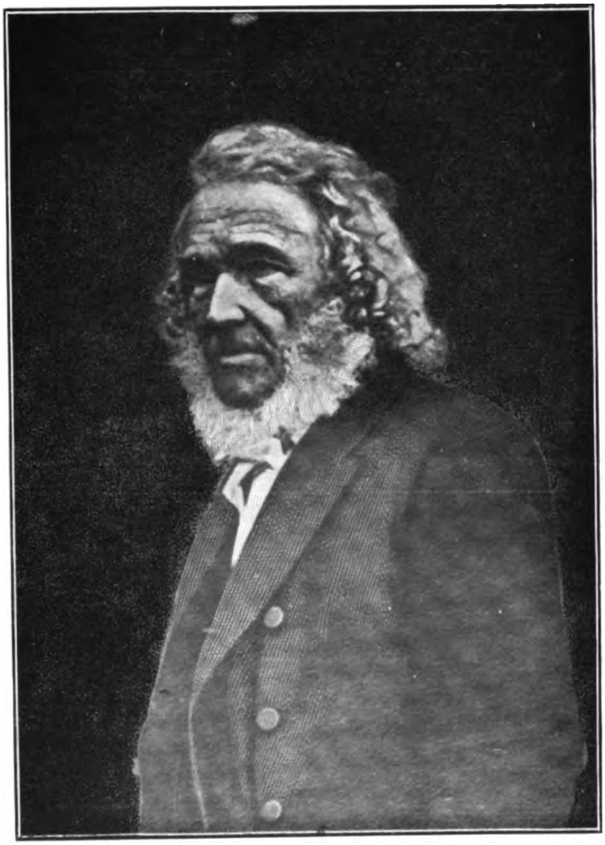
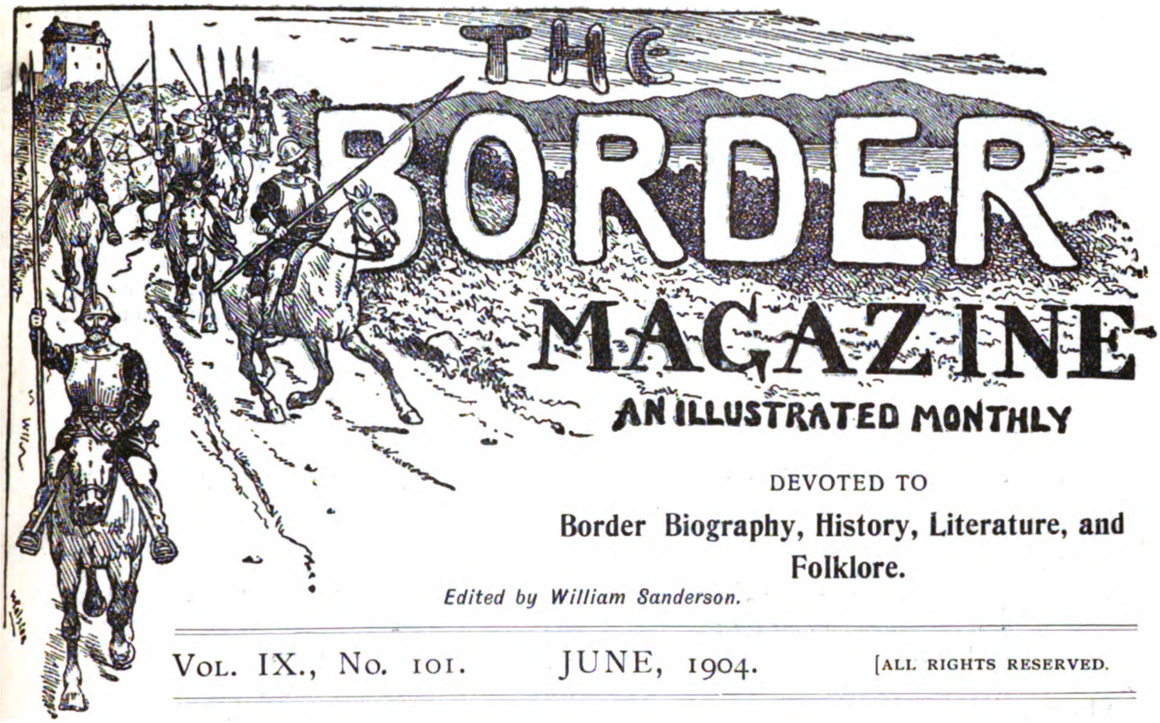


REV. NATHANIEL PATERSON, D.D.



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NATHANIEL PATERSON, D.D.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

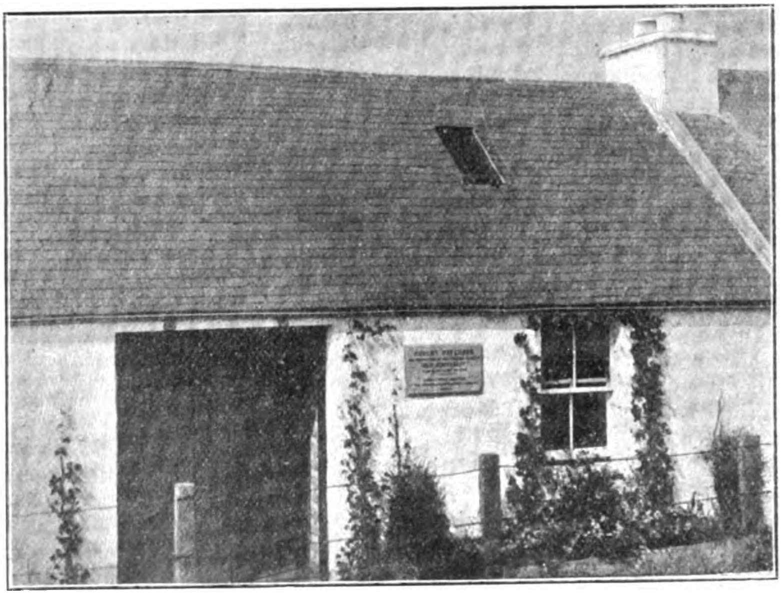
THE recent death of Princess Mathilde, daughter of King Jerome of Westphalia, who was the youngest brother of Napoleon I., has revived a story which was proved thirty years ago to be false. It was to the effect that John, the eldest son of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," had emigrated to America, where he amassed a fortune, and that his daughter had been married to Jerome Bonaparte, father of the late Princess Mathilde. Whether Sir Walter Scott, who was well acquainted with this fiction, believed it or not, is a doubtful point; but in 1873 the Rev. Nathaniel Paterson, son of the subject of this sketch, saw in Baltimore the will of Madame Bonaparte's father, whose name was there given as William Paterson, a native of Co. Donegal, Ireland. It is unnecessary to go into the matter here in detail, mixed up as it is with the asserted marriage of "Old Mortality's" grandson to an American lady who afterwards became the Marchioness of Wellesley. As already said, the whole affair is pure fiction, so far as any connection with the family of "Old Mortality" is concerned. The relationship, on the other hand, between Dr Nathaniel Paterson and Sir Walter Scott's well-known character is a sober matter of fact. In the introduction to "Old Mortality" the leading facts in the life of Robert Paterson, the prototype of the old Cameronian who is the central figure of the novel, are given with some detail,—these facts having been procured by Joseph Train, Sir Walter's well-known Galloway correspondent. We thus learn that Robert Paterson was born at Haggisha', near Hawick, in 1715, learnt the trade of a stone-engraver, married and had a family of five children, and finally left his home in order to devote the remainder of his life to the self-imposed task of repairing the tombstones of the Covenanters throughout the country. Sir Walter Scott tells now, being at Dunnottar about 1793, he found the old man in the churchyard there at his wonted toil. Robert Paterson died in 1801, and a monument to his memory was erected by Messrs A. & C. Black, at Caerlaverock, in 1869. The Hawick Archæological Society, in 1897, affixed two stone tablets to the house at Haggisha', or Burnflat, where he was born. The tablet in the rear wall of the house simply reads, "Birthplace of Old Mortality." That in front bears the following inscription:

"Robert Paterson, the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's 'Old Mortality,' was born here in 1712. This stone erected by the Hawick Archæological Society, 1897." After this tablet was affixed, Dr J. K. Hewison of Rothesay drew attention to the date on it of Old Mortality's birth, and adduced very conclusive evidence from the Hawick parish registers that Robert Paterson was born on April 25, 1716—being the second son in the family to bear that name, the first Robert having evidently died.

Walter, the second son of "Old Mortality," was, like his father, a stone-engraver, and died at Balmaclellan in his 63rd year. Nathaniel, the eldest son of Walter, and the subject of this sketch, was born in Kells parish in 1787. The cottage was situated on the banks of the Garpel Water, in the Glenkens district of Galloway; and in this solitary spot two passions were nourished which never grew less,—his love for nature and his delight in wielding a fishing-rod. His early education was got at the parish school; and it is related that the only prize gained by him there was one for cock-fighting. It is believed, however, that no other prize was ever awarded at the school. When only sixteen he became a student of Edinburgh University. During his Arts' course he was particularly attracted, it is said, to the studies of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, his inventive genius finding vent in designs for all manner of mechanical appliances. It may be added here that in after years he designed two lifeboats; and on the perfecting of one of these—the Riddle Lifeboat—he spent much time and pains, and ultimately had the satisfaction of knowing that the principle of it "is now actually carried into effect in all existing life-boats." The idea of making any profit from his inventions never seems to have occurred to him.

In his second year at college he was joined by his brother Walter, and the two occupied the same room, living very frugally, as was the manner of many in similar circumstances,—their slender store eked out by consignments from the fond mother, sent by the carrier's cart. In " Anent Old Edinburgh " the late Miss Alison Hay Dunlop, the recipient of so many loving epistles from the "Scottish Probationer," tells how, when last century was young, the student from Yarrow, accompanied by his fellow-student from Ashkirk, would set off at the end of the session for home, and "tramp together joyously down Gala Water." Similarly, our young student from Galloway would trudge on foot all the long miles between the capital and the little cottage on Garpel Water, sometimes in company but more often alone, now and then "walking backwards to rest his tired sinews and give a fresh set exercise." At length the uneventful years of student-life passed away, the father having died in the interval. Nathaniel now became a tutor, first in one family, then in another; and it was to his tutorship that he owed his first charge. A vacancy occurring at Galashiels, the patron, on the recommendation of a relative in whose house Nathaniel had been tutor, appointed the young licentiate to the charge; and although the settlement was by no means a popular one, yet he soon made his mark, and filled the church to overflowing. One far-reaching event occurred during his ministry at Galashiels, namely, a change in his style of preaching akin to that which occurred in the early ministry of Dr Chalmers. Another important circumstance was his marriage to Miss Laidlaw, only daughter of Robert Laidlaw, Esq. of Peel, in 1825. The Laidlaws had been neighbours to Sir Walter Scott at Ashiestiel, and on very intimate terms with each other. Many were the invitations to share in the hospitalities of Abbotsford which were now sent to the Manse at Galashiels, and these were frequently taken advantage of. One visitor at the Manse must also be noted, namely, George Thomson, tutor and librarian at Abbotsford. What with his eccentric manner and his wooden leg, the Manse children at first stood in no little awe of this worthy; but in order to gain their confidence he would unscrew his artificial limb, and hand it over to them to play with. The welcome appearance lately of Dr John Leyden's long-lost "Tour in the Highlands and Western Islands," carefully edited by Mr James Sinton, revived the controversy as to "Dominie Thamson" being the prototype of Dominie Sampson in "Guy Mannering." There are those who are still inclined to believe that Dr Leyden himself, with his frequent use of the word "prodigious," furnished at least some of the features in the Dominie's portrait, as drawn in the novel. This is a point, however, which cannot now be settled, and George Thomson will no doubt long continue to be regarded as the veritable Dominie Sampson.

It was while Mr Paterson was minister at Galashiels that "The Manse Garden" was written, though not published for a few years after it was finished. As this book is nowadays not so well known as it once was, it may be permitted here to say a little regarding it. Written as it was from a fulness of knowledge of, and a great love for, the subject itself, many who never possessed a garden have enjoyed the charm of its language, and its wise and pithy remarks. It was at first published anonymous-ly, but the authorship could not long remain hid. A rather curious circumstance, however, settled the matter. A short time before "The Manse Garden" was written, Mr Paterson had compiled the history of his parish for the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," and in it he had made some very original remarks regarding the "moor blackbird." This had evidently been forgotten by him, for the bird again appeared in "The Manse Garden," depicted in much the same style as previously. This was regarded by many as conclusive, and when the second edition appeared the authorship was admitted. The book is divided into three parts: I., Forest and Fruit Trees; II., Vegetables; III., Flowers; and there is added a racy appendix on "The Minister's Boy." The holly was a great favourite with him, and so loudly were its praises sung in the book that it is said the nurserymen became sorely taxed in order to supply the demand for it. The depreciatory remarks, on the other hand, upon some of the culinary herbs and vegetables provoke a smile, until one remembers that the author's verdict upon them is given wholly from his own viewpoint, namely, his delicate stomach. Thus we meet with such passages as the following: "The cabbage is a principal, long standing, and substantial vegetable,—excellent for a cow or such of our own species as have the like powers of digestion." "Garlic is not designed for food to man in a state of society; and hermits, if they choose, may find enough of it growing wild in the woods and glens which they naturally frequent." "Sage is one of the trash tribe, a perfect abomination—used for stuffing ducks, and fools who feed for apoplexy." But what a display of beauty we have on entering the flower-garden! Beginning with spring bulbs, and going on to hardy annuals and fine old-fashioned perennials, the garden is kept in bloom nearly the whole year round. The rose was always a special favourite with him, and many kinds are treated of in "The Manse Garden." When at the Assembly of 1865, he went to Craigcrook to see a tea-rose which covered the whole front of the house in Lord Jeffrey's time, the sight of which he had formerly enjoyed when in all its glory. But this time, to his great regret, he found it killed down to the roots by late frosts. A very pathetic incident was his pilgrimage to the old home in his latter days, when a particular bright red rose which he remembered growing in the garden there in his childhood was found amid the desolation, and duly treasured.



From Photo by James T. Sinton, Joppa.

OLD MORTALITY'S COTTAGE.

To resume the thread of the narrative, the life at Galashiels, with his flock increasing in numbers, his ministrations greatly appreciated, and his young and interesting family of sons and daughters growing up around him, was a very happy one. But, alas! it had a rather sad ending. It was the period of Reform, when political feeling ran high, bitter words were often spoken, and unseemly acts done. When, after the passing of the Reform Bill, a Member of Parliament fell to be elected among them, and the minister voted Tory, the people plainly showed their resentment, actually going the length of spitting upon him in his own church. We remember the indignities to which "the Shirra" was himself subjected at that critical time. It was then, in 1833, that he received a call to St Andrew's Church, Glasgow, which was accepted.

But if the times were stirring politically, they were soon no less so ecclesiastically. The Disruption was already casting its shadow before, and while not very sanguine as to how many of his flock would act, his own mind was early made up as to the course he should pursue. Meantime, the University of Glasgow had conferred on him the degree of D.D., his congregation paying the fees, and at the same time presenting him with a piece of plate. When the day of separation at last arrived, he and his brother, and Dr Landsborough, their old friend, walked together in the historic procession to Tanfield Hall. Many of the people of St Andrew's joined their beloved pastor on his return to Glasgow, and services were held in the Bridgegate Church until, in March, 1844, Free St Andrew's was ready to receive them.

The labours of a faithful minister in a large city are varied and exhausting. Besides the ordinary work of the congregation, Dr Paterson threw his energies into mission work, taking possession of "various neglected districts in the Saltmarket and Gallowgate. More than a dozen schools, attended by upwards of 400 children, were carried on in this way by the congregation for many years." Dr Paterson was, all his life, a martyr to frequent bilious attacks, insomuch that Dr Rainy once advised him to take a day in the country once every month. In these brief holidays his fishing-rod was his constant companion, and great was his joy when a big fish was taken—as, indeed, often happened. In 1850, he was chosen Moderator of the Assembly, and in November of the same year he presided at the inauguration of the New College at Edinburgh, the foundation-stone of which had been laid by Dr Chalmers, in June, 1846. The burden of years, and of his multifarious duties, was now beginning to tell on him; and in 1856, when he was verging on the threescore-and-ten, Mr Isdale of Invertiel became his colleague and successor. Dr Paterson still continued his visitations of the sick, and preached occasionally, though gradually his sphere of duty became more and more contracted. The death of his beloved wife, in 1864, was a crushing blow, from which he never recovered. The sermon which he had partly written at the time of her death, remained unfinished, and he never again filled the pulpit. After wintering for two or three years at Helensburgh, he at length, in 1868, took up his abode there permanently. He attached himself to the congregation of the West Free Church, the minister of which, the Rev. Alexander Anderson, became his devoted friend, and afterwards edited a selection of his charming letters, covering a period from 1829 to 1865. To these letters a most appreciative memoir was prefixed.[*] Mr Anderson thus describes the striking appearance of Dr Paterson at this time:—

> "Although considerably bent, and not over the middle height, he was the most noticeable man to be met on the streets. . . . His hair fell in wavy curls, and white as snow, upon his shoulders. His keen black eye remained undimmed to the last, and all his movements were quick and lively. When sitting in his pew in church, it seemed to the writer that one of the old prophets was amongst his hearers; for there was something of grandeur in his appearance, and the language of endearment only became more appropriate when he was seen near at hand, and his face was lighted up with a kindly smile."

A few years before this his own congregation of Free St Andrew's had presented him with his portrait painted by Mr John Napier of London. This portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and a story was told in connection with it, which, if not true, ought to be. It is said that her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, "gazed long upon it, and after she had seen the other pictures, returned to it, saying, 'I must have another look at the dear old man.'"

The evening of his life was quiet and peaceful. "He would sit for hours at his window," we are told, "when confined to his room, delighted with the changes upon the sea, the smoke of Greenock making a thousand pictures for a Turner in a single hour, and the ever-varying clouds as they came or passed away over the hills." His last illness was of somewhat long duration. In October, 1870, he was prostrated by weakness and acute pain in the region of the heart, but in all he exhibited great patience and resignation. He died on April 25, 1871, at the age of eighty-four. He was a man greatly beloved, and his memory is still held in great honour by all who knew him. "He had no enemies," said the Rev. Dr Samuel Miller of Free St Matthew's when preaching the funeral sermon, "yet he escaped the woe pronounced against those of whom all men spoke well, because no admiration could stir up pride and vanity within him. He was meek and lowly in heart, and ever esteemed every man better than himself." So lived and died this worthy grandson of "Old Mortality."

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[*] "Letters to his Family by Nathaniel Paterson, D.D., with Brief Memoir by the Rev. Alexander Anderson, West Free Church, Helensburgh." Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1874.

J. L.

Recollections of Old People I have known.

MANY years ago I became acquainted with an interesting old lady who had lived in Edinburgh during the greater part of a long life. Like most persons far advanced in years she loved to dwell in the past. Her memory was unimpaired to the end, and she vividly recalled many of the scenes of her youth. Of these she was fond of speaking—and it was an easy matter to "draw her out." Of course, like those whose associations and affections cluster around bygone times, she thought that "the former days were better than these;" better in every respect—in manners, customs, and habits. The generation which had grown up around her manifested qualities which she could not admire. The greater part of the changes she had witnessed did not commend themselves to her. And she never hesitated to express her opinion clearly and decidedly. Especially was she severe on her own sex, for she abhorred women who usurped positions she deemed exclusively appropriated to men. For lady orators, lady doctors, lady students, &c., she had only words of censure. Had she been permitted to see lady cyclists, lady motorists, lady politicians, and "the unabashed new woman" she would have been horror-stricken. Withal she was kindly, and a vein of humour always ran through her caustic observations. She reminded one a little of Mrs Violet MacShake in Miss Ferrier's novel of "Marriage," When Miss Douglas hesitatingly suggested that with the changes her venerable friend had seen, she must have seen many improvements, the indignant reproof was returned, "Impruvements! what ken ye about impruvements, bairn? A bonny impruvement or ens no, to see tylecrs and sclaters leevin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great, glowerin' New Town there where I used to sit and luck out at bonny green parks, an' see the cows milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' and tumlin', and the lasses trampin' in their tubs. What see I noo but stane and lime, and stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels, an' dinkit oot madams prancin'. Impruvements indeed!" This is a picture, though somewhat highly coloured, of the lady to whom I refer. Behind her apparent sternness there was a warm heart, and children were her delight.

When a very little girl she resided with a relative who had a large farm in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. For the sake of the young people in and around his place he erected a small school in one of his fields. The house had a "but" and a "ben." The teacher was a lame and "stickit" preacher who belonged to the neighbourhood. She described the boys coming every morning with a peat or two under their arms for the fire. She was the only "lassie" at the little school, and great deference was paid to her by her fellow-students. She had a pony on which she rode about the country unattended. One day she cantered along to the manse of a parish—Lamington, if I remember rightly—to see her acquaintances, the minister's daughters. She said that she was just in time for a great function. The girls had completed their education by a quarter's schooling in Edinburgh, and were esteemed proficient musicians. Their father had invested in a piano for their use. It had arrived, and was placed in the parlour "There were no drawing-rooms in these days," she observed. In the afternoon the minister went round the hamlet—for so it was then—and invited the wives and bairns (the men were working) to come up to the manse and hear something that would surprise them. Accordingly, they gathered on the gravel walk, the window was opened, and the young ladies performed to the astonishment and delight of the auditors. "This," she added, "was the first piano introduced into that part of the country." It may be mentioned that this incident occurred in the latter part of the eighteenth century, somewhere about 1785: at any rate several years before the nineteenth century dawned.

One cold, disagreeable afternoon in the month of March or April, about six and twenty years ago, I called and casually inquired if she ever remembered such a long track of bad weather at that season. "Yes," she answered, "I mind when I was a lassie, and living at my uncle's just about this time, a flock of sheep were brought down from the hills to the glen. A great storm of wind and snow came on. The sheep were under the care of the old shepherd, but the tempest began so suddenly that he was taken by surprise. Many sheep were blown into the Clyde and drowned, and the man was found next day on the bank nearly smothered, but he lived after that for many years. "I recollect it well," she said, "for the kirk bell was rung, and all the men who had big knives or shears were summoned to skin the bodies of the sheep that had been drowned and were recovered." I verified her tale by turning afterwards to the "Book of Days," and found just about the date she had mentioned the story of a calamitous storm in the southern districts of Scotland. When very young she was married to an officer, and lived in Edinburgh Castle, where her only child was born. She related how, from Fort William, she journeyed with her husband and a detachment of his regiment to Fort George. She was conveyed in a covered waggon with her baby, and she described the route taken before the Caledonian Canal was finished. It was begun in 1803, and partly opened in 1822. Her husband died after a short married life. I am not sure of the date of his death, but she was a widow for about sixty years. Her child died fifty years before her. She had, of course, a pension, which she drew all those sixty years, to the amazement of the War Office or Treasury officials, who once or twice made enquiry whether someone was not personating her. She drew it at first at the "Excise Office," "a large building," she said, "the only building in what is now Drummond Place." Beyond that there was nothing but fields and hedgerows. She had seen Princes Street when it was but half built; the Nor' Loch when it was an unsavoury puddle; the Mound ere it was completed; the new North Kirk (in which she worshipped), when it had two galleries, one above the other; Windmill Street (off George Square) when it was not an unfashionable quarter; the Assembly Rooms when they were in Buccleuch Place, the Sedan chairs which conveyed ladies to and from the balls, and many other things which belong to the past. She was on intimate terms with Sir Adam and Lady Ferguson, Lady Scott, and other well-known people in Edinburgh. She attended church till she was 94, and she died in 1879 in her 99th year.

I was acquainted also with an old man in a different rank of society from the former. When I knew him first he was upwards of 80. He had been born in Edinburgh, and never was out of it except for a brief holiday. One of his earliest recollections was the reception of the news of the battle of Trafalgar, which took place in 1805. He was then a boy of seven or eight years old. He remembered men and lads going about selling songs celebrating the victory. "Tra-fal-gar we called it then—Trafalgar it is called now," he used to say. In his youth Edinburgh was no further south than St Patrick Square. There was a gateway—no gate, however—through which a person passed to the open country. Beyond, a few red-tiled cottages were discernable here and there. There was no road down Minto Street and up by Liberton Brae. The public thoroughfare towards the south of England was by the Causewayside, along which toiled carriers carts, horsemen rode, pedestrians went out and in, and latterly coaches were driven. He used to speak of the watchmen and their boxes scattered up and down. They were old men generally, and not of very much use. The streets were badly lit by oil lamps placed at considerable distance from each other. Occasionally larks were played by young men who had more drink than discretion. A sentry box might be capsized, with the occupant unable to extricate himself, or he might be excluded by a bar placed to prevent his ingress. Gas was first used by a clothier whose name, he thought, was Blackwood, and whose shop was in College Street. Crowds used to collect at night round his window to see the wonderful sight—a light burning without a wick or anything else visible! He spoke of the resurrectionists, and told some gruesome tales. When I said "that would be in the days of Burke and Hare," "Burke and Hare!" he exclaimed, "oh, no, that was a thing of yesterday. It was long before their day." Once, when late at night he happened to be near the Infirmary, he got into conversation with the watchman, who asked him into a public-house close by to get a dram. He declined, saying that he was not in the habit of going into such places, and enquired how he could give him a dram there for nothing. The answer was, "Weel ye ken. When I hear a fit comin' doun the street early in the morning when it's dark, I just slips in here, and I sees naething, and I hears naething!" He could not be taken as a witness of any dark doings. The coaches, which started from the Tron for Leith several times a day, were familiar to him. They went by the Canongate and changed horses at Shrubhill. They were exactly like the Queensferry Fly described by Sir Walter in the Antiquary; and they took a long time to complete the journey; so long that to walk to search it, for suspicions were rife, though unconfirmed, about the writer. They found was quicker than to drive. One morning a passenger on the coach observed a friend walking down the High Street; he called to him, and enquired if he was for Leith. "Yes," was the reply. "Come up here and we'll have a crack." "Na, na," answered the pedestrian, "I havena time, I'm in a hurry!" On Calton Hill—before the Waterloo Bridge was built—there was held a market and a fair. These he remembered well. Of course, there was no national monument on its summit at that period. He spoke of Peebles as he had seen it when a youth. His uncle had been the town's herd, who went out in the morning and blew his horn for the cows to be let out of their byres and proceed to the common, and he blew at night for them to return, when each cow slowly, solemnly and without mistake turned into its own "close mouth" or "pend." He spent a few days with an aunt at Haughhead, near Innerleithen, and remembered the women, when the Tweed was fordable, wading across for their milk each morning. He knew Abbotsford before it was Abbotsford (like the old rhyme, "If you had seen this road before it was made"), and after the house was built. He had been often there, as his uncle was "Tam Purdie"—of whom he mentioned that Sir Walter had said, "I could trust Tam with untold gold, but no with untold whisky." He never spoke to the great magician, but he saw him there and in Edinburgh; and he once carried a letter from Abbotsford to Ashiestiel for his daughter. Tom took him to dine with the servants once or twice in the house in Castle Street. Jeffrey he frequently saw and had bound books for him, for he was a bookbinder to trade. The conversation of this worthy old man was most interesting, and his reminiscences threw a light on the state of Edinburgh in his early days. He, like the lady mentioned above, attended church when he was considerably above 90, and he died a few days before completing his one hundredth year.

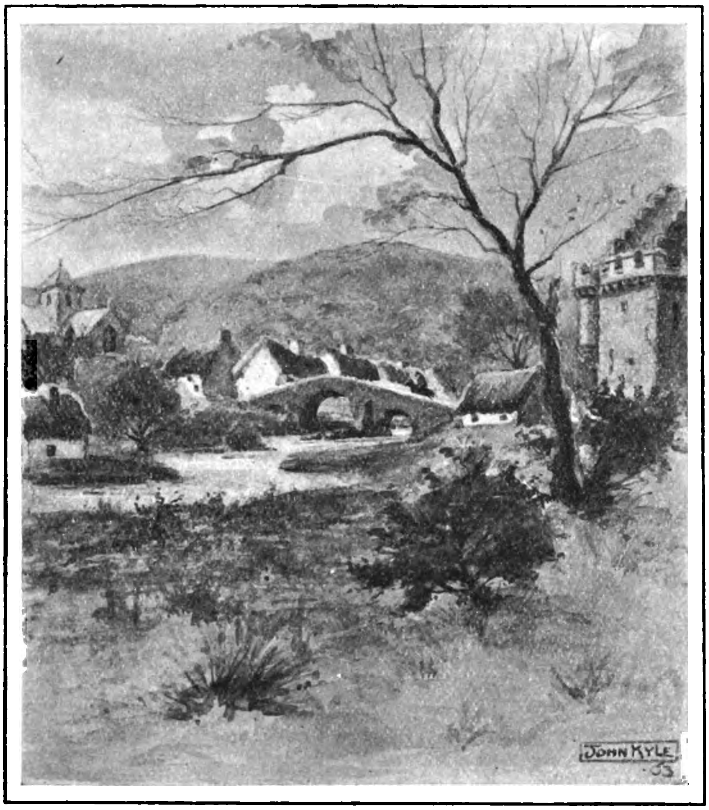
A gentleman told me he attended the University when Knox was the great lecturer on anatomy. Though not a medical student himself, he often went with his medical companions to the lecture room, and he was one of those who, at the time of the Burke and Hare excitement, went to guard Knox's house in Arniston Place against the mob, and allow him to escape their fury, which he did by getting out of a back window and over a garden wall. He used to say that one thing he always enjoyed was going down to the Coach Office at the east end of Princes Street to see Ramsay's (of Barnton) coach, the Quicksilver, start for London. being all touched or "slashed" with silver, as the it received its name on account of the wheels being all touched with silver and "flashed" as the phrase is. When the clock began to strike eight the horses commenced to prance in their impatience to be off; the ostlers had to keep firm hold of the leaders. Ramsay had to mount the box and give the word almost before the last stroke, otherwise there would have been a scene with the horses. He always said that it was a fine sight to witness. His recollections of Berwickshire, where he resided, may perhaps be alluded to hereafter. He died in Edinburgh some years ago at the age of 84 or 85.

It is more than 30 years since I conversed with an old woman who, being ill, had been ordered by her medical attendant to put on "a fly blister." I happened to ask her if she ever had one before. Her reply—"Yes, the last fly blister I had was prescribed by Mungo Park!" That must have been in Peebles, as she was born in the neighbourhood of that town.

About 26 or 27 years ago I heard a very venerable gentleman give a short address to the children attending a Board School in Edinburgh. Among other things he said, "Now, boys and girls, you can tell your parents that you saw to-day an old man who informed you his grandmother told him that when a girl she was present at a ball in Holyrood Palace in 1745, given by Prince Charles Edward Stuart, that she attracted his notice, and he lifted her in his arms and kissed her!" This incident happened, therefore, more than 130 years before, and this gentleman who had heard it from his grandmother's lips was a link between 1745 and 1878.

An aged joiner—long retired from business—once mentioned to me that when he was a lad he served his apprenticeship to the tradesman who had charge of work executed at Abbotsford, and that he and his master learned the secret of the authorship of the Waverley novels before the public knew it. He related how, one day, Mr —— and he were engaged in fixing a deer's head in the hall, under the superintendence of the "Shirra." He was in the room off the library engaged in dictating to his amanuensis. But he came out to the hall to see how the "job" was being done, and stood for a considerable time watching, all the while, however, dictating a curious conversation, of which they both took special note, as the word "whumle" occurred in it, a word very rarely used in these parts. When the next novel appeared, his master got it, and they together set themselves the actual conversation to which they had listened, and, though they did not reveal their discovery, they learned what to others was simply conjecture. On a recent visit to Abbotsford I tested the story, saw the position of the deer's head, and found that words spoken, without any effort, in the hall were distinctly heard in the study.

been published on the Borders. The book contains nine articles, the first on "Stobs and the Border Elliots" being introductory to the sketch of Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar. The siege of the rock fortress is most vividly described, and the reader will rise from its perusal with pardonable feelings of pride in the heroism of his countrymen.



Block kindly lent by Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick.

HAWICK IN THE TIME OF QUEEN MARY.

Border Sketches—Historical and Biographical.

THIS handsome volume, by J. R. Oliver, which we have had the pleasure of dipping into is a distinct gain to our Border literature, and is destined, we believe, to be a standard work on the subject.

Not since the late Mr Walter Riddell Carre issued his "Border Memories"—which, by the way, was published at 9s—has a similar work

There is a reproduction of Lord Heathfield's portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which represents him holding the key of the fortress in his hand, and it is interesting to Borderers to know that the actual key is now in the possession of George Tancred, Esq. of Weens.

"A statue of Lord Heathfield stands in the Almeda Gardens at Gibraltar; and his portrait on the wall of the banqueting hall at the old convent is always pointed out to visitors as Old Elliot, the hero of the great siege. But his proudest memorial is the great fortress itself.

So long as Gibraltar remains a British possession, the name of Lord Heathfield will ever hold an honourable place in the history of his country."

A very readable paper on the Elliots of Minto comes next. Gilbert, the ancestor of the Earls of Minto, was successful in saving the life of William Veitch, a celebrated preacher and a leading spirit among the Covenanters, and a quaint story is told of them in after life, when the troublous times were passed and the two old friends met to talk over old times. "Ay, Willie, Willie," the judge would exclaim, "had it no been for me the pyets had been pyking your pow on the Netherbow Port." To which the minister would humorously retort, "Ah, but Gibbie! Gibbie! had it no been for me, ye wad ha' been writing papers yet at a plack a page."

Sir Walter Elliot, K.C., S.I., of Wolfelee, another Elliot who distinguished himself in India, is treated at some length, and is followed by an interesting sketch of the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, a nobleman who occupied some of the highest offices of the crown, and was endeared to all by his kindly, gracious demeanour.

The remaining articles are mostly historical and antiquarian, but are all eminently readable.

The following quotation from "Hawick and the Borders three hundred years ago" will give our readers an idea of the author's power of description:—

> "A quiet, pretty little place, Hawick must have been then, with the bright, brawling Slitrig, and her calmer sister, the Teviot, flowing past between their green flowery banks. . . . There were no roads, save a few wide tracks, leading to it. Its whole trade and commerce were conducted at the annual fairs, to which the merchandise was brought on the backs of a few pack horses. A quiet little place indeed, cradled among the hills, and almost cut off from the rest of the world, yet liable to have its quiet rudely disturbed by the shrill fife sounding the alarm of danger or the call to arms.
>
> Many of you will have observed on a misty summer morning, when the valley is completely hid from sight by the soft impenetrable haze, or perhaps dimly shadowed forth a blotchy indistinct mass of grey, the hill tops rise, clear and distinct, like islands on a dull waveless sea, while all the beauty and life of the landscape is completely hidden by the soft, impalpable mist; just so, I think, is the light of history thrown on the story of the past, throwing out in bold relief the great events of history, while the valleys, the obscure places and people, so full of real life and interest, are as completely lost to us as if they had never been. We read of great battles, of glorious victories or disastrous defeats, of the doings of kings and queens and nobles; but I should like above all things if we could blow aside the mist and get a glimpse of the people at their daily toil—to know something of their lives, their interests, and their opinions. I should like if we could lift the latch of some of those old Hawick houses, and listen to the cracks as
>
> "The goodman mends his armour,
> And trims his helmet's plume,
> And the goodwife's shuttle merrily
> Goes flashing through the loom."
>
> For not one of these old houses but had its warlike weapons, which the men had learned well how to use, as they followed their feudal lord to the field in his own and their country's quarrels."

"With Prince Charlie in the Lowlands in 'The Forty-five,'" with which the book closes, gives a very vivid account of the last rebellion, illustrated from original contemporary letters hitherto unpublished.

The volume contains some 300 pages, and there is not a dull page in it.

The illustrations, of which there are 12 full page, and one or two smaller, add much to its value, while a good map of the district and a detailed index are commendable features.

There is also a facsimile letter from the late W. E. Gladstone, in which the great statesman gives the author high praise for her paper on "The Gladstones and the siege of Coklaw."

The author, Mrs Oliver of Thornwood, who has made many contributions to Border literature, some of which have appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE, is to be complimented on her present handsome volume, while the publishers, Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, thus add one more to the important Border books they have published. A word of praise is due to the printers, Messrs Vair & M'Nairn, of the "Hawick News," who have done their part exceedingly well. The volume is published at 5s net., and we heartily commend it to all lovers of the Borderland.

Mrs Cousin, a well-known Border hymn writer, who was born in 1824, is still living quietly in Edinburgh. The Rev. H. Smith says that her best known hymns are "King eternal, King immortal," and "To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God." I should have thought that "The sands of time are sinking," both as to words and tune, was her most popular. It is based on Samuel Rutherford's last words. I remember being present in the Free Church, Melrose, when the Rev. Mr Cousin was inducted to the charge. I was only a little fellow, and thought the service wearisome, but remember being impressed by a reprint of the famous hymn by Mrs Cousin on Samuel Rutherford's last words, which was put into my hand at the time by a Melrose friend. The writer of one good and popular hymn or song is surely a kind of earthly immortality. If I mistake not, the writer of another popular and well-known hymn once resided at Melrose.—*Southern Reporter.*

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TO ADVERTISERS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE can hardly blame people for giving less attention to literature during the long summer days than they do while winter reigns over the land, but we trust that those readers who have not given orders to their Booksellers to supply the BORDER MAGAZINE regularly will do so now and give us by this means a continuance of their support. It is the duty of every one who is privileged to be a Borderer to be "Leal to the Border," and one way in which this can be done is to give the BORDER MAGAZINE all the support possible. We are continually being gratified by letters from literary people, well qualified to judge, containing expressions of approval of our efforts, and while these encourage us much in our labours, we desire the sphere of our magazine very greatly extended. This can only be accomplished by an increased circulation—a matter which lies to a large extent in the hands of our readers. One literary lady writes:—"I am greatly interested in the BORDER MAGAZINE, as I dearly love everything connected with my own part of Scotland," while one of our titled aristocracy thus refers to our last bound volume:—"I think it is extremely well got up, and its contents will be of great interest to me, and I hope to some of my friends to whom I shall lend it."

The Border Keep.

DEAR FELLOW BORDERERS,—Many of my readers are devoted to the gentle art of angling, and are fond of hearing and telling a good fishing story. Anglers, like poets, are allowed a little licence, but whether the privilege has been made use of in the following narrative I leave the piscators to judge:—

"Eighty years ago a farmer who resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmabon Castle Loch, kept a gander, who not only had a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem to weary themselves in circumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to spring into his favourite element, and tying a large fish hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As he had anticipated, the bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which, swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half-a-dozen somersaults on the surface of the water. For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly and the other to swim from the invisible enemy—the gander one moment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting between whiles many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who called forth their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest pike ever caught in the Castle Loch. This adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering ever afterwards.

* * *

We are in the habit of looking to the "Waverley Novels" for lessons in modern science, but it seems that these delightful romances can be associated in some minds with the latest scientific marvel, as the following cutting shows:—

> I was in a somewhat learned company last evening, composed of professional men of all sorts, and the talk went from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and at length landed on radium. During the discussion a pseudo-savant observed that he had a literary-scientific theory to propound. It was to the effect that the "Talisman" of Sir Walter Scott, or rather the original Lee-penny, on which the wizard novelist built up his famous romance owed all its therapeutic virtues to the presence of radium in the pebble that nestled in the coin. It will be remembered that when the Lee-penny was dipped into water, the liquid acquired most mysteriously and magically the properties of a styptic or a febrifuge, in addition to other medical qualities of minor degree. In the romance, the Lion Heart, for example, was cured by drinking the healing draught administered by the infidel physician. "And if the waters of Bath," added the theorist, with a twinkle in his eye, "have now been proved to be charged with radio-activity by coming in contact with radium, why not the beverage King Richard quaffed? Yes, the Lee-penny, now 'spent,' of course, is the first instance on record of radium."

* * *

Some time ago my friend, the Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter," wrote in that paper the following interesting paragraph about Fairnalee, and I intend once more to draw upon that fruitful source for it and the following paragraph. I am almost ashamed to go so frequently to the same medium, especially as I have a lot of material from various sources on hand, but the paragraphs referred to are so admirably adapted for preservation in the "Keep" that I cannot refrain from giving my readers the benefit of them:—

> But for that "eternal want of pence" which vexes some public and not a few private men, I would made a bid for Fairnalee estate, which is in the market. The word is spelt in two or three different ways; I like Fernielee best, but the lawyers say Fairnalee! The estate is one of the most beautiful in the South of Scotland, but whoever purchases it will have to erect a new mansion, as the old house is in ruins. I remember seeing a good sketch of the old place by Mr William Anderson, a Selkirk man, who has done all the other Border castles and ruined mansions as well, and specimens of whose handiwork will be found in Selkirk Free Library. Mr Craig-Brown has edited the letters of Alison Rutherford or Cockburn, of Fairnalee, and there are some very interesting passages in the book. This lady, who met young Walter Scott in his father's house in George Square, made a forecast of his future greatness. She wrote a version of "The Flowers of the Forest," and when a staid woman she pictured herself "running as fast as a greyhound, on a hot summer day, to have the pleasure of a plunge in the Tweed. I see myself made up like a ball, with my feet wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of a hill at Fernilee, letting myself roll down to the bottom with infinite delight."
>
> A common saying amongst folks past the meridian of life, especially if their youth has been full of hardship, in the hearing of the youngsters of the present day, is "Laddies, ye dinna ken ye're born yet." No, the half of the young folks of the present day don't know they are born yet; they get their good things early, and get far more enjoyment out of life than their elders may have done, so much so that some of them are blasé at twenty-one. A wholesome corrective is to get them to look into the lives of their ancestors, or some of the Borderers who with few early advantages have done good work in their day and generation. Sir William Fairbairn, for instance, who was born at Kelso, on 19th February, 1789, had many early hardships, and a very hard seven years' engineering apprenticeship at Percy Main Colliery, near North Shields. He had in his early boyhood very little school learning, but all this was nothing compared to what he went through when seeking work in London. He built up one of the greatest British engineering businesses in Manchester, although he started with one lathe, a partner, and an Irishman for the muscular labour, and little or no capital. The £100,000 which he lost through his shipbuilding works at Millwall, came out of the profits of his Manchester business. To his credit stands the boiler riveting machine, the tubular bridge patent; some of the earliest iron steamers; and some 600 locomotives were built at his shops. His uncle, Wm. Fairbairn, was parish schoolmaster at Galashiels for over thirty years, and his namesake spent three months with him, learning book-keeping and land-surveying. In August, 1893, young Fairbairn left Galashiels, and found work with Rennie at Kelso bridge, where he nearly lost his life by a stone falling on his right leg. Let all who want to read a genuine Border romance read William Poles' "Life of Sir William Fairbairn." Equally good as a lesson in what can be done under the most untoward circumstances is the life of William Anderson, well known as a missionary in Jamaica and Old Calabar, who died as recently as 1896. I met him only once, in his last days, when his work was done. He must have been a very vigorous man in his prime. No man ever did better missionary work, or was more hearty in the doing of it. But it was in his blood, and he couldn't help it. His father, William Anderson, was a native of Hawick; Mary Lang, his mother, belonged to Galashiels. His father had lived at Hawick, Newcastleton, and Buckholmside, Galashiels, where the young missionary was born in 1812. His father had learned the hosiery trade, and had been in turn hosier, teacher, and merchant. He had been an elder too in the Burgher congregations of Hawick, Selkirk, Newcastleton, and Galashiels. To him the Newcastleton church mainly owed its origin; so did the church in Galashiels, of which Mr Pollock is now minister, also that of Ford at the Lammermoors. Before the Galashiels church was founded he used to walk to Dr Lawson's, at Selkirk. The Andersons went to live at Gorebridge. There is no space to tell of the little fellow's privations after his father died; how he became a farm servant, attended to the stock on a farm, did ploughing, and for the first time for many years knew what it was to have a full stomach. His childhood was anything but bright; in fact, it was full of gloom and depression from many causes. How he gradually prepared himself for his future work is well told in his own autobiography, prefixed to Mr Marwick's biography.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The late Walter Deans, the Rulewater Antiquarian.

IN the quiet little valley of the Rule there lived and died in Hobkirk parish one who has done much to keep alive the old Border traditions and family folk-lore of Rulewater. Mr Walter Deans, who passed away at the good old age of eighty-one on the 2nd March, 1904, and was buried on the 4th in the presence of a large and representative gathering of Border people, will be remembered as one who studied with special attention every antiquity and old family history in the valley. Although born in the Rule district himself, his family seems to have come from the neighbourhood of Hawick. Thomas Deans was tenant of the Mill and Mill-lands of Westerburnfoot in Wilton parish. He had a son, Walter, who became a cattle dealer, did well in the business, and married Janet, daughter of Mr Douglas of the Trows, whose family had been for generations located there, and were old vassals or retainers of the Douglas family. Walter had a son, James, born in the parish of Roberton in 1768, and he married Margaret Boe, who was born in Minto parish in 1777. The wedding took place in 1822, and on the 15th April, 1823, when she was forty-six years of age, her only child was born. Deans and his wife lived then at a cottage called "The Opens," on the Stonedge estate, at the bottom of Hawthornside Brae, and not far from Weens. Walter from his birth was considered an unusual bairn. As a little boy, he was not like other little boys. He did not care for boyish games, he kept apart from his school-fellows, and was considered by them to have "a bee in his bonnet." The governess at Weens, Miss Ward, a clever woman, took a great fancy to this strange little fellow. She thought there must be something in the quiet, thoughtful demeanour of the child, which even at this stage of life was a marked trait in his character. Walter received from her the first rudiments of his education, and through these youthful visits to the schoolroom at Weens he became well acquainted with the young ladies, who were more or less contemporaries of his own, and thus originated a friendship with the family at Weens which lasted throughout his life.

Children were not left very long at school in those days, and Walter, when quite a youngster, found himself helping his uncle, Thomas Boe, the Bonchester bridge mason, and in the course of time he became his apprentice. About the age of sixteen Walter Deans imbibed a strong inclination for antiquarian remains, and what first attracted his attention were the foundations of old buildings, which at one time were very common in the valley of the Rule. As a mason working at his trade, he had many opportunities of discovering where they stood by means of the mounds of earth which are generally to be found covering what remains of these "old places," and in exploring them he took much interest. He remarked that where an old building had once existed there was generally a stone dyke not far distant, and there portions of the building were frequently found.

As a young man, he contented himself with remembering all he saw, but about middle age he began to transcribe from his well-stored memory the information he had previously acquired. Mr James Smail, late secretary to the Commercial Bank of Scotland, a well-known Border antiquarian, who always took a lively interest in every thing relating to Rulewater, gave Walter Deans the benefit of his knowledge and researches, and inspired him to make a thorough investigation of every thing worthy of note in the district Mr Deans brought himself into notice by an article which was published in a local newspaper. After this the Hawick Archæologists and Berwickshire Naturalists gave him credit for his thorough knowledge of his own parish, including its traditions, family histories, antiquities, and folk-lore. They also published several of his papers, which will be useful to the student of Border history.

THE LATE WALTER DEANS.

Mr Deans for many years had charge of Hobkirk Churchyard, and drew out a plan of it for the heritors of the parish. He loved to point out to strangers the most ancient monuments, and particularly those erected to the old lairds of Rulewater. The kirkyard adjoined his house, and was the subject of one of his published papers. He knew every sculptured stone and where every stone stood, and the pedigree of all the old families in the parish. He picked up during his long life a nice little collection of curios, which are now in the possession of his widow. In the end of 1859 Walter Deans chose for his wife Margaret Armstrong, who came from Hartsgarth, and a good-looking young couple they were at their marriage, which took place at Newcastleton. He is survived by his widow, two sons, and two daughters. No one regrets the death of Mr Deans more than the writer of this paper, who here gives only a very incomplete account of one who devoted a long life to relics and memorials of the parish of Hobkirk. His well-known figure will be missed in our little community.

G. T.

The March Burn.

They will tell you in their order
  Cheviot, Teviot, Tweed, in turn:
But I know the real Border,
  And I know the true March Burn.

'Tis the bathroom of the swallow,
  'Tis the heron's banquet-hall,
Just a gleam the wild-ducks follow
  When the evening shadows fall.

Just a strip of sunny water
  That a man may step across,
Just a little laughing daughter
  Of the mist-cloud and the moss.

And when north winds o'er her whistle,
  Or a gentle south wind blows,
You can hear the purple thistle
  Singing love-songs to the rose.

She has green and golden dresses,
  Trimmed with flowers and fringed with snow,
And the ribbon round her tresses
  Is a blue-bell band a-row.

And, though Tweed may claim the honour,
  She who dances through the fern,
With the white lace foam upon her,
  Is the real Border Burn.

Will H. Ogilvie.

The School Board Election—a Border Sketch.

"HULLO! Hoo's a' wi' ye, Tosh? Ye've gotten hame again, I see."

"Hullo, Dauvit! Haud that bag, man, till I get oot. A body's no sae soople as he yince was when he nears the allotted span."

"That's true eneuch. Mind yer feet. It's a terrible lang step."

With habitual caution, which in no way required outside encouragement, Tosh braced himself for the deep step, and made the descent from the third-class smoking carriage slowly and carefully. Then, with a speculative eye, he stood looking up and down the platform of the little country village railway station.

"There's an unco steery the day," was his ultimate remark, uttered with much deliberation as he brought his glance round again to Dauvit. "What in the wind?"

"Man, this is the day o' the Schule Board election. Ye dinna mean to say that ye havena heard aboot it? I thocht ye'd landit the day for naething else than to record yer vote."

"Yours is the first word I've heard o' sic a thing—a Schule Board election! What was wrang wi' the auld Board?"

"Ye may ask that. It ser'd oor turn weel eneuch for mair years than I care to coont. But div ye mean to say this is the first ye've heard aboot it?"

"The very first. I've had naither letter nor paper frae here sin I left hame. Whae was to send them? or whae div ye think was to read them?" The latter question was fired at Dauvit somewhat testily. Scholarship was Tosh's weak point. "What's at the bottom o' this, Dauvit?"

"Oh, it's that Sampson o' the shop an' his gude-brothers that's arranged it a'. They had a spite at Sir John bec'us he didna gie Todd the hoose he wantit, an' they're bent on gettin' him oustit frae the Board. Sampson an' Todd are stannin' as fresh candidates, an' there's to be an election, an' that's a' I can tell ye aboot it." A pause ensued, during which Tosh appeared to be digesting this astounding intelligence.

"Ye'll vote, Tosh? Ye haena muckle mair than time."

"Me vote! Dags, Dauvit; hoo can I vote in a maitter like this at little better than a meenint's notice. A thing like this needs a deal o' consideration."

"There's some truth in that," said Dauvit, reflectively. "An' as for oustin' Sir John—did ever onybody hear the like? He's been a member o' that board sin' the seventies, an' I hope he'll sit on't till he dees. An' there's auld Ormiston, as weel, has suttin' there fu' as lang as Sir John. Are they to oust him an' a'?"

"Oh, he's to gang the gait o' Sir John. Ormiston's an awfu' Tory ye see, an' that's what's wrang wi' him. There's a heap o' Radicals creepit into the village bit by bit. Man, ye should hear them! They say—that is Todd says for them—that Sir John is a——"

Dauvit here halted and scratched his head, then removing his hat he carefully and deliberately polished his bald crown with a large red and green pocket handkerchief. "Hang me if I can mind what word he used, but he ca'd Sir John some sort o' aristycrat or other—meaning nae respect to him it was easy to see. He's a grand hand at a speech, Todd, there's nae mainner o' doot aboot that. An' he has a fine solid appearance on a platform, that canna be denied; but eh, man, he's a red-het Radical! He says auld Ormiston's in his——the word's slippit ma memory, but he as gude as said the auld man was nae better on the board than a sooking infant. Ormiston 'll fair break his hert if he's putten oot. It'll be a cryin' shame. Here's Todd!"

"Well, David! I saw you down at the voting in good time this morning. I hope you voted right."

"That depends on what ye may ca' richt, Mr Todd. I voted for the auld board, gi'en them a vote a-piece, if ye want to ken. An' for ma pairt I see nae reason whatever for concealment."

"Well, well,—home again, Tosh, I see," and Mr Todd, a gentleman of the broadly florid type in the flashiest of flashy attire, passed on with an air of having pressing business on hand.

"Ye settled him, Dauvit."

"Oh, ye've only to hit straicht at a man o' that kind, an' doon he goes like a ninepin." Dauvit smiled with fine contempt.

"There goes Sir John himsel', an' Mr Nichol wi' him. Nichol'll be shakin' in his shoon, too, nae doot."

"Oh, Mr Nichol's a' richt—he's shure o' re-election. He's a popular man, Mr Nichol, though I shouldna be saying sic a thing o' ma ain minister. He's a popular man, an' a discreet yin, I'll say that for him. I tried hard to draw him aboot the election (he was in oor hoose on Saturday), but he wasna to be had. The maist I could get oot o' him was to the effect that if the auld board was to have a chance for its life, canvassin' should be put doon—an' there should be nae plumpin' at the election. But, man, I'm tellin' ye they've a' canvassed as hard as ever they could, an' I could tell ye o' twae at least that plumpit the day for ——. There's Jimes Fergusson. We may as weel have his company alang the road. Weel, James."

"Weel, Dauvit. Hullo, Tosh!"

The conversation suffered from hiatus at this point. The three worthies meanwhile plodded on along the quiet lane-like road that led from the station to the village.

"Is your minister likely to be returned, James, think ye?" asked Dauvit, at last breaking silence. "Ye're a biggish body doon at the auld kirk. Ye'll shurely rally roond yer minister?"

"I wadna like to say"—Mr Fergusson was a man of few words—"there's naething queerer than folk."

"That's a fac'," assented Dauvit, with solemn conviction.

"An' elections are kittle affairs," again gave out the oracle.

"Ye never spoke a truer word in yer life, James," said Tosh, approvingly. "Elections, as ye remark, are kittle things—kittle things. See hoo that yin gaed agley that Mr Nichol was mixed up in afore he cam' here."

"Ay, Tosh, that was a bungl't business if ye like," said Dauvit. "They'll make a better job o' this day's wark let us hope. Wha's that comin' up the road? Ma sicht's no what it used to be. Oh, it's—— A fine day, sir; a fine day this, Mr Selby."

Sir John Twizel's secretary, a pleasant-looking gentlemanly man, passed quickly by with a cordial acknowledgment of Dauvit's greeting.

"Mr Selby's uncommon pleased like. He maun be cock shure o' gettin' in or he wadna be smilin' like that. Here's Joseph Dickson hurryin' alang as if he was burstin' fu' o' news. Is onything kent aboot the polling yet, Joseph?"

"Oh, it's a' ower, the result o' the poll was declared juist as I cam' by the schule-hoose ten meenits sin'."

"Bless me, ye dinna say sae? They've made shairp wark o't. Yer vote wad been a wee late, Tosh, even if ye'd happened to haed ready. Hoo did the votin' gang, Joseph?"

"No to please me, onywey. Auld Ormiston's oot, and that's the maist that I care aboot it. He fair grat, puir body, when they tell't him."

"Man, I'm vexed to hear that, Joseph," said Dauvit; while an expression of deepest concern and sympathy overspread the faces of the entire company. "I'm uncommon vexed to hear that. There's no a worthier man in the coonty than auld Ormiston. What aboot the rest o' the former members? Yin's fair feared to ask."

"Oh, the twae ministers are in safe eneuch. It's sma' wonder Macdonald got in—he was weel plumpit for. But your man disna heid the poll, Dauvit. Ye'll be disappointit at that?"

"That maitters naething, Joseph, ma man, sae lang as he takes his seat wi' fairplay. What aboot Todd an' Sampson?"

"Sampson's at the heid o' the poll, but Todd's oot—he's naither to haud nor bin'"

"The heid o' the poll! Sampson! Ye're jokin', Joseph."

"It's true, as I'm a leevin' man. Brass an' impidence got him there, of coorse; forby treatin' an' canvassin' a' he met wi'. But there he is, an' there he'll hae to bide. They say every yin o' the haunds at the mill doon-by plumpit for Sampson—every man o' them."

"Div ye say sae! But, Joseph, ye've made nae mention o' Sir John," said Dauvit, anxiously. "I could swear to Selby bein' in—he couldna keep the smile off his face whan he whuppit past us a while sin'."

"Ye've hutten the nail on the heid, Dauvit. Selby's in, so's Sir John, but he's at the fit o' the poll."

Margaret Fletcher.

From a Drawing by Tom Scott, A.R.S.A. By permission of Mosspaul Co.

LINHOPE.

On Border Hills.

Lad in front, and lass in rear;
The sun to face, and the hill to climb;
With many a thistle and syke to clear—
And a rare old reel for marking time:
We'll up the heather and cheerily pass
Where whaups are whistling, wild and hollow:
The bonnie lad will lead—the lass
Will follow, follow, follow.

Lass in front, and lad in rear—
And the set o' the sun on the Haunted Glen—
With a rolling song and a parting cheer,
We'll dirl the rocks on the windy Pen:
And hameward—when the blood is mad,
And drives us birling down the hollow—
The bonnie lass will lead—the lad
Will follow, follow, follow.

Francis G. Scott.

A Train View of the Borderland.

LEAVING the castle-crowned Capital by the Waverley route, its palace, ruins, and famous "Brighton" are soon behind, and we are out among the green fields and pastoral scenes around Dalhousie and Gorebridge, with memories of the Laird o' Cockpen, and Newbyres and Borthwick

> "Another aspect Crighton showed,
> As through its portals Marmion rode."

As the iron horse labours toward Fallahill, eyes feast on the green knowes, birch dells, fern-covered rocks, and white-washed cottages. Here are also peeps of the Lammers to the right, and Moorfoots to the left. All the while the iron monster snorts and puffs out smoke, like an ill-mannered devotee of the weed, regardless of the surroundings. Having reached the summit, it cleaves the air and heads down hill for the home of the braw, braw lads, with ease and grace.

Stow, the ancient residence of the Bishop of St Andrews, and the resting place of the Monks of Melrose, is delightfully sheltered by hills. Its Parish Church on the sloping bank, one of the finest in Scotland, is not a little admired as we sweep past. It was John Harding who, when instructing the English King how to ruin Scotland, advised him

> "To send an hoste of footmen in,
> At Lammerse next, through all Lauderdale,
> At Lamermore woods, mosses ower rin,
> And eke therewith the Stow of Wedale."

Through amongst the hills in an easterly direction is Lauder, of high antiquity, which William the Lion made a Royal Burgh, where Parliament occasionally met, where nobles met to take measures against the low-born favourites of James III., and where the lords under "Bell-the-Cat," Earl of Angus, "laid haudis on all servaudis and took them and hanged them ower the Bridge of Lather before the King's eyes."

As the train bowls along we are much in touch with Gala Water, which makes itself seen if not felt. Few streams are more sinuous. Edinburgh road, which traces its windings, is said to be over a third longer than the crow-flight. The abode of "Sour Plums" is not without its attractions. Its well-built houses, thriving gardens, and numerous factories are impressive. A few of its canny tweed-clad sons are about the station, and if what they wear is a sample of what is here manufactured, Galashiels deserves the fame it has so long possessed for tweeds. There is no shoddy seen anywhere, and the environs are indeed beautiful.

The lines from Peebles and Selkirk merge into the Waverley route here. Passengers wishful of seeing the land of the Souters, the vale of the Yarrow, and St Mary's Loch, leave us at Gala, whilst we, with thoughts of Flodden, freebooters, and Border families, steam on. We obtain peeps of the far-famed Tweed, and rush into the station overlooking Melrose, made famous by Sir Walter Scott. More than one passenger starts to his feet the better to view the ruined Abbey. Villas, houses, and gardens creep up to its walls, so that one may now view the venerable pile leisurely by moonlight without trouble from ghosts, or even having an eerie feeling.

The walk from here, past Skirmish Hill, to Abbotsford, "a romance in stone and lime," is only three miles, and is of a pleasant character. We, however, have only time to think of this till we are again on the wing, skirt the Eildons, and reach St Boswells, where passengers alight for Jedburgh and Kelso—Abbey towns. At no great distance, on a richly-wooded haugh, round which the Tweed sweeps lovingly, is Dryburgh Abbey, the burial place of Sir Walter Scott.

Hawick, of sparrow-creeping and flag-stealing fame, comes next. Its situaton, numerous gardens and summerhouses, are attractive. The gardens, reaching far up the hill sides, seem to be the Hawick working man's playground. Few towns played a more prominent part in Border feuds. Long after George III.'s accession, a common hawker brought the town's letters from Jedburgh once a month, and exposed them on a street stall on market day. "Huz and Manchester," however, do things differently now-a-days. The town has the appearance of being well-equipped and, what of her sons we see, we conclude that they are built much on the "a' ae oo" principle, and able to give an account of themselves when required.

Whirling on, we pass Stobs, the Scottish Aldershot, and career through the country of Dandy Dinmont and Guy Mannering, and are soon into Newcastleton with its old-fashioned houses, squares, trees, and slow-moving Liddle. All around lies ground famed in Border song and story. These glens and mountains are full of memories of those days when might was right, and the Elliott's and Armstrongs needed all their wits. Hermitage, where Queen Mary visited Bothwell, is about three miles away among the hills.

But we are off again, and for a time glide along the Liddle bank, and then cross into English territory. Penton, with its beautiful Linns, and the stretches of Canonbie Lea come next. There are the coal pits; further afield is the church which made the heroic stand in the Disruption time, and here is Riddings Junction.

In old records Riddings is designated as being the locality of a great battle, one fought between the supporters of advancing Christianity and departing Paganism. The whole neighhood has formed the theatre of many a memorable exploit which now adorns the songs of bards and the pages of history. It was here the Highlanders in '15 first set foot on English soil. In the course of the exultation which followed Lochiel cut his finger. The incident was regarded as an omen of disaster. They were here joined by the other divisions of Charles' army, when the united body moved on to Carlisle. The surrounding scenery attracts the tourist, and operates on the minds of poets and painters.

Here the traveller finds the express for Langholm ready and eager for the mileage before it. Journeying up Eskdale towards this toun—"a rare spot on earth," embosomed in fine woodland scenery, Gilnockie is passed. Here Johnnie Armstrong, who is said to have had 200 men at his call, dwelt in his glory. Of him the chronicler writes:—"He never molested no Scottis man. Bot it is said, from the Scottis Border to New Castle of Ingland, thair was not ane of quhatsoever estate bot payed to this Johne Armstrong, ane tribut, to be frie of his cumbir, he was so doubtit in England."

How the redoubtable freebooter was handled by King James in 1530, and his end at Caerlanrig, is known to every Borderer.

Sufficient time having been given for disembarking Muckle Toon passengers, we sweep on across the "Esk, where ford there is none," and past Scotch Dyke—part of the march line between the two countries. Netherby, of Young Lochinvar notoriety, stands on rising ground washed by the Esk, and commands an extensive landscape. The debatable land, territory between the Esk and the Sark, where the Elliots, Grahams, Armstrongs, and other clans kept up hostilities so long, stretches away to the right. Longtown passed, and we career through a level tract of country into "Merry Carlisle," an ancient city, and at one time an important Roman station.

Thus we are whirled through the Borderland, and have glimpses of stretches historic and fair. What a volume might yet be written of the memories that cluster around those purple steeps and bosky glens which fire, blood, rapine, and wrath ravaged and made desolate for centuries. Up those heather hills, through these passes, and across those plains, kings and armies, knights and freebooters, have marched and counter-marched, raided and re-raided. Over those boundaries now green and fair, where sheep and cattle bask in the sun, streams of patriotic blood were shed, and chivalrous deeds were performed, but now the fusion of the nationalities has been consummated.

Although the blending has taken place, and the iron steed bears the arms of the two realms as it rides over those battlefields, and the lambs of both countries skip side by side, the love for the Borderland is not a whit less. The Borderer ever carries these memories with him, and even as he flies across those lands he says with no small pride, "This is my own dear Borderland."

G. M. R.

Song—My Border Home.

Air—"The Rose of Allandale."

Some praise the charms of foreign climes,
Where summer skies ne'er fade,
Where beauty dwells in sloe-black eyes,
And cheeks of olive shade.
So let them boast who choose to roam
O'er lands beyond the sea;
Content am I—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Sing not to me of orange groves,
Of birds with dazzling plume;
Of vine-clad hills and perfum'd vales,
Where fragrant myrtles bloom;
Of gay guitar's soft, magic tones,
Of love-born minstrelsy;
They tempt me not—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Oh, naught beneath a southern sky,
However rich and rare,
With thy enchantments, bonnie Tweed,
For beauty can compare.
Here let me dwell—'tis nature's throne—
Among the brave and free:
Content am I—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Berwick-on-Tweed. O. (81st Regt.)

From "Chambers's Journal."

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
—"Lady of the Lake."

Paper-Hanging on Tweedside.

We have pleasure in recommending to our readers Sir Archibald Geikie's "Scottish Reminiscences," recently published by the well-known firm of James Maclehose & Sons, University Publishers, Glasgow. There are several Border stories in the delightful volume, from which we select the following:—"Shepherds in the pastoral uplands in the South of Scotland are a strong, active and intelligent race. I have spent many a happy day among them, living in their little shielings, on the friendliest footing with them, their families, and their dogs. The household at Fall Linnfoot, in Peeblesshire, was a typical sample of one of these families. Wattie Dalgleish, the shepherd there, when I first went into the district, was becoming an elderly man, no longer able for the stiff climbs and long walks that were needed to look after the whole of his wide charge. His young and vigorous son was able to relieve him of the more distant ground, which was shared with another man, not of the family, who slept in one of the outhouses. Wattie's active wife and daughter looked well after the domestic concerns of the household. His laugh had the clear, hearty ring of a frank, honest, and kindly nature. He delighted to recount his experience of field and fell, and his Doric was pure and racy. One evening I had come up from Tweedsmuir, and described to him a man whom I had seen at work there, planing a shutter, which he had placed on tressels on the very middle of the road. This worthy wore large round-eyed spectacles, a tattered apron in front of him, and a red-tasselled blue bonnet on his head. The shepherd recognised the man from my description, and at once asked "And did he speir the inside oot o' ye?" He had certainly put a good many questions. He turned out to be a kind of factotum down the Valley of the Tweed—"barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please"—of whom I afterwards heard much. As among his avocations was that of paper-hanging, he was once employed by a proprietor in Broughton parish to paper a bedroom. In the afternoon, when the master of the house came to see how the work was getting on he found that the paper had been stuck on the walls just as it came, without the selvages being cut off. "Tammas, Tammas!" exclaimed the laird, "what is the meaning of this? Why have you not cut off these ugly borders?" Tammas looked at the laird for a moment through his great goggles, and then, with a toss of his head, remarked, "That may be your taste, sir, but on Tweedside we like it best THIS way," and went on with his pasting."

New Border Post Cards.

The far-awa' Borderer has no excuse for forgetting the "scenes of infancy," even if he were inclined to do so, for our Border publishers are producing picture post cards in such quantities that every familiar spot will soon be represented in this cheap and permanent form. On several occasions in these columns we have referred to various sets of cards, generally in black and white, but we have now the pleasure of noticing a most exquisite set of Jedburgh views in colours, published by Mr Thomas S. Smail, Jedburgh, whose enterprise in this direction is well known. The colouring is very finely done—not overdone, as is so often the case,—and will convey to Jedburgh folks at a distance a most vivid impression of the once familiar spots. Mr Smail has also produced another novelty in post cards, viz., the "Jedburgh Arms," got up in the correct colours (necessitating four printings), which will be appreciated by those interested in heraldry and the history of Jedburgh. Among the cards which are not in colours, perhaps the gem is "Jedburgh Abbey in Winter," from a painting by Sir George Reid, R.S.A. There is a beautiful softness about the reproduction, which will appeal to all who are possessed of the artistic sense.

While we are referring to Mr Smail's publications, we may mention that he has at present in the press a second edition of Mr Walter Laidlaw's "Poetry and Prose." It is to be a larger sized book than the first edition, and will contain new poems, &c., together with an entirely new set of illustrations. We congratulate Mr Laidlaw on the fact that the first edition was all sold a considerable time ago. On the publication of the volume, which will take place shortly, we hope to review it at some length.

Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye.
—"Bridal of Triermain."

Brent brow and lily skin,
A loving heart and leal within,
Is better than gowd or gentle kin.
—"Rob Roy."

Johnny Ha'.

THE RHYMING BELLMAN OF SELKIRK.

A QUAINT BORDER CHARACTER.

(By "FELIX FOSTER.")

FOR a long number of years no figure was more familiar on the streets of Selkirk than that of John Hall, or Johnny Ha', as he was more familiarly named by his townsmen. As one who was personally and intimately acquainted with him from the year 1864—at which time he was thirty-five years of age—I had many opportunities of studying his many excellent qualities of heart and head.

It was not till after his mother's death, about 1850, that Johnny Ha' took up the duties of bellman. When making a funeral announcement Johnny, after respectfully rapping at the door, and being answered, proceeded something after this style:—"J. B.'s or T. A.'s compliments, requesting the favour of your presence to attend the funeral of So-and-So," giving the date and hour of the interment. Being acquainted with every householder in the town, he knew who to invite, and who would be likely to attend. Johnny was always ready and willing to answer the queries of the sympathetic when making these calls, but he was decidedly reticent when he thought his questioner only sought food for gossip.

Johnny was better educated than many of his fellows, and in his capacity as bellman he was never eccentric or ridiculous. He was born in Robertson's Close, Selkirk, on 3rd April, 1811, and he frequently remarked that he had had

A NARROW ESCAPE

of being born on All Fools' Day. When Johnny was a child his mother had to go out to work, and he was left in charge of a girl. One day the girl fell down a stair with Johnny in her arms, the result being that he had a disabled hand and a crippled leg, and had to use a stick from his earliest childhood.

A wrong impression seems to have got abroad that Johnny's first poetical production was on the subject of "Selkirk Fair." That, to my knowledge, was written in 1851, along with another on the London Exhibition, both of which were printed on one sheet. Before Johnny left school the Laird of Haining got one of his poems printed in Edinburgh, bearing the title "Bonnie Hainin' Swans." The Laird took a great interest in the lame boy, and on one occasion, when presenting him with a copy of the first edition of Burns' poems, he remarked to Johnny's mother—"Nelly, I think I'll hae tae make wee Johnny a Byron." The Laird gave many gifts of books to Johnny, and his offer to send the boy to a school in Edinburgh was repeatedly refused.

While Johnny was never very robust, yet he seldom suffered from any ailment. Indeed, he told the writer that but for the whisky he might never have had "a sair head."

It has been stated that Johnny treasured with miserly care a piece of the tanned skin which was said to have been taken of Burke's body after the execution and tanned for preservation. I can confidently affirm that such was not the case, although I have heard him say that he had seen what was supposed to be such in the possession of a local butcher. This butcher, it may be mentioned, walked all the way to Edinburgh—a distance of 38 miles—on the night of 27th January, 1829, in order

TO SEE BURKE HANGED

the following morning. He was greatly disappointed with the appearance of the culprit, and was heard to exclaim—"Pooh, pooh! that fellow murder people! Why, he couldn't murder a puddock!"

During the resurrectionist scare Johnny was often provided with employment, which he enjoyed immensely. It was the rule that every householder had to take his turn in watching the churchyard at night or find a substitute. Johnny often acted the latter part, and was well paid for his services. Needless to say, he had many queer stories to tell of his nights in the "watch-house."

When his mother died Johnny had to shift for himself. Bailie Muir supplied him with a pack of hosiery, but not being able to go far or to carry much, he confined his operations to the town for a few weeks. Once he ventured to Galashiels, but did not succeed in clearing expenses. Before giving it up for a bad job he resolved to try the rural districts, and on a Saturday night after the term he despatched a good half of his pack by the Moffat carrier to Yarrowfeus. On Monday morning he started to try his fortune in Yarrow, but on the afternoon of the second day, when he arrived at Yarrowfeus—a distance of twelve miles from Selkirk—his pack was the lighter of goods valued only at 5s. As the result of a week's work he only sold goods to the value of £2 5s.

His pen was a much better source of income than the pack, or even the stocking-frame. Poetry, however, did not pay him. As he remarked—"Poetry is often paid by praise, and that wadna feed a cat." He knew a little about law, and his advice was often sought. He also wrote letters for people who could not write—there were many such in those days—and his services were greatly in demand.

WRITING LOVE LETTERS.

When he was consulted he used to say—"Gie me the particulars, an' I'll manage the rest." Every one had confidence in him, and he was never known to betray trust.

On the occasion of the Common Riding and Fair days the Magistrates used to employ Johnny to carry a notice-board, advising the populace to "Beware of pickpockets." While Johnny was often very poor, he was always honest.

His "Petition of the Lingilee" to the Town Council did much to make his name as a poet, and helped to stir up the people of Selkirk to defend this property, which was granted to the town by James V. as a reward for the bravery displayed by the sons of Selkirk on the field of Flodden. His "Pant Well's Address to the Town Council" had a like effect.

Johnny was an enthusiastic Burnsonian, but he used to say that the majority of those who attended the annual suppers were "just cuiffs, who cared more for the haggis and the whisky than the memory of the Bard," and that many of them "could not have repeated four lines of his works."

Johnny was rather fond of a dram, but about two years before his death the I.O.G.T. "captured him." as he himself expressed it, "soul and body." Some members of the Order joined together and gave him a fresh start as a packman, and as long as he was able he did a fairly good business in small-wares.

He was

AN INVETERATE SNUFFER.

and he used to carry the snuffbox in one vest pocket and his ink bottle in the other. He never would use a new snuffbox until he had the words "Up, up" engraved on the lid, these being the dying words of his mother. One snuffbox of solid silver, the gift of Mrs John Lang of Viewfield, he would not part with. About two months before his death I saw this box, and three books of MSS. These were lost when he died, although he often promised that they were to become the property of the late Mr W. J. Currie. I think Selkirk is the poorer for the loss.

Johnny was a bachelor, and lived in comfortable circumstances until the death of his mother, after which he had many ups and downs, until he became a Good Templar.

He died on 20th December, 1872, and was buried with a full I.O.G.T. service. His tombstone, erected by Good Templars and friends, may be seen in the north corner of Selkirk Churchyard, where his mother, Helen Speden, is also buried. The freestone obelisk bears the following inscription:—I.O.G.T. Erected to the memory of John Hall, who died 20th December, 1872, aged 61 years. An earnest and faithful Good Templar.

"UP, UP."

These words I heard my mother say
  With her expiring breath.
They've been my watchword all the way
  Up to the hour of death.
They cheered me up, they cheered me on,
  In sunshine, shade, and gloom,
And now that I've got safely home
  I'll leave them on my tomb.

—"Dundee Courier."

"And now we begin with the ministers." So begins Thomas Nichol's "Recollections of Selkirk," which are odd in their simplicity. Nichol, who was a tailor, when he published this in 1845 was eighty-five years of age, and one of the oldest inhabitants in Selkirk. It is a funny booklet, giving as it does a list of the ministers, bailies, lawyers, schoolmasters, and members of trades and incorporations since 1764. It is a curious production, containing a good deal of out-of-the-way information. For instance, in 1725, there was not a cart in all the town of Selkirk to carry the dung to the lands; it was carried on creels on the backs of horses. Sleds brought the corn into the stack-yards. Mr Nichol remembered many old people; one man he had spoken with died in July, 1788, in his 108th year. He mentions a tradition of ten men having been hanged in Selkirk in one day. But he does not say when: he gives us no particulars. The French prisoners were in Selkirk from April 1811 until May 1814. He mentions that a balloon was made by them and sent off on 13th October, 1813. It was seen to go past Yarrow Kirk, but was never again heard off, unless in a doggerel poem written on the subject, which Nichol gives in full. The date of the first waulk mill is given as 1768; James and Henry Brown came from Galashiels in 1835, and built their first factory. The date of the start of George and Thomas Roberts and Andrew Dickson is given as after 1842. Three country residences were burnt between 1764 and 1769—Salenside, on Ale Water; Tushielaw, in Ettrick; and Hangingshaw, in Yarrow. On St James' Fair Day, 5th August, 1766, a water-spout fell at the head of Slitrig Water, and did a great deal of damage in Hawick. I believe Mr Craig-Brown has a copy, as has also Mr Fairgrieve, of another curious anecdotal book about Sir Walter Scott, by George King Matthews, who must have lived in Galashiels in his boyhood. The "Athenæum" said of it when published in 1853 that it was "scrupulously innocent of containing anything new." It is interesting all the same. The author published poems and sketches besides.

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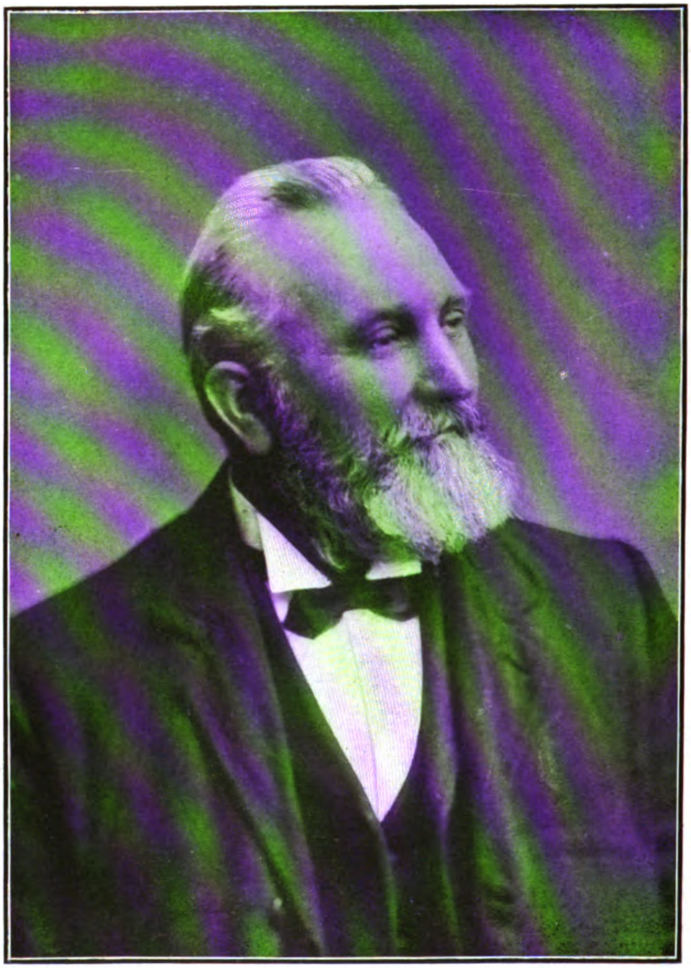
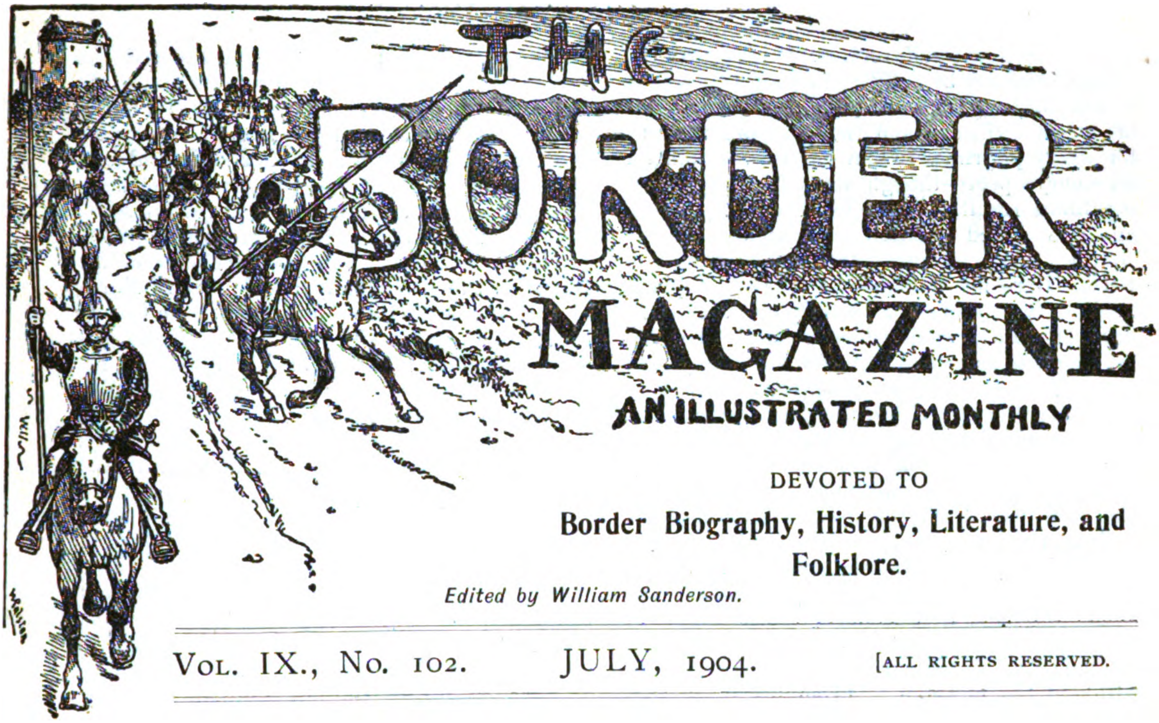


MR THOMAS BURNS, F.R.S.L, NEWCASTLE.



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THOMAS BURNS, F.R.S.L.

A Northumberland Poet.

BY J. McQUILLEN.

OF all the men of mark on the Borderland and noted in the columns of the BORDER MAGAZINE, none are worthier of the position of honour than the subject of this brief sketch. Mr Thomas Burns is a true son of the soil, and the bracing air of the uplands nourished his life and gave colour, tone, and energy to his character. He was born in 1848 at Cessford, in the parish of Eckford, near Grahamslaw, where in olden days the Puritan forefathers signed the Covenant, which has from then till now meant so much for religious liberty, both in thought and speech.

It was during an outing on the banks of the Kale that his poetic consciousness awoke:—

> I found my heart an empty house,
> With strangers knocking at the door,
> Who might have knocked for evermore,

but the gracious spirit opened the door with loving hands. The boy looked with wonder-stricken eyes on the varied screen of matter and beyond to the impulse of things. It was a sudden revelation of the matchless beauty of nature. The blue sky, the fleecy cloud, the green grass, and the flowing river were not so many hard facts as symbols of inherent ideas. Higher than the real looms the ideal, the quiet spirit amid the restless change of life, and ever after his heart glowed with a deep passion to teach in song those secrets which Nature had confided to his keeping.

It may well be that heredity had to do with the making of the poet, for Mr Burns traces his lineage to the ancient houses of Burns', the parent stock of Scotia's peasant poet, Robert Burns. Whichever the cause, inward propulsion or ancestral trend, the fact is self-evident in our poet that divine fire glows clearly and steadily.

Reared in the classic atmosphere of Border legend and story, as a boy and youth he assimilated the floating influences, and stored his mind with natural imagery, which in after days he has given to the world in rhythmic language. Mr Burns was trained in rudimentary knowledge at the Eckford Parish School by Mr Laurie, and afterwards at Morebattle by the late Mr Swanston. His ready acquisition of learning won the commendation of his master, who took special pains with his promising pupil. The lad, however, was not allowed to follow his bent. Circumstance is a hard task-master, and life is a stern reality. Young Burns, like many more of his fellows, was called to swell the ranks of those who must toil to live. Like Ruskin, though inspired by a different motive, he took to road-making and mending. Road-makers are great civilisers, and they prepare the way for weary pilgrims. What fitter avocation for an embryo poet—though horny hands and aching limbs result. When but thirteen years of age he hired himself in Kelso market to a small farmer in the parish of Ford. Here his manhood developed rapidly, for in two years he was doing the daily darg of a fully qualified farm hand. His fellow-servants remember him for his deeply held convictions and mature judgment. Not only did young Burns perform the poetic function of showing men something which they might otherwise have missed, but also the prophetic, by telling them to do something. Life's sunniest side was seen from the open windows of his soul, and it was as if the world were bathed in some mystery from another sphere. It was at the age of sixteen, when poetry refused to be longer subdued, that Thomas Burns began to give expression to his thoughts. The tongues of summer were speaking to him, and he dared not withhold the message. From his inner consciousness he evolved things old and new, and over the hard facts of life he wove a spell of mystic beauty. Youth is the age of radiant hopeful visions. When darkness mystifies the senses of men, and when dread of the unknown broods over them, the poet's ray and music and hallowed influence must usher in the singing birds and golden sunlight.

While yet at the plough Mr Burns attracted the attention of the Marchioness of Waterford, who, recognising the young poet's ability, did much to stimulate and encourage him in his efforts, and up to the date of her death she was one of his most enthusiastic admirers and patrons. A great want Mr Burns experienced at this period was reading matter. Good literature was beyond his means, and besides the Bible and Thomas Boston's "Fourfold State," and the "Westminster Confession of Faith," he had no other book. However, he made the best use of what he had, and from the Holy Writ gleaned lofty ideas, forceful expression, and apt words, whilst frequent contemplation of the holy lives of bygone years kept his own ideals pure and his life on a high level. The poet must be as a glory star, which not only invites the eye upward, but sheds a light that the foot may travel onward.

Mr Burns next moved to Pallinsburn, under Mr Watson Askew Robertson, J.P. This gentleman took more than a passing interest in the poet; his appreciation and sympathy tended to develop the budding talent and inspired the muse to wider flights. When at Lilburn Mr Burns threw himself and his gift into the movement which was then in progress to emancipate the farm labourers from a vexatious thraldom He used both pen and voice, and doubtless helped to bring the agitation to a successful issue, the rate of wages being raised at once from 12s per week to 18s. The poetic efforts of Mr Burns on this occasion appeared in the "North of England Advertiser" and the "Kelso Chronicle." This was in the year 1870. From this date forward Mr Burns steadily improved his social position. Coming to Newcastle in 1876, he joined the police force, and later entered the service of the School Board in the same city, which position he still occupies with credit and distinction.

1885 saw the first fruits of the poet's mind appear in book form. It was a modest volume, but it caught on, and in less than six weeks a thousand copies had been sold. Not every poet could so speak of his first book. "Chimes from Nature" followed, and was exhausted within one month of its publication. The late Queen Victoria, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Professor Blackie, Principal Cairns, and Professor Orr, each had copies of this issue. "Flowers from Philosophy" was the next venture. This was dedicated to the late Duke of Northumberland, enjoyed a wide circulation, and gained many admirers of Mr Burns' verse. "City Songs" was published in 1901 under the patronage of His Grace the Duke of Argyle. This work showed a distinct advance on previous efforts, and stamped the poet with royal letters patent. He proved himself a priest of nature, and in the direct line with the gifted sons of national song.

Mr Burns is well-known on the Borders, as his poems for years have appeared in the "Berwickshire Advertiser," "Berwickshire News," the "Kelso Chronicle," "Hexham Courant," "Alnwick Guardian," and also further afield.

Among the songs composed by Mr Burns is "The Old School Board Bell," which was set to music and sung by a thousand voices in Newcastle Town Hall on the occasion of a monstre school demonstration, and also at the Crystal Palace, London, by the Welsh Choir, where it secured the first prize. Mr Burns is at present arranging his latest work with a view to its publication. This will be forthcoming shortly, and we wish it every success and the author much joy of his labour.

Such are the facts of the life of Mr Burns. Let us briefly touch upon his poetic output. As has already been noted, Mr Burns seeks his inspiration at the shrine of nature. She has beauties which she reveals, voices which he hears, snatches of melody from the unseen fall upon his ears, and he, poet-like, would echo these:—

Lord, teach me how that word or thought
  May clothe the soul within my song,
And how a verse with glory fraught
  May by its beauty conquer wrong.
Thou knowest in my soul there lies
  Far more than effort can express,
The best of what I know aye dies,
  Ere I can weave for it a dress.

Not often failure, however, waits upon the poet's efforts. The garment he weaves is full of charm and shot through with genuine threads of gold. There is the sweetness and brightness of a summer morning lying over his pages. Mr Burns is not the discoverer of a new world, but the transformer of the old. In the well-known familiar scenes he finds a constant delight. The moorland with its heather and furze, the great hills which rise silent and stedfast, gloomy and grey, are his abiding object lessons. He would interpret the messages of their silences for the good of men, and unite their aspects with the moods of the mind:—

Stand erect! when skies are groaning,
  Laden with the angry cloud;
Show a majesty and beauty,
  Though the tempest be your shroud.
Like a star on life's dark ocean,
  Glowing with divine emotion,
Wedding faith and love in one,
  Live the boldest rival down.

Strenuously, with thoughts set to music and with fulness of utterance, Mr Burns urges us to

Seek delight in pure ambition,
  Make research thy great design,
Rend the sable veils of fancy,
  Let the minstrels' joy be thine.

He is a tireless seeker after the ideal, and would transfuse the ordinary with glints of radiance from afar. Life must have a sacred meaning—

When Life's path grows dark and dreary,
  And the star of hope burns low,
When the heart sinks 'neath its burden,
  And the joy-streams cease to flow;
When the shade of coming sorrow
  Deepens into gloomy night,
Faith can gild the darkest shadow
  With her radiant wings of light.

The earth is the footstool of the Eternal, and through the mists, shadows, and mysteries, "the great altar stairs slope upward" to the very presence of God—

One by one the clouds are lifted,
  And the veil of drooping mist,
Which has hung about the mountains,
  Like the presence of a ghost.
One by one the ridges brightened,
  Mantled o'er with living green,
Shining as great peaks of beryl
  In the morning's golden sheen.
Streaks of sweet and tender glory,
  Sloping westward from the east;
Cast their beams across the landscape
  Like the rays from beauty's feast.

Poets are the legislators of the world, they discern laws hidden even to the wise—

They only know but half the truth
  Who think the century dies to-day,
The world moves on to larger life,
  And past events prepare the way;
By the process of the ages,
These are written on life's pages,
The present keeps her hand on time,
However high the centuries climb.

It is typical of the poet that he, though the dust of the city be about his feet, should live in the open with thoughts rising to the mountain tops, with every sense vibrant to the hints and intimations of the higher life. Thus is he no idle singer of an empty day—

He sang his songs just as they came,
Nor dreamed of merit or reward,
He reck'd not of the praise or blame
Of men who read, or men who heard;
The fires that burn'd within his brain
Refused to check their rich refrain.

Out of a wealth of many poems it is difficult to make selection and unfair to detach them from their setting, but space is limited, and it may be that those few verses quoted will serve the purpose, prompt our readers to explore further the ripe fields of poesy, encourage our poet to woo even more persistently the muses, and wrest from the keeping of the mystic sisters the strange fire with which to illumine the dark paths we mortals tread below.

A number of poems by Mr Burns have been included in the anthological and biographical works of the day, such as "The Modern Scottish Poets," "North Country Poets," "Gladstonian Tributes," "Tributes to the late Queen Victoria," "Coronation Odes," and also a contribution to the memorial volume on the late Marquis of Salisbury, sent in response to invitation. In the month of April of this year Mr Burns was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in recognition of his contributions to the literature of the nation, which is an honour to the poet and a credit to those who discovered his worth.

Fast Castle.

> "Fast Castle, firm and sure
> On the rock will aye endure."

IN the tragic tale of the Bride of Lammermoor reference is made to the Wolf's Crag as a symbol of varied and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror, and this imprint of the imagination is said to have been borrowed from that precipitous headland whereon have stood for many generations the ruins of Fast Castle, desolate and dreary. A visitor to St Abbs' to-day looks a little north by west, and in a realm of gloomy solitude there stands, three miles away, a time-worn solitary sentinel which guards the stubborn mainland against the wrath and wildness of the battling waves.

WOLF'S CRAG.

The summit of the rock, on which the Castle stands, is triangular, and round it runs what once has been a massive wall. On the highest part of the crag, and at its eastern edge, some seventy feet in height, there was formerly a red sandstone tower. Its dimensions cannot have been large, for the whole cliff measures only one hundred and twenty by sixty feet. When the Castle was erected, it was isolated by a space of twenty-four feet. A draw-bridge, with arched gateways, made access easy in time of peace, and hard in time of trouble. Sheer down, just above sea level, is the entrance to a large cave, which probably had internal communication with the fortalice above, and whence there ever issues the hollow-sounding moaning of the raging, restless sea.

Authentic history has not ventured to fix a date for the first building of such a conspicuous land-mark, but no "Border Keep," no "strength of stane," has wrought itself more into the tangled web of raid, foray, and revenge, whose record clings to that fair stretch of Borderland which runs from Scottish Tyne to Tweed. Its first recognisable identity follows the defeat of Halidon Hill (1333), when a band of Englishmen, under Sir Robert Benhale, took it from the hardy Scot. Then it was that Bannockburn was avenged; and only the heroism which runs in Scottish blood nurtured the spirit of national independence. Probably before the end of the fourteenth century the Scots had come to their own again.

In 1402, George, Earl of March, who had sworn fealty to Henry IV. of England, besieged the Castle and claimed surrender immediately after the fateful frays of Nesbit Moor and Homildon. It was at once garrisoned by the English, and the strategical value of its occupation seems to have been somewhat important, for first, William Clifford (and two years later his son, who had been created Warden of the Eastern Marches) was appointed Governor. A mandate of the King ordered the transference, along with "the artillery and our other things." And the occupants were not without menace. for, according to a letter forwarded by Bedford to the Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Scots "keep continual watch around the afore-mentioned Castle of Fast Castle, and vilely destroy the provisions conveyed for their sustenance, with no other intention than that of taking and destroying, to the great disgrace of all the Kingdom." In other words, they laboured to cut off supplies. And not without success, for a few years later, when Thomas Holden held the Castle, Patrick Dunbar of Beil with "an hundred hardie persons," surprised the garrison, and made the notorious freebooter captive. In 1419, William Halliburton was in command, and it may have been in his time that James Coulstoun (1429), bearing a sum of two thousand merks to the English King, was, near Coldbrandspath, met by "several men on stout horses, who inflicted many wounds, and carried off the bags which contained the treasure, to a strong citadel nigh at hand, called Fast-castle."

In 1467, Patrick, son of Alexander Home of Dunglass, owned the property. He, again, was succeeded by his son, Sir Patrick Home, who, in 1502, entertained for one night Margaret Tudor, as she passed that way on her nuptial embassage to the Scottish Court. Sir Patrick was followed by a distant kinsman, Cuthbert Home, who, with eighty of that Border family of renown, fell on Flodden's "bluidy eard." It was about this time that Lillburn, one of the murderers of Sir Robert Kerr of Littledean, died a prisoner in the dungeon of the Castle. When Regent Albany, in 1515, assailed Lord Home, the fort yielded to a garrison of sixteen men, who, however, soon gave way again to the Scots, when the Castle walls were thrown down. It was again fortified by the Homes in 1521, only to be again surprised by an English garrison under Hertford, in 1548, though there had been an ineffectual attempt by Sir George Douglas to raise the siege in 1532. This inroad, and its witty method of expulsion, are memorable, and are thus described in "Holinshed's Chronicle":—"When the captaine of Falk Castle had commanded the husbandmen adjoining to bring hither, at a certain day, great store of vittels, the young thereabouts having that occasion, assembled thither, and, laieing them on their shoulders, were received after they passed the bridge, which was made over two high rocks into the Castle, where, laying down what they brought, they suddenly, by a sign given, set upon the keepers of the gates, slue them, and before the other Englishmen could be assembled, possessed the other places, weapons and artillery of the Castle, and then receiving the rest of their companie through the great and open gate, they wholly kept and enjoyed the Castle for their countrymen." Tradition bears out the tenor of the story, and further affirms that peats for fuel were carried before the keepers of the gate.

The rough, rude methods of Border warfare at last gave way to diplomatic skill, and for a time there was semblance of peace. Then the Homes maintained ancestral sway, exercising the frugal favours of homely hospitality. A letter, dated 12th August, 1567, written by Queen Elizabeth's Scottish ambassador, runs thus:—"As you might perceive by my letter of 7th July, I lodged at Fast Castle that night, accompanied with the Lord Hume, the Lord of Ledington (Richard Maitland), and James Melvin, where I was entreated very well, according to the nature of the place, which is fitter to lodge prisoners in than folks at liberty; as it is very little, so it is very strong."

After Sir Patrick Home fell at Langside (1568), Fast Castle was in the hands of his two infant daughters, who, a few years later, were surprised by Drury, marching from Berwick through Coldingham, on his way to relieve the Castle of Edinburgh. He left twelve men in garrison. In 1580, one of Home's daughters married Robert Logan, Laird of Restalrig, and possession was taken of Fast Castle, where, too, an asylum was afforded to the despicable Bothwell. Logan himself, charged with highway robbery, took refuge there in June, 1596, and the following month he entered into a singular contract with Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms. The latter offered to discover some hidden treasure in the Castle, and it may be that Logan had in view the further aid which the magician might command towards the strengthening of a plot formed by Bothwell and himself. The original contract in the handwriting of Napier has been preserved, and in it he claims the "just third pairt of quhatsoever poiss or hid tressour the said Jhone sall find."

Robert Logan of Restalrig and Fast Castle was "ane godles, drunkin, and deboshit man." In July, 1600, he entered into correspondence with the Earl of Gowrie, whose father had been beheaded after the treason of Ruthven (1584). Along with the Master of Ruthven, the said Earl had just returned from Italy, and gaining the promise of aid in a well-laid conspiracy of revenge, he set down as substantial recompense the lands of Dirleton, in East Lothian. The letters passed through the hands of James Bour, a "silly, auld, gleyit carle," who was no doubt privy to the plot. It was the aim of the conspiracy to have the King surreptitiously conveyed from Falkland Palace to Fast

Castle, where Logan and Bour were lying in wait. The plot was unsuccessful, but the correspondence fell into the hands of Sprot, a notary-public in Eyemouth. After the death both of Logan and Bour, Sprot, in 1608, was apprehended for having secreted treasonable documents. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death. Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials" give, in detail, an account of trial and execution. In 1609, the bones of Logan were exhumed, and over them was passed sentence of forfeiture; and Fast Castle, by so gruesome fate, passed out of the hands of his son, Robert, "for ever."

After the Castle and lands had reverted to the Crown, they were disposed of to James Arnot, merchant in Edinburgh, and on 24th May, 1617, they fell into possession of the Homes. In 1642, they were owned by Sir Patrick Hepburn of Waughton. They were seized by Alexander, Earl of Home, in 1644, and subsequently went by marriage to the Ramsays, by whom they were sold, in 1682, to the first Sir John Hall, Bart. of Dunglass, a scion of that illustrious family now represented by Sir Basil Francis Hall, Bart.

Such eventful history owes almost everything to the unique position of an otherwise insignificant fortalice, and even yet its grey turrets, "crested suddenly with red and dazzling light," cast thoughts back to far-off unhappy days, and battles long ago!

A. T. G.

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*Sir Conan Doyle on the Literature of the Scottish Border.

THE theme—Border literature—at once brings to one's mind that one district in these islands produced, in the last century, two men whose names must be included in the half-dozen greatest writers of that period—I refer to Carlyle and Sir Walter Scott. Of Carlyle I will say nothing; he came from the Borders, but was in no sense of the Borders. Scott, too, was largely cosmopolitan, having regard to the bulk of his work; yet, who knew and was able to treat a Border character as he did? In Dandie Dinmont he has left a type of the rugged Border farmer; and in the "Lady of the Lake" he has enshrined those glorious days of chivalry when good knights, like the noble Douglas, rode to battle or appeared as champions in the lists. It mattered not what theme or personality Scott took up, his comprehensive and sympathetic brain enabled him always to make it his own and to re-create it so as to be easily realised by anybody. In this respect, Scott had a supreme gift, unequalled by that of any novelist in the world. A story is told of a scientist who had spent all his life in a profound but not very profitable study of ancient Byzantium. At last he read "Count Robert of Paris," whereupon he declared that whereas his life-long efforts to know the ancient city and its life had met with little success, here was a Scotch lawyer who, in the pages of a novel, made the city to live and its people to move about before his very eyes!

But, great as was Scott's literary work, the real work that he did was that which he performed before he obtained fame: when he rode from farmhouse to farmhouse collecting those ballads—the real folklore of the people—which he brought together, and many of which, but for his efforts, might have been lost. In that work Scott had, perhaps, done more for Scottish literature than when at Abbotsford, or 36 Castle Street, Edinburgh, he penned his great romances.

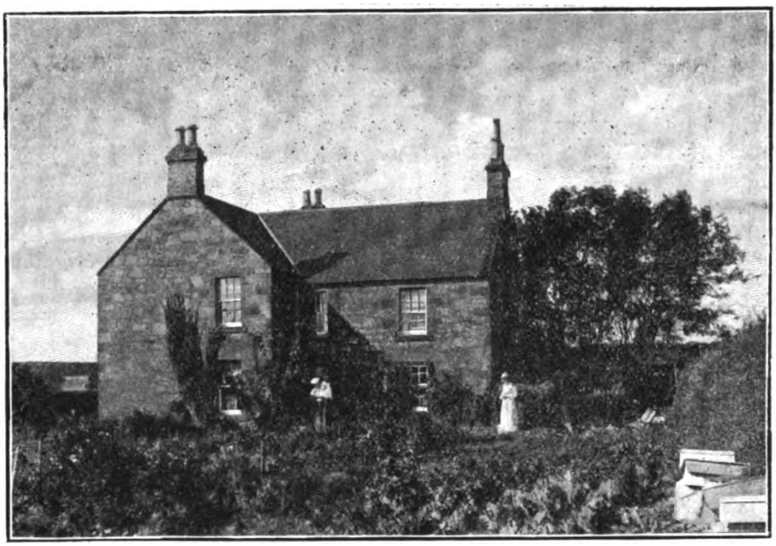
The literature of the Scottish Borders was cast in a minor key, characteristic of the stormy country from which it came—grim humour may illuminate it for a moment, but the sad note will be found always to predominate. The literature of the Borders is the very embodiment of the Scottish national spirit, because it is always on the borders of a country that the national spirit runs most high. Hence the literature of the Borders represents the highest expression of the real Scottish spirit. When the glint of armour showed the old Borderers that the English marauders were on the war path again they might take to the hills, but for every visit the Englishmen paid to their country of stream and hill the Scottish Borderers paid two in return. This interchange of courtesies came to them as naturally as did the rushing of the river, or the sough of the wind over the grey moor.

YET and BUT are words for fools—wise men neither hesitate nor retract—they resolve and they execute.—The Talisman.

[* Speech on proposing the toast "The Literature of the Scottish Borders" at the banquet of the London Scottish Border Counties Association, 10th May, 1904.—Reported and slightly abridged by J. E. M.]

Abbey Edge.

Say not "'Tis bleak!" though on the wind-swept wold
Stands the plain farm-house, with its few ash trees:
No hint of bleakness comes to hearts that feel
The warmth of love that rings it round and round.
Here, child and man, my willing footsteps turned
About the pleasant fields, green loanings, wild-rose dells;
To me the hawthorn bending 'neath its bloom;
The rumble of the wain; the standing cows,
That stretched hoarse throats out on the evening air—
All spoke of peace. The little height they call
"The Gallow Hill," thyme-crowned, where we surveyed
The blue sea breaking in the sunlit bay,
Held me by one high charm. "The Witches' Knowe,"
Rising from out a sea of hyacinth,
Through a dim leafy world Ale takes its way,
As—where the trees are carven deep with names—
It enters Abbey Edge, then sparkles bright
Into the sunshine under furzy braes,
Where primroses and milk-white mushrooms grow
Each in their time. Gathering its strength,
The streamlet pours into a brown sheep-pool,
Where, in the dawn of youth in summer's prime,
We made the over-hanging rock, that drips
On spleenwort and on campion, answer back,
As we leapt in and filled the pool with storm;
While the lush clover pastures lent the air
A passionate sweetness that made hot within
The innocent fountains of our joyous blood.
The water holds its way, and with a rush,
Races adown a slope, then gliding slow
Beneath the foot-bridge leading to the hill,
Wanders about a little aimlessly
Until it seeks the shelter of the grove:
And so, singing itself to sleep or toil,
It passes out of sight but not of mind.



Fern, saplings of rowan and of silver birch,
By halcyon-haunted Ale's clear waters brown,
Was a delight that still made spirit glad
In the hot city's centre. What a hush
Fell on us, as we younglings clambered up
Through the green twilight of the leaves above,
Until, perched on the giddy eminence,
We smiled, and gathering courage, sang our songs,
And told our tales, yet stopping suddenly
To mark the bobbing rabbit as it fled
From unknown foe to shelter in the whin.
The river, summer-dried, is running still,
Yet shrinks to shallows on its pebbles grey:
But not so flows it through my human heart;
There it is freighted full and strong with love.
From darkling pool we lured the unwilling trout,
Chasing it till it almost showed itself
For lack of water where we took our prize.
Nothing upon this gentle earth of ours
Takes with it all the unencumbered years,
And interweaves them through those other days
When light fails, strength declines, and labour strains,
As does a Border burn: Flecked is the soul
For ever with its sunshine; cooled the heart
By its clear silver streams; charmed the tired ear
By its unending music.
Step within!
O you shall find no dull hour waiting you:
Here are dear ones that look not on the earth
As a mere tilling-ground for energies
Allied to unimaginative powers:
The morning and the evening tell a tale
Filled with a rare and rich significance;
The air is laden with strange promises
To such as feel with awe the soul's high quest.

Books there are here, and music, and the walls
Do all they may to bring the distant near,
For those who live and strive beyond the seas—
Whose love of these surroundings is as ours—
Look at us from their frames: fond memory
Re-fills the seats with other forms, till we,
Burdened with thoughts of Time's severities,
Cast ourselves on high Heaven—and leave us there?

J. H.

ON ALE WATER

The Life of Major-General Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

THE world owes much to its biographers, who, by painstaking research, introspective study, and careful sifting, present the life stories of the great ones in such a concise form that they can be known and read of all men, while their footprints on the sands of time are thus rendered indelible. The military men of the world, and Scotsmen in particular, will be grateful to Sir George Douglas, Bart., for the handsome volume on the above subject, which has just been issued by the well-known firm of Hodder & Stoughton, London. The type and paper are all that could be desired, while the three photogravure portraits add to the interest of the life story which is so well told by our eminent Border litterateur. The volume is published at 10s 6d, and we feel sure it will have a place in most Border libraries. Even, apart from the prominent position he held in military matters, General Wauchope had taken a firm hold upon the minds and hearts of those who knew him as a Borderer, or Midlothian country gentleman, and Sir George Douglas, by thus unfolding the inner life of the man, will enable the general reading public to enjoy to some extent the pleasure felt by those who knew the lamented warrior intimately. In General Wauchope's character the outstanding features of the Saxon and the Gael were blended to perfection, so that Highlander and Lowlander alike could claim him as their own. Our limited space prevents us giving many selections from the volume.

A young friend of ours who served in the Soudan under General (then Colonel) Wauchope, having on one occasion been overcome with sleep while on sentry duty, was brought before the Colonel. As the position occupied by the sentry was not a very important one, although sleeping while on duty is always a serious offence, Wauchope earned the young soldier's life-long gratitude by letting him off with a fatherly admonition. Of this kindly side of Wauchope's character, Sir George Douglas gives many examples, but we select the following as an appropriate paragraph:—

> "Even the man who brings our milk is mourning for him, as the whole town is," wrote an Edinburgh lady a few days after his death. "Eh, he was good to cabmen," said a cabman's wife, at the same time. Another lady wrote as follows: "I heard a little story in Lanark which may interest you, though it is only one of very many. The day the news of Magersfontein came the Jubilee nurse was visiting a miner's wife, and found the husband sitting by the fire with tears rolling down his cheeks. He told me he had been many years in the dear old 42nd, and that the General had been just like a father to them. They would never see his like again."

His desire to improve the condition of his men was the secret of his great popularity with the rank and file, and this side of his character is well put by Sir George Douglas, as follows:—

> "To sum up, while Wauchope was eminently beloved by all ranks, the secret of the extraordinary and unexampled confidence reposed in him by the men was their conviction at once of the justice of his dealings with them, and of his firm and whole-hearted devotion to their interest. In the ordinary life of peace-time, they knew that if he was strict and punctual which he also expected all who served under him to be—they could depend on him for perfect fairness, whilst there was no labour he grudged in their service. And in warfare they were equally well aware that his great personal daring was associated with an excellent Scots caution when leading themselves. During the hardships endured at the period of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir he would actually rise from sleep an hour and a half before his men, and go forth to collect wood to light the fires for their breakfast; for he knew the instantaneous and wonderful effect produced by a cup of hot coffee with a hard-working and fasting man. . . . When in hospital at Suez, after being wounded at El Teb, he made a tour of the hospital tents and huts, found out all wounded men who belonged to his battalion, and got them to forward money home—himself undertaking all arrangements connected with the forwarding. He also questioned the worst cases as to what they intended to do on being discharged from the service, and urged them to correspond with himself, in order that he might, if possible, be of use to them in settling in life."

Among the many who gladly sent notes of incidents to the biographer is the following from the Rev. George Dodds, U.F. Church, Liberton, who has contributed to the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE. The incident which refers to Wauchope's political campaign is thus described:—

> "In the midst of one very stormy meeting, when the uproar seemed to have got altogether beyond control, the audience was surprised to see a smart-looking working-man step on to the platform beside the Colonel. A momentary hush ensued, of which the intruder took advantage to speak somewhat as follows:—'I dinna ken vera much aboot politics. But I was wounded at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and a man came up to me and gave me his water-bottle, and carried me back to a safe place. That man is on the platform to-night—and that's the man I'm gaen to vote for!' The instant change in the feeling of the crowd which followed this declaration may be better imagined than described."

The sad story of Magersfontein, where the gallant hero fell, will have a sad fascination for most readers, and our last selection thus refers to that black chapter in our military history:—

> A story, which is believed by the rank and file throughout both battalions of his old regiment, though the writer has sought in vain for evidence on which to base it, would assign to his dying moments the words, "Don't blame me for this, lads!" It will be seen that this speech is capable of widely different interpretations, according as the emphasis is laid on the second or third word of the sentence. For, by emphasising the "me," what is otherwise a mere reference to the proverbial fortune of war assumes the character of a reflection on some other person or persons. In the nature of things there is nothing unlikely in Wauchope's having used these words in the first sense, though, as I have said, beyond the vaguest hearsay, there is no evidence that he did so use them. That he would have used them in the second sense is to all who knew him incredible.
>
> Thus, at the head of his troops, in the performance of his duty, died one of the bravest and truest soldiers, one of the most perfect characters, and one of the best-loved men of his time. He perished in the moment of disaster, but for that disaster he was in no sense or degree responsible. A well-nigh impossible task—one which partook, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope—had been set him, and against this his better judgment had protested. But, having received his orders, he loyally did his best to carry them out.

Jedburgh Abbey in Winter.

WE are so inclined to describe our Border scenery as it is to be seen in the leafy seasons of the year that we forget that the same scenery, when seen in the winter time, has a beauty which is absent from it, when it is clad in verdure and the trees are in foliage. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing many of the pictures by our Border artist, Mr Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., will have noticed how many of his paintings depict Border scenery under the latter conditions. The exquisite tracery of the leafless trees is most effective, and adds very much to the beauty of Mr Scott's Border pictures. These remarks have been called forth by seeing a large plate-marked collotype photo of Sir George Reid's beautiful painting of "Jedburgh Abbey in Winter," which has just been published by Mr T. S. Smail, of Jedburgh. The fine old Abbey and the partly frozen river in the foreground are much beautified by a coating of snow, and the whole composition presents this Border scene in one of its finest aspects. The large plate is very suitable for framing, and we have no doubt it will soon grace the walls of a Jethart home, and find its way over the seas to the "callants" who are far awa'. By printing an exceptionally large edition, Mr Smail is able to sell the plate at the remarkably low price of one shilling, and we feel sure that his enterprise in this artistic direction will be amply rewarded.

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JULY 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

From time to time we give extracts from appreciative letters we receive, and we have pleasure in quoting a few words from the latest epistle:—"I am pleased to see that the whin-coloured Borderer has made its first century, and looks like having a much longer innings. A good score—a score of centuries is what I wish it." We are indebted to our correspondent for his humorously expressed good wishes, and, if our readers continue as steadfast as they are, we will still be found at the wickets "not out."

What we require most is a larger number of yearly subscribers, who, by placing their orders with their newsagents, strengthen our hands and bring the Magazine before those who may chance to see it on the bookseller's counter. Sample copies will be sent free direct to any address, if application by post card is made to A. Walker & Son, High Street, Galashiels.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,

There is a special pleasure in receiving a communication from an old friend whom you have not heard from for some time, and so, when the post brought me an envelope containing the three following cuttings and the words, "With G. T.'s compliments," written on the inside of the flap, I knew that an old Edinburgh Borderer had not forgotten me in the retirement of my keep. The first cutting takes us back to the classics of our childhood, and will be rather a surprise to many. It is taken from the "Temperance Leader," while the two following paragraphs, as far as I can judge by the type, etc., are from the "Christian Leader." As I have often said, I will be pleased to receive cuttings at any time from our readers, who will thus be helping to keep our Magazine bright and varied, even though they may not write articles for the other columns.

* * *

The Rev. Dr Williamson, of Edinburgh, has been adding to our knowledge of the history of a certain nursery tale, which is always revived at this season of the year in many pantomimes. He says that the hero of "Jack the Giant-Killer" was a native of Tweedsmuir, named little John, because of his dwarfish stature. Everybody in Tweedside about this time was in great fear of a giant, who was going about doing great damage, but on one occasion, while he was standing on the bank of the Tweed, Little John, who was skilled in archery, stepped out from behind a rock on the other side, and drove an arrow into the heart of the giant. Dr Williamson adds that the grave of Jack is still to be seen at Tweedsmuir.

My friend, Mr Learmont Drysdale, has just received the important appointment of head theoretical master in the Glasgow Athenæum School of Music. The son of a worthy Edinburgh citizen, Mr Drysdale belongs to a family sufficiently interesting to make it worth somebody's while to write its history. There is a significance in the Learmont, the new master's Christian name, that not one in a thousand would ever dream of. For Mr Drysdale can trace descent from Sir Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, more familiarly known as Thomas the Rhymer. His great grandfather on the mother's side, George Learmont, would have come into Thomas the Rhymer's estates if he had cared to risk money in contesting the claim of a distant relative who took possession.

* * *

Mr Learmont Drysdale's mother was born and brought up at Traquair, in the very heart of the most poetical and romantic part of the Lowlands. Most of the Ettrick Shepherd's ballads and romances were connected with the district, notably the well-known "Kilmeny," the scene of which was laid in a fairy-haunted wood on the banks of the Tweed midway between Traquair and Innerleithen. Mrs Drysdale's father was for many years factor to the Earl of Traquair, and his house was the meeting-place for James Hogg and many more notables of that merry time. She remembers Hogg quite well—"a rough, plaid-covered, romantic figure;" and she has memories also of "Christopher North" and Tibbie Shiels. Traquair House was the scene of many historical events. Prince Charles once passed out at its bear-guarded gates, which closed then and have never since been re-opened. Mr Learmont Drysdale does most of his musical work on a writing-table upon which the unfortunate Prince wrote several of his despatches. It was given to his grandfather by the late Earl of Traquair. I hope these stray notes about the new masster of the Glasgow "Athenæum" will be interesting to readers. Mr Drysdale has the cause of Scottish music at heart, and if he does not make his influence felt in Glasgow I shall be vastly surprised.

* * *

A writer in the "Westminster Gazette" thus refers to a subject of great interest to Borderers:—

Not a few readers of the "Songs and Verses" of Lady John Scott, edited by her grandniece and published by Mr David Douglas, of Edinburgh, will regret the omission of "Annie Laurie," one of the popular songs in the English-speaking world. Lady John Scott, who died four years ago at the age of ninety, was a sister-in-law of the late Duke of Buccleuch, for whom she made a collection of Old Scotch songs and tunes; she was an accomplished musician as well as a verse-writer, and it is worth remarking that in her youth she was under the tuition of Manuel Garcia, who is now in his hundredth year.

Lady Scott—who, with Lady Cawdor, was the only person, it may be recalled, in Dalkeith Palace to receive Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on the occasion of their visit in 1842—related to Lord Napier the story of "Annie Laurie." "I made the tune long ago," she stated, "to an absurd ballad, and once, before I was married, I was staying at Marchmont and fell in with a collection of Allan Cunningham's poetry. I took a fancy to the words of 'Annie Laurie,' and thought they would go well to the tune I speak of. I didn't quite like the words, however, and I altered the verse 'She's backit like a peacock' to what it is now and made the third verse ('Like dew on the gowan lying') myself, only for my own amusement."

Lady John Scott, who disliked publicity, gave "Annie Laurie" and other songs to a London publisher in 1856 in aid of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimean war.

A volume of Lady John Scott's music will be ready shortly.

* * *

Most of us are surprised at the great amount of literary matter produced by the fertile brain and facile pen of Mr Andrew Lang, but it has been left to a writer in the "New York Herald" to tell us how it is done. Only an American could put it thus:—

I remember a great many years ago pausing at the desk of Andrew Lang, the distinguished critic, to ask him a question which had arisen in my own mind as to his beginnings in the line of criticism. He was very busy at the moment dictating a life of Savonarola to one stenographer, a history of Scotland to another, and an essay upon Southey to a third, while with his right hand he was writing a ballad to Izaak Walton, and with his left mapping out the synopsis of a historical novel, dealing with the life of Prince Charlie. "Mr Lang," said I, "would you mind telling me when you first turned your attention to literature and to criticism? I find there is a very considerable interest in the matter." "Certainly not," he replied, affably, handing his Savonarola stenographer a handful of commas for the punctuation of his biography. "I was six months old when somebody placed a copy of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' in my hands." "Yes," said I. "An extraordinary book for one so young, but what did you do with it?" "I tore it all to pieces in three minutes," observed the famous critic, resuming his dictations and his writing. I do not know of a greater or more convincing example of prophetic precocity, whatever one may think of the critic's judgment in so treating one of the classics.

* * *

An old story is none the worse from being re-told at intervals, as it is always new to someone.

Sir Adam Ferguson was out shooting one day with Sir Walter Scott. It was an exceedingly windy day, and Scott was nearly blown off his pony. Coming to a lonely farmhouse in a very exposed situation, they rapped at the door, but got no answer. At length a female voice was heard within, and Ferguson asked—"What's come of the men?" "Oh, they're a' awa' owre to Windydoors," was the reply. "I think they might have been content wi' their ain doors," said Scott, as he turned his pony's head. Calling one day at Huntly Burn, and observing a fine honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, Scott congratulated Miss Ferguson on its appearance. She told him that it was called trumpet honeysuckle. "Weel," said Scott, "you'll never come out of your ain door without a flourish of trumpets."

Yours in Border brotherhood,

Dominie Sampson.

Wha Daur Meddle wi' Me?

By Richard Waugh, Winnipeg.

THE name of his excellency the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, recalls to my memory a good few of the old Border traditions and ballads in which the southern and south-western parts of my native county of Roxburgh were exceptionally rich. Generally rude in structure, these old ballads preserve in a wonderful degree the spirit of the age to which they refer. Many of them were collected by Sir Walter Scott, and published early last century, in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The south-western district of Roxburgh was peculiarly adapted to the style of conflict to which they refer, and the sword was the favourite weapon with the border clans most notorious for their plundering propensities.

Minto House, the seat of the Earl of Minto, lies pretty nearly in the centre of Roxburghshire, and the country south and south-west of Minto was the scene of many an exciting foray, in which the Elliots took a full share. For centuries a combination of petty warfare and cattle lifting expeditions was maintained between the Scots, Kerrs, Armstrongs, Elliots and other families on the Scotch side, and the Fosters, Fenwicks, Grahams and others on the Cumberland side, and the local minstrels celebrated the achievements of the most notable of those marauding chiefs, or rievers as they were usually called. In none of these ballads is the reckless daring, fierce courage, and untameable spirit of the border fighters more happily portrayed than in the ballad of "Little Jock Elliot," which is given below. An older version was recited with great enthusiasm by the poet Leyden when the first Earl of Minto, great grandfather of the present Earl, was sent out to India in 1807 as Governor-General. This version was the work of James Smail, formerly banker in Jedburgh, and I think it superior to anything older. It is written in the dialect of south central Roxburghshire, the country where for some centuries many families of Elliots have had their homes. The first Elliot that history takes special note of was Eliott of Stobs, who married a daughter of Wat (Scott) of Harden, a noted Border chief, and from this couple the Minto family can be traced.

I suspect there are few people in Manitoba who could read this ballad in the exact dialect, which was confined to the valley of the Teviot and its southern tributaries, the Jed and the Rule. The "Wha," for example, of more northerly Scotch, is pronounced "whea," as if two syllables, and the "me," no combination of English vowels can give, the nearest being "mei." You must be born in sight of Ruberslaw, the dark brown peak on the opposite side of the river from Minto House, before you can say it correctly.

LITTLE JOCK ELLIOT.

My castle is aye my ain,
  And herried it never shall be;
For I maun fa' ere it's taen,
  An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wi' my kuit i' the rib o' my naig,
  My sword hinging doun by my knee,
For man I am never afraid—
  An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Chorus—

Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Oh, my name it is Little Jock Elliot,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Fierce Bothwell I vanquished clean,
  Gar'd troopers an' fitmen flee;
By my faith, I dumfoondert the Queen,
  An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Alang by the Dead-Water Stank,
  Jock Fenwick I met on the lea;
But his saddle was toom in a clank,
  An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Where Keeldar meets wi' the Tyne,
  Mysel an' my kinsmen three,
We tackled the Percys nine,
  They'll never mair meddle wi' me.
Sir Harry wi' nimble brand,
  He prickit my cap ajee,
But I cloured his head on the strand,
  An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

The Cumberland rievers ken,
  The straik my arm can gie,
An' warily pass the glen,
  For wha daur meddle wi' me?
I've chased the loons doun to Carlisle,
  Jook't the raip on the Hairibee,
Where my nag nickert an' cockit his tail,
  But wha daur meddle wi' me?

My kinsmen are true, an' brawlie
  At glint o' an enemie,
Round Parke's auld turrets they rally,
  An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Then heigh for the tug an' the tussle,
  Though the cost should be Jethart tree;
Let the Queen an' her troopers gae whistle,
  Oh, wha daur meddle wi' me?

Little Jock Elliot of Parke, the hero of the ballad, was an ideal Borderer, owning a square tower with walls at least six feet thick, tall and square, standing on a site overlooking a wide range of country, preferably near a morass, whose treacherous depths would swallow up any invader, but which could still be traversed by a native. One thick door of oak, studded with big iron nails, gave entrance to such a tower, and high up in the walls were narrow slits through which a too daring assailant could be shot at. When an alarm was given as many cattle and horses as possible were got inside on the ground floor, and the owners got higher up through a hatchway or narrow stone stairway. The south and southwest of Roxburghshire, and the English county of Cumberland opposite, were specially adapted to this peculiar line of enterprise, compared with which broncho busting and cow punching are tame. The cattle lifting of three centuries ago was always carried on at the risk of life, by personal combat, or if captured, by a swing on the gallows. The Hairibee was a gallows that stood always in readiness outside the north gate of the walled city of Carlisle for the accommodation of Scotch thieves caught red-handed in the act of driving off English cattle.

One of the most delightful of the old ballads is that which describes the rescue by Scott of Buccleuch of Kinmont Willie, one of his followers who was lying in chains in the castle of Carlisle, waiting till the hanging of so notable a reiver could be done with a display proportioned to his fame as a freebooter.

The importance of the Minto family dates back little more than two centuries. Gilbert, or "Gibbie" Elliot, as he was always familiarly called, was a lawyer, the younger son of a younger son of one of the Liddesdale Elliots. This lawyer was in great peril on account of his sympathy with the persecuted Covenanters, and his fame and fortune began with his successful defence of one of the persecuted preachers. Two of his successors in the direct line were Scotch law lords under the title of Lord Minto. All of the line proved able men and married well, and in 1807 the first Earl of Minto was sent out to India as Governor-General, where his ability and success were conspicuous. From a branch of the same original stock came the famous General Elliot, afterwards known as Lord Heathfield, whose successful defence of Gibraltar in 1782 against the combined fleets and armies of Spain and France was regarded as one of the greatest military events of the last century.

The present holder of the title, John Gilbert, who succeeded his father in 1892, has had a life of adventure, mostly military, that might have satisfied the hero of the old ballad. By his mother's side he is the grandson of an English general, Sir Thomas Hislop. He entered the Scots Guards in 1867. He was in Paris at the time of the Commune, 1871, was in Spain as correspondent of the Morning Post during the Carlist rising in 1874. Was assistant military secretary in the Turkish war, 1877. Was with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan in 1879 and his private secretary in 1881. Was with the mounted infantry in Egypt in 1882, where he got wounded.

He came to Canada with Lord Lansdowne and was his military secretary, 1883 to 1886, was chief of the staff of General Middleton during the Riel rebellion. He is still brigadier general of the Border mounted rifles, a volunteer regiment which he has done much to inspire with the old fighting spirit, and which sent some good men to Africa. He has been Governor-General of Canada since 1898, but hopes to be back again in the autumn on the Borders, at the close of his term of office.

The Minto family has always been Liberal in politics and in close connection with front rank men of the party from 1688 downwards. A daughter of the second earl was the wife of Lord John Russell, and the present Countess of Minto descends from Earl Grey, one of the most popular of the English nobility who supported the reform bill of 1831.

Birth Date of "Old Mortality."

Hawick, 7th June, 1904.

[To the Editor of the Border Magazine.]

Sir,—In the article on Nathaniel Paterson, D.D., in the June number of your Magazine, the writer says that Dr Hewison adduced very conclusive evidence that "Old Mortality" was born on 25th April, 1716. That the evidence is not altogether conclusive may be seen from the letter I wrote to the "Scotsman" on 22nd December, 1897, and was as follows:

"Sir,—Mr Hewison dogmatically asserted in his first letter that "Old Mortality" was born on 25th April, 1716. It now appears that this is only his assumption, based on the baptismal register which contains no reference to the date of birth. Mr Hewison also says in his first letter, 'according to "Old Mortality's" son, Robert, the sculptor was born in 1715.' If the son said this, surely his evidence should be of more value than Mr Hewison's supposition."

Dr Hewison has not yet replied to above.—I am, &c.,
John W. Kennedy.

The sun shines, and the rain descends on the just and unjust, and they are placed together in life in circumstances which frequently render intercourse between them indispensable, perhaps that the evil may have an opportunity of being converted by the good, and perhaps, also, that the righteous might, among other trials, be subjected to that of occasional converse with the profane.—"Heart of Midlothian."

A Border Literary Centenary.

JUST one hundred years ago, in the little Berwickshire town of Duns, was born one who in the course of an all too short and somewhat ill-starred life attained to considerable eminence as a litterateur, and took his place among a band of men of letters whom Scotland has since been proud to honour. Like not a few others of his countrymen who have achieved distinction in the paths of life they have cut out for themselves, John Mackay Wilson, author of "The Tales of the Borders," began his career under the humblest circumstances, his after success being attributable solely to his own genius. His father was by trade a millwright, but fortune proving fickle, he was compelled to give up his business in Duns and try another walk of life. A week or two after the birth of this his first-born he removed to Tweedmouth, the little township at the south end of Berwick's famed old bridge, where he commenced afresh as a sawyer. Here the future author of "The Tales of the Borders" received his upbringing, his education naturally of the most ordinary kind.

His bent as a boy showed itself in the avidity with which he read all that came to his hands, and his parents lent encouragement to this by placing him as an apprentice to a Berwick printer. In those early years of last century the little walled Border town was a place of rather more importance than now. The visitor nowadays landing at its dingy railway station sees in it but a sleepy little town of quaint appearance and old-world customs, whose roots are grounded in the misty past. Round it in broken patches still stands the grey rampart built in the time of Edward I., and the hand of the irreverent modern has still left standing part of the ancient castle in the great hall of which that monarch decreed that the crown of Scotland should go to Baliol rather than his rival Bruce. In its streets each evening still resounds the curfew bell, strangely contrasting with the modern electric light which glows on the path of its citizens. But otherwise the town is not remarkable as anything but a quiet little market town. Three-quarters of a century ago, however, the railway had not made its appearance, and diverted the trade of Berwick to other parts, spoiling for ever its chances of again becoming what it was in the dawn of Britain's history, one of England's chief seaports. Trades of various kinds then flourished, and it seemed as if Berwick might have a future before it as well as a past behind it. Of these trades that of printing formed one. Work was executed here for more than one of the great Edinburgh publishing firms, and thus Wilson was enabled to gratify his literary tastes in a way that the limited means of his parents must otherwise have denied him.

He early made his appearance in the role of author. When but sixteen his first effort, a poem on Hindooism, was published, and met with success considerable enough to rouse his ambition and fix it on a literary career. Accordingly, on the completion of his apprenticeship he set about seeking an opening into the great world of letters. Following the natural instinct of a true Scotsman, his first objective was Edinburgh, but here he shared with many another aspiring genius the disappointment of knocking vainly on a locked door, not knowing the magic "Sesame" that would open it. With the spirit that overcomes difficulties, and that enabled him later to write, "I have struggled, I have conquered," he turned his face southward, determined that the footing he had at Edinburgh failed to achieve on the ladder leading to fame he should win at London, that Eldorado of the ambitious.

The months following were marked by privations and hardships afterwards to be looked back upon with painful remembrance. The streets of London are a stoney wilderness enough to the friendless; the door was still shut, and the key to it was not yet found. "Misfortune, unable to purchase a breakfast," is how he grimly sums up his first experience of London. After a strenuous attempt to secure the footing he knew himself capable of maintaining once it was obtained, Wilson had to fall back for the time defeated. A short tour lecturing in the provinces while in some ways successful did not greatly improve his financial affairs, and he was finally compelled to return to his home at Tweedmouth.

Soon the grey walls of the Border town again grew too circumscribed for the expanding genius of the man, and in 1828 he once more made his way Londonward. Fortune smiled on this second attempt to the extent of his finding employment as clerk in a law office, but his spirit was soon fretting against the bars of his musty and uncongenial environment. A chance opened up in Edinburgh, and for that goal he sailed on the first opportunity. In "the grey metropolis of the north, looking out over its windy estuary," he was given timely assistance by "Christopher North," another of the trio of Wilsons of whom Scotland is proud, through whose influence he procured an engagement on the staff of the "Literary Journal," leaving, as he himself expresses it, the field open for him and his path straight. For the next year or two he was busy with varied literary work, several dramatic productions meeting with a flattering reception. He also lectured in various parts of the kingdom with distinction.

In the spring of 1832 Wilson was appointed editor of the "Berwick Advertiser," a position which he found in many ways congenial. Those were stirring times in the political world, and his new position gave him an opportunity to advocate forcibly his advanced opinions on matters connected with the material well-being of his fellows, while at the same time affording him the leisure unattended with financial difficulties he desired for the promotion of his more purely literary ideals. It is interesting to note how curiously past and present are linked, and how the questions which agitated the minds of our grandfathers are calling in our own day for settlement in only slightly different forms. History never really repeats itself, but one generation after all is very much what the generation preceding it was. Material prosperity may be a thing of rapid growth, but the moral and spiritual nature of a people develops as the forces of evolution work, slowly if steadily and surely. The abolition of slavery found in John Mackay Wilson a strenuous advocate. He pleads strongly for a national system of education, a question which is only now, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, being really grappled with. The modern Passive Resister had his prototype in the petitioning dissenter of the thirties, and Wilson is prophetic of Dr Clifford in his criticisms of the Church of England. "Did the Supreme Being," he asks, "make one man a Churchman and another a dissenter, that there should be a civil inequality between them?" "Is it not monstrous and most unjust that any man should be compelled to pay for what in his conscience he disapproves?" Fiscal policy then as now agitated the minds of all who had their country's welfare at heart, and Wilson threw all the weight of his influence in the balance for Free Trade, which he declared in a leading article quite modern in tone "is to industry what the circulation of the blood is to the human body."

As editor of the "Advertiser," Wilson published in its columns occasional papers on a variety of literary topics, a well-informed series of biographical and critical sketches of British writers from the time of Goldsmith to 1833, and a number of his Border Tales. He also during that time published a poetical volume which had a wide popularity and a successful sale. The cordial reception given the Tales on their appearance in the paper suggested to the author the idea of issuing a distinct series in weekly numbers, and he made preparations for carrying this into effect.

The pioneer work in the issue of cheap, useful, and sound literature for the masses had at this time been carried out by Messrs Chambers, and Wilson, profiting by their experience, decided to publish his Tales on the same basis. They were accordingly issued from the "Advertiser" Office in weekly numbers at three halfpence each, and to further encourage readers, along with the first twenty parts was given a complete novel. The author claimed to give for sixpence what had up till then cost as much as twelve shillings. A thousand copies per week was all that was calculated upon, but the venture at once struck the popular fancy, and with the third number that figure had been quadrupled, second and third editions being called for. The circulation steadily increased, and in the course of a year had reached thirteen thousand, an unprecedented circulation in those days.

But success came too late for poor Wilson. He had struggled, he had conquered; the fruits of victory were not to be his. The hardships of his early career had told on the constitution of the gifted writer, and just as the laurel wreath was in his grasp he passed away after a brief illness, little more than a year from the date of the publication of his first Tale. In the little churchyard at Tweedmouth a plain stone marks his resting-place.

After his death at the early age of thirty the publication of the Tales was removed from Berwick to Edinburgh, and was continued on behalf of the widow of the late author under the management of his brother. The scope of the work was enlarged, Mr Alexander Leighton being engaged as editor, and contributions secured from Hugh Miller, Professor Gillespie, Campbell, and other well-known writers. Numerous reprints since have well maintained the initial success of the work.

The misty marches have at all times figured prominently in history, and the district of the Borderland has been in all ages a region rich in song and story. Over it the mighty Wizard of the North waved his magic wand, finding in it rich material for his matchless romances. The "Tales of the Borders," therefore, written as they were by one whose pen had behind it the power of undoubted genius, could not fail in point of interest. They were, too, amongst the earliest attempts at the short story, that "multum in parvo," and for straightforwardness of style, simple and effective, they compare favourably with much that passes for excellent at the present day, when the art of the short story has been brought to such perfection. We can scarce endorse in full some of the very flattering criticisms passed on Wilson's work by the leading journals of his own day, which would place him on a level with Burns as a poet and Scott as a narrator of fiction. These are of the great master-minds standing in splendid isolation, but in the honourable company of a little lesser rank John Mackay Wilson takes a foremost place as one who paints with sure hand the emotions of the heart.

NICOL BAILIE.

Death of General Sir John Alexander Ewart, K.C.B., Crimea and Mutiny Veteran.

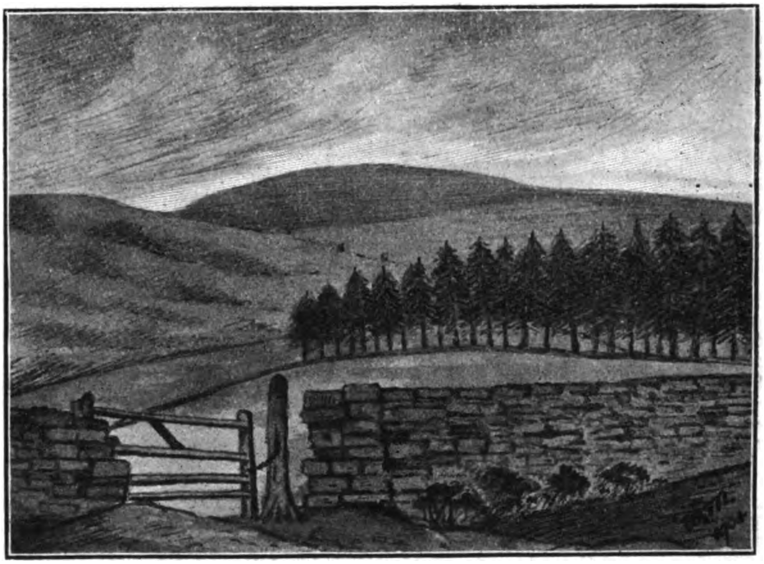
IT is our melancholy duty to record the passing away of a noble soul, who could be claimed alike by Highlanders and Borderers. General Ewart was perhaps the grandest commander the Highland Brigade ever had, and his death will be mourned by a very wide circle indeed. He was much interested in, and a warm supporter of, the BORDER MAGAZINE, and it is only a few months since we had a kindly epistle from him. We were just about to write to him congratulating him on his recovery from serious illness, when the unexpected news of his death arrived. We subjoin a brief summary of his career from an evening paper, but we refer our readers to the BORDER MAGAZINE for November, 1901, where they will find a character sketch and an exquisite portrait of the grand old veteran.

General Ewart, the distinguished Highland General, and Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, died at his residence, Craigcleuch, Langholm, on 18th June, 1904. He was in his eighty-fourth year. He won renown in the Crimean and Indian Mutiny campaigns. He was present at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and both assaults on Sebastopol. In the capture of Kertch and Yenikale he also took part. At the relief of Lucknow he received a couple of sword-cuts, and lost his left arm by a cannon shot at Cawnpore. He became Lieut.-General of the 93rd in 1858, commanded the 78th Highlanders from 1859 to 1864, was aide-de-camp to the Queen from 1859 to 1872. In 1877 to 1880 he commanded a division in India, was made a general in 1884, and Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders from 1884 to 1895. Among his decorations are:—Medal of the Legion of Honour, and the Piedmontese Medal for valour; while he was three times promoted for services in the field, and recommended for the V.C. He wrote a couple of books—"A Few Remarks About the British Army" and "The Story of a Soldier's Life." He evinced a warm interest in the Scottish Queen Victoria memorial, which consists of an institution for the benefit of the sons of Scottish soldiers and sailors, saying it was what he had long desired.

He that would climb the eagle's nest, cares not who are catching linnets at the foot of the precipice.—Kenilworth.

A Border Hill in Storm and Calm.

CHRISTMAS DAY of 1902 dawned in Edinburgh with a falling barometer, a gusty, fitful wind, and an appearance of coming storm in a grey, unsettled sky. The natural features popularly associated with the season were absent. The earth was destitute of a snowy mantle, and, although bleak and cheerless, the weather was unusually mild. The vagaries of our climate are notorious, and, as a general rule, typical Christmas weather, as depicted in illustrated magazines and picture cards, is at the season conspicuous by its absence. Consequently, although the days are at their shortest, it is often possible to spend Christmas Day on the open hillside among the faded relics of the previous summer's verdure.



MINCHMOOR FROM ABOVE TRAQUAIR.

For weeks we had looked forward to this day, having resolved that should reasonably favourable conditions prevail we would spend it far from the hum of the busy world, and where we were almost certain of absolute solitude, on the slopes of Minchmuir. It would have been a great disappointment had we been compelled to relinquish this long-cherished project, so in spite of the threatening aspect of the sky we travelled by the forenoon train to Innerleithen. At noon we arrived in the bonnie Border town, and in the hope that the coming storm would be deferred until nightfall, proceeded without delay to the little hamlet of Traquair, where we began to ascend Minchmuir by the old and now disused mountain road to Selkirk, which crosses the shoulder of the hill. It is surely unnecessary to explain to any reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE the situation of Minchmuir. All who know the Tweed or Yarrow valleys must be familiar with its huge heath-clad mass which appears so dark and forbidding when viewed on a sunless day, say, from Traquair or the heights above Yarrowford. Like many other things in this world, however, it is most formidable at a distance, and no hill in the Borderland affords better scope for a short pedestrian excursion. For a time after leaving Traquair we were sheltered by friendly plantations, but on emerging upon the open moor we found that the wind was rapidly increasing in force. Accordingly, we quickened our pace, and when we had attained a considerable altitude halted for a little to survey the great panorama of hills that stretches all round the horizon. In the west the appearance of the sky was ominous in the extreme. The giant summits of Upper Tweeddale were one by one being blotted out of sight, and it was evident that the storm was making rapid progress in its journey towards us. With scarcely a glance at the haunted Cheesewell, we pressed forward, and after crossing the shoulder of the hill reached a spot commanding a wide and extensive view of the Southern and Eastern Borderland, embracing the long range of the Cheviots, the "triple-crested Eildons," the valley of the lower Tweed, and, on the eastern horizon, the familiar outline of Sandyknowe Tower. Black Andro and the Yarrow hills seemed close at hand, so clear was the air. We had visited them in the preceding autumn, when they were rich with the purple bloom of the heather, mingled with the gold of the fading bracken—now they appeared withered and bare. Behind us the sky was covered with dense clouds of a uniform leaden hue, but in front, far away in the direction of the German Ocean, it was in places cloudless and of that peculiar shade of greenish-blue which is frequently seen before the approach of a gale. It was now evident that we were likely to be overtaken by the storm, so after a brief but longing survey of the familiar landscape we rapidly retraced our steps. The moment we turned towards the Tweed valley we encountered the full fury of the wind, which then blew with hurricane force, and the experience of the next half-hour was one not soon to be forgotten. At times it was with great difficulty that any headway could be made against the furious blast which boomed incessantly in the ears with a sound like that of heavy artillery. Still no rain had fallen, and when again we reached the shelter of the pine wood, although dishevelled and breathless, we were quite dry. Soon, however, we had good reason to remember the old saying, that it is never safe to crow until one is out of the wood. Before we arrived at Traquair the rain had commenced to fall. At first it came in big drops, but very soon in a continuous and drenching downpour, borne before a driving tempest. The last stage of the journey was decidedly unpleasant, and on reaching Innerleithen we presented a rather woe-begone appearance. However, after rest and refreshment, we had time before starting on our return journey to Auld Reekie to watch the clouds driving off the hills—for the storm was of comparatively short duration—as the short winter day closed over the vale of Tweed. Our experience of Minchmuir had been somewhat rough, but it had given us infinite satisfaction. Hitherto in thinking of the hill the well-known lines of Professor Campbell Shairp had always been present to the mind—

Will ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny simmer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm an' ha'.

We had seen the reverse of the picture, and our knowledge of the Border hills had been thereby increased.

In September of the following year we revisited Innerleithen, but the day was sunless and the hill-tops shrouded in mist, so we abandoned an idea we had formed of again ascending Minchmuir, and instead spent an hour among the "green, green grass" and the falling autumn leaves in Traquair Kirkyard. Our projected visit to the hill was, however, only deferred, and in April of the present year we again found ourselves on the banks of the Tweed. On this occasion the weather was perfect, and as we walked from Innerleithen to Traquair the woods by the riverside resounded with the songs of many winged minstrels. From Traquair we leisurely wended our way up the steep face of the hill to the Cheesewell, where we halted for a time and scanned the surrounding landscape. On the hills there were few, if any, signs of returning life in the face of nature, and the high summits of Upper Tweedside still bore great patches of the winter's snow, but the sky was that of spring, and the song of the lark was in the air. We had before us a long spring afternoon, and so continued our ramble until we reached the hillside overlooking Yarrowford. There we sat contentedly for a considerable time, gazing upon the Yarrow valley with the "shattered front" of Newark lit up by the afternoon sun and the familiar landscape around Selkirk in the background. A more perfect spring day could not be imagined. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the air was mild and balmy. On the horizon there was a haze, and the more distant landmarks of the Borderland could not be seen. The braes of Yarrow were in front, and it was a pleasant task to trace each feature of the valley from the woods of Philiphaugh to the barer region above Yarrowford. It is difficult to say exactly wherein Yarrow differs from any of the other valleys of the Borderland or of other similar districts, but the fact remains that the feeling of "pastoral melancholy" which is there engendered is not, as some would have us believe, a mere deception of the imagination. It cannot altogether be attributed to the wealth of song and tradition which, in the course of centuries, has gathered round Yarrow, because many have experienced it who are not, as a rule, susceptible to tales

Of old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago.

Doubtless, however, the associations of the district have helped to accentuate the feeling. Little wonder that it should be so. Many of the old ballads stir the deepest emotions of the human heart Where, for instance, are such pathos and tragedy concentrated in a few lines as in one of the versions of the "Dowie Dens?" The lady had searched "all the forest thorough" for her missing lover, and after all

She only saw the clud o' nicht,
Or heard the roar o' Yarrow.

These lines have always seemed to us to express the very depth of despair.

We would fain have lingered indefinitely watching the play of sunshine and shade upon the hillsides as light, fleecy clouds scudded across the sky, but the afternoon wore gradually on, and thoughts of our impending departure citywards at length caused us to retrace our steps. Slowly we wended our way back to the little town by the banks of Tweed, musing over events of the past, and involuntarily contrasting our experience with that on the memorable Christmas Day of 1902. Reluctantly we left Tweedside, and as the train steamed along the banks of the noble river and up Eddleston Water to the somewhat desolate region of Leadburn, we were favoured with a glorious sunset, the chief feature of which was the silver crescent of the young moon setting slowly in a saffron sky. The charms of the old Minchmuir road have taken hold of us, and even now as we write the sounds of the city seem to die away, and again in fancy we fell the breeze blowing across the moorland and hear the song of the lark in the April sky. We have experienced storm and calm on that Border hill, and our only regret as we leave it is that our opportunities of wandering over its heathery slopes are so few. We must, however, endeavour to make the most of our present surroundings, and we have at least this satisfaction, that as the years roll by we are gathering an ever-increasing store of happy memories which neither time nor space can extinguish. As we think of the Borderland, its moorlands and streams, its hills and its valleys, with their legends and songs, the lines of Wordsworth come unbidden to the mind—

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
  For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy its strength,
  And age to wear away in.

W. M.

If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know that, in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall.—"Lady of the Lake."

Honour to a London Borderer.

OUR limited space makes it impossible for us to give reports of the Border meetings held in various parts of the country, but we cannot refrain from referring to a pleasing incident which took place at the large and influential annual gathering of the London Scottish Border Counties Association, which was held on 13th May in the Victoria Banqueting Room of the Hotel Cecil—Sir George Douglas, Bart., presiding. Much of the success of the function, which was a most brilliant one, was due to the labours of the genial secretary, Mr W. B. Thomson, and we have very much pleasure in reproducing a portion of the report of the proceedings which has a direct bearing upon this point:—

Lord Dalkeith, rising very early in the proceedings, said that he saw around him a very large attendance—larger than at any of their previous dinners—which was due not merely to the prosperity of the Society, but because of the interest they took in a little presentation which he was about to make, on their behalf, to the hon. secretary, as a mark of their appreciation of the services he had so long and so willingly rendered to the Association. They all knew Mr Thomson's invariable courtesy and kindness, and they were aware also that, though the Association existed before he became its secretary, it was in a somewhat moribund state, and that since he had taken up the management it had continued to prosper. Lord Dalkeith, having made a sympathetic reference to the absence of the chairman of Council—my kinsman, Mr Mark Napier—whose close association with the secretary in the work of the Society gave him a prior claim to make the presentation, said he esteemed it an honour to be asked to represent the members in the performance of this graceful act. His Lordship having read the following letter, handed it to Mr Thomson along with a case containing a very handsome gold watch chain, and match box, the former bearing an inscription and the latter engraved with a monogram of the initials W.B.T., so familiar to all members of the Society. The letter ran thus:—

"Hotel Cecil, London, 10th May, 1904.

"W. B. Thomson, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—The members of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association desire to mark their high appreciation of the services rendered by you as honorary secretary for so many years, and, in presenting you at this the seventh annual dinner with a token of their esteem, have also great pleasure in electing you an honorary life member of the Association, whose interests you have so much at heart."

The letter was signed by Lord Dalkeith, president of the Association; the Hon. Mark Napier, the chairman of Council; and Mr P. W. Ramsay Murray, the hon. treasurer.

Mr Thomson, in acknowledging the gift, said he accepted it neither as a hint to demit office nor as a bribe to continue those secretarial duties which it would be affectation on his part to say did not involve a considerable amount of hard work; he thanked the subscribers for the handsome and he feared all too costly gift, and accepted it as an evidence of the kind and generous thoughts of which it was the outcome—accepted it in the spirit in which it was given, as a token of their goodwill and of their appreciation of what little services he had been able to render as the instrument of the Council and of themselves in carrying out what the Council believed to be the wishes of the members.

Death of a well-known Border Farmer.

IN many respects the Border agriculturists rank among the finest farmers in the world, and we always feel a pang of regret when we hear of the passing away of any of this class. One of the best men we have ever had the privilege of personally knowing was Mr John Gouinlock, who so long occupied the farm of Traquair Knowe, rendered famous by one of its preceding tenants, William Laidlaw, the friend and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott. It was while residing at Traquair Knowe that Laidlaw wrote his immortal "Lucy's Flittin'." Knowing the late Mr Gouinlock, we could write much about the beauty of his character, but we prefer to quote a short article from the "Peeblesshire Advertiser."

We regret to record the death of this much esteemed gentleman, which took place at Traquair on 6th June, 1904. Mr Gouinlock had reached the advanced age of eighty-nine years, and belonged to a well-known Border family. Born in 1815, the year of Waterloo, at Greenhill, near Selkirk, he succeeded his father in that farm, and after a lease of Ashkirktown, in the same district, he acquired, in 1869, the farm of Traquair Knowe, on the estate of the late Right Hon. Lady Louisa Stuart. Here he remained for a lengthened period, and retired nine years ago in favour of his only son, Mr Walter Gouinlock, the present tenant of Traquair Knowe. Mr Gouinlock possessed an individuality of his own, and was universally respected for his exemplary life, his honourable dealing, and deep religious convictions. He was an elder in the Original Secession Church at Midlem for a period of sixty-five years, and never missed a Communion for over sixty years until the infirmities of age prevented him from attending. He was a man of superior intelligence, and during his residence in Traquair he acted on the School Board and took a special interest in educational questions and in all matters affecting the welfare of the parish. Nor was he afraid to contribute liberally to every good cause within his power. During a prolonged life Mr Gouinlock had acquired a large experience, and it was interesting to follow in conversation his reminiscences of early days in Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire. He used to speak of his cousin, Thomas Aird, poet and journalist, then a lad at Bowden, and of Dr Glazy's school at Selkirk, where the boys met at six o'clock in the morning till nine, when they left to make room for another set of juveniles. He remembered the hot summer of 1826, when the corn was pulled in poor wisps by the hand, and when the old white bridge over the Tweed at Innerleithen was erected. He was present, with his comrade and contemporary, Mr Robert Nichol of Innerleithen, at the inauguration of the St Ronan's Border Games, which were attended by Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, Christopher North, and the Earl of Traquair. Mr Nicol, who still enjoys a green old age, has a vivid recollection of these days, and how he sat with Mr Gouinlock at the seventieth anniversary of these famous Games. We may mention that Mr Gouinlock celebrated his diamond wedding on the 26th July, 1902, when he and the venerable partner of his life received the warm congratulations of the whole neighbourhood. The interment of the deceased gentleman took place in Traquair Churchyard on the following Thursday, after a brief service in the house by the Rev. John Sturrock. There was a large attendance. Mr Walter Gouinlock acted as chief mourner, and amongst the pallbearers were Mr W. A. Munro, Mr John Anderson, the Rev. John Sturrock, Edinburgh; Mr Walter Sturrock, &c. The Rev. Mr Mackenzie conducted service at the grave. Mr Gouinlock is survived by his widow, one son, and four daughters.

Borderers and the Ladies.

THE Hon. Sir John A. Cockburn, K.C.M.G., in proposing the toast of the ladies at the recent dinner of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association, said that he had, the night before, attended a singular banquet of all the literary lights of the Metropolis—the one hundred and fourteenth dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, but the first occasion on which ladies had been admitted to that feast. The innovation was a sign of the times; an indication that women were now entering their kingdom. He hoped that women, when emancipated, would extend to the sterner sex a little more consideration than men had shown to them, and would admit men to their festivities instead of allowing them a view from a distant gallery.

Lady Hamilton, replying for the ladies, told a good story of a little incident that occurred in the career of her late husband—Sir Robert G. C. Hamilton, K.C.B., some time Governor of Tasmania. At a meeting of Australian Governors, held during the Melbourne Exhibition, Lady MacBean sat next to Sir Robert Hamilton, who remarked to her: "There are a great many of us Scotchmen here to-day." "You're right, Sir Robert," assented Lady MacBean, adding with great energy—"An we're a' the best folk." (Laughter). Commenting on this, Lady Hamilton said that though she herself was not Scotch she had always felt all through her life, when she had to deal with Scotch men and Scotch women, that it was that idea that kept them up to the mark and made them distinctly the best folk. That very night, it was interesting to record, Lady Lugard was lecturing on West African railways, but although the Institution which she was addressing had been in existence for 34 or 35 years Lady Lugard was only the fourth woman who had been allowed to read a paper there. "We are progressing very slowly," said Lady Hamilton, in conclusion, "still, our largest function in ruling the world is by rocking the cradle."

It is interesting to recall that ladies have always been welcomed at the dinners of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association, and that the Association was probably the first of all the country or district societies to break new ground in the direction of having a lady to respond to the toast of the ladies. Mrs H. J. Tennant had the honour of leading off last year. This year Lady Hamilton—who is secretary of the Pioneer (Ladies') Club—made a distinctly favourable impression.

A Rural Border Wooing.

By the Late Walter Deans, Hobkirk-on-Rule.

I took my rung that I had flung
Ayont the auld jambstane,
And on a night o' clear moonlight
I daundered off my lane.

And whae could guess wi' lovely Bess
The tryst I'd set yestreen;
My heart it lowed, in transport glowed,
To sei her charmin' een.

Short was the gate, the hour was late,
I meant it to be so,
For weel I ken'd 'bout yon toon end
I'd mony a glowerin' foe.

So on I gaed, wi' love a lade
My heart played loup and flutter;
Some hours o' bliss was a' my wish
Wi' Bessie o' Rule Water.

To reach my lass I had to pass
Right up the theekit-byre,
But an auld hook shank gae mei a hank,
And I jumpit up like fire.

At the window wee I keekit slee,
And rappit cannilie;
"O Bessie, dear, I'm waiting here,
Screw round the snib for me."

I rappit lang, then rappit strang,
But answer I gat nane,
When from below an unseen foe
Played rattle wi' a stane.

A sudden bound, and, glancin' round,
A startlin' sight I saw,
A dizen near, I'm sure they were,
O fallaws in a raw.

In sic a place, in sic a case,
I dred a yerkit skin;
They leuch and jeered, rude questions speered,
And raised a dreadfu' din.

Just like a cat I fufft and swat,
Then daured them to a man;
But my courage fell, and wi' a yell
I rushed to the grund and ran.

I made for the banks wi' plettin' shanks,
Hard chased by half the men;
Soon did I fag, and 'neath a brae-hag
I had the sense to den.

Like sleuth-hunds guid that gape for bluid,
They scented mei to my lair,
But a five-bar fence I sprang in a glance,
And ran like an elderin' hare.

My strength was renewed, but the haugh was plewed,
And I made but a ram-stam rin;
But at my side Rule ran naething wide,
And I thought I wad venture in.

So in I gaed to plunge or to wade,
As the hunds at mei made a dash;
But I missed my fit in a craigie slit,
And fell ower the lugs wi' a plash.

Wi' an unco bout I warsle out,
Forfeuchan wi' the splashin',
Syne roughly try a dance to dry
My "melancholy washin'."

In slow retreat, wi' slorpin' feet,
I platch an' slaiger hame,
Wi' hingin' heid, my speerit deid
But for a touch o' shame.

Tweed Valley.

There is a valley before mine eyes:
Winding out of the West
There is a river, a river that lies
Like a silver sash on her breast;
Sometimes a kirtle of brown she wears
When the ploughs fight up the braes,
Sometimes a mantle of green she bears
In the long light summer days;
And she has a shawl of the autumn-gold,
And a plaid of the winter snow,
But, whatever the dress that her form enfold
As the seasons come and go,
Hers is the only love I know—
Oh! Tweed Valley!
My own Tweed Valley
And the haughs where the gowans grow!

Lone and bare when the plovers call,
Bright when the larks are high,
Starry and clear when the white frosts fall,
Dim when the mists go by!
Always the patterned plough and lea,
Always the laughing rills,
Always the clean wind up from the sea
And the clean scent of the hills!
Gather your shawl of the autumn-gold;
Fasten your plaid of the snow!
What of the dress that your form enfold
As the swift moons come and go?
You are the only love I know—
Oh! Tweed Valley!
Oh! Fair Tweed Valley
And the haughs where the gowans grow!

Will H. Ogilvie.

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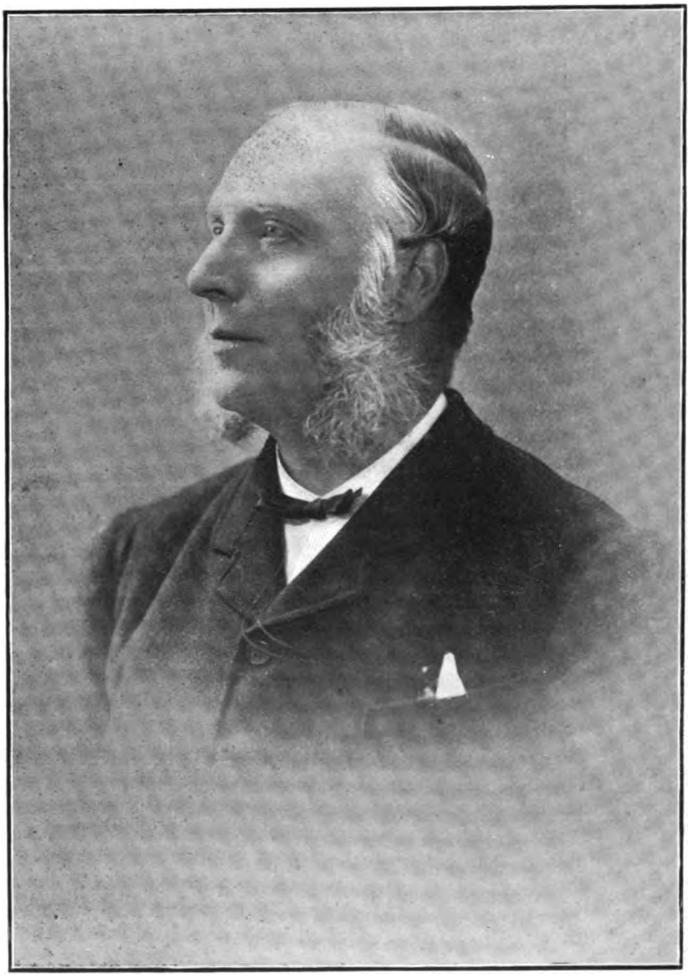
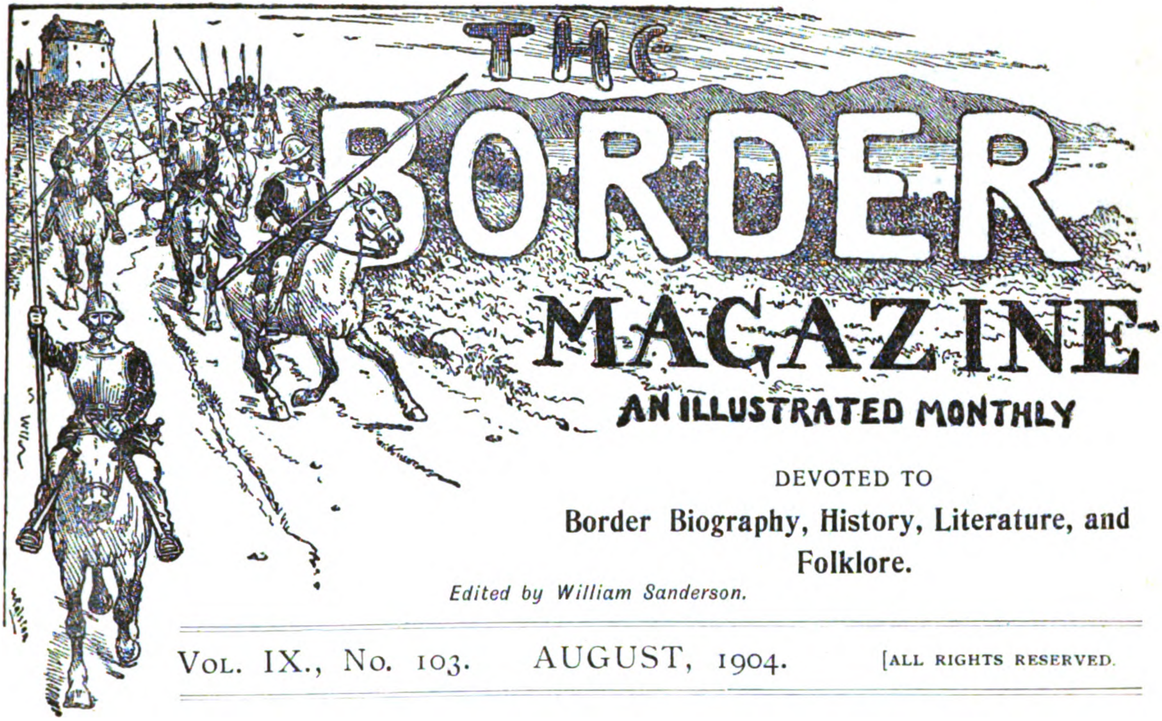


THE LATE MR JOHN BROWN, NEWCASTLETON.



DEVOTED TO
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THE LATE MR JOHN BROWN, NEWCASTLETON.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1904, had scarcely reached its meridian when the sad news filtered through the village of Copshawholm, or Newcastleton, that one of her chief citizens had gone over to the majority. Neighbours, without mentioning the name to each other, intuitively knew that the worthy schoolmaster, Mr John Brown, or "Mr Broon," had passed away. This was the departure of a figure familiar in the village life for half a century. There was a murmur of sorrow, yet it having been known that the health of the old master had been precarious, there was no room for surprise. Then, the life which had closed, had been a long and useful one, and the weight of years had come in ordinary course. It had been a right loyal, goodly life, and the villagers could only bow in submission to the inevitable and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

It was in the year 1832, in the burgh of Haddington, that Mr John Brown first saw the light. He was born of highly respectable parentage, according to the late Rev. Dr John Cook, minister of Haddington, who had known him from infancy, and who was led to take an interest in the boy, in view of the noble exertions of his parents in affording him the benefit of an excellent education. Dr Cook adds that the lad was trained under the superintendence of Mr Thomas Henderson, a prominent teacher, and that for some years he acted as an assistant, and became thoroughly experienced in the practical work of tuition. From Haddington the youth went to the Normal School, where he profited by its advantages, took a good place among those distinguished by general acquirement, and obtained the prize for success in teaching. Such was the testimony borne by the rev. doctor, and which was confirmed again and again by other competent authorities.

In 1847 Mr Brown was admitted a member of the Educational Institute of Scotland, and for some years he was engaged in teaching in Haddington and Midlothian, much to the satisfaction of his employers.

In 1854 the heritors of the Border parish of Castleton had before them the resignation of the schoolmaster at Newcastleton. There were numerous candidates, but the heritors unanimously appointed Mr Brown. He was desired to attend a meeting of the heritors, and in those days the Waverley route had only reached Hawick, necessitating a drive of eighteen miles over a bleak and hilly country. It was said that when climbing the hill towards the Note o' the Gate Mr Brown enquired of Jehu if it was all like this, meaning the outlandish look of the country he found himself in, because if so he might as well return home. He was told that it improved further on, and thus encouraged he continued his journey. We can fancy how the new master, once he entered the upper waters of the Liddell, and its beautiful valley lay before him, did not forget that the famous wizard had oft travelled the same journey and woven weird stories out of the enchanted land. In this way it may be assumed that he forgot all about the desolate country lying between him and the fertile Lothians, among which his life had been spent. The appointment was accepted, and in September, 1854, he appeared before the Presbytery of Langholm, produced the necessary certificates that he had taken, and subscribed the usual oath of allegiance and of objurgation, and craved to be examined. The Presbytery proceeded to examine, and expressed themselves perfectly satisfied. They then required him to sign in their presence the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, and this he did in token of his assent to the doctrines therein contained. He was thereupon fully qualified and declared legal schoolmaster of the parish. We cannot help reciting this quaint procedure adopted in the election of a schoolmaster in the olden days. It is a peculiar contrast to the methods of going about an appointment nowadays.

In the year following Mr Brown's appointment, the Presbytery, in respect that the Parish School of Castleton had reached a high stage of efficiency in a very short time under its accomplished teacher, reported that it had become crowded to such a degree as to demand enlargement. This was followed in 1856 by a further report that, as the school was far too small and ill-lighted, a new school was desired, as, with the large attendance of pupils, the proper arrangement of classes was impracticable. After some time the present commodious schools were erected, and the new schoolmaster went forward successfully with his labours. Mr Brown had found his life work. He settled down in the village, and carried new energy into every cause which had the aim of helping and comforting the lives of his fellow parishioners. He soon, through his office of schoolmaster and the various other offices he held, became well known throughout the extensive upland parish. His position of teacher of the young was his first thought and the business of his life, and it is difficult to tell the mighty influence for good which he had upon the several hundreds of young people who passed through his hands. These, as they grew up to manhood and womanhood, could not stay at home; they were obliged in their own interests to leave the quiet Border village and farm townships and go out into the world. From all quarters of the globe many thoughts must have turned towards the old homes when the news of their respected master's death reached them. Mr Brown never seemed to fail in anything which he undertook. He was an earnest and hard worker, and there is no doubt he sent out lads well qualified to hold responsible situations in the mercantile and professional world. Thus he laboured on until September, 1899, when he intimated to the School Board that having spent fifty-one years as a teacher, forty-six in the parish, he wished to retire.

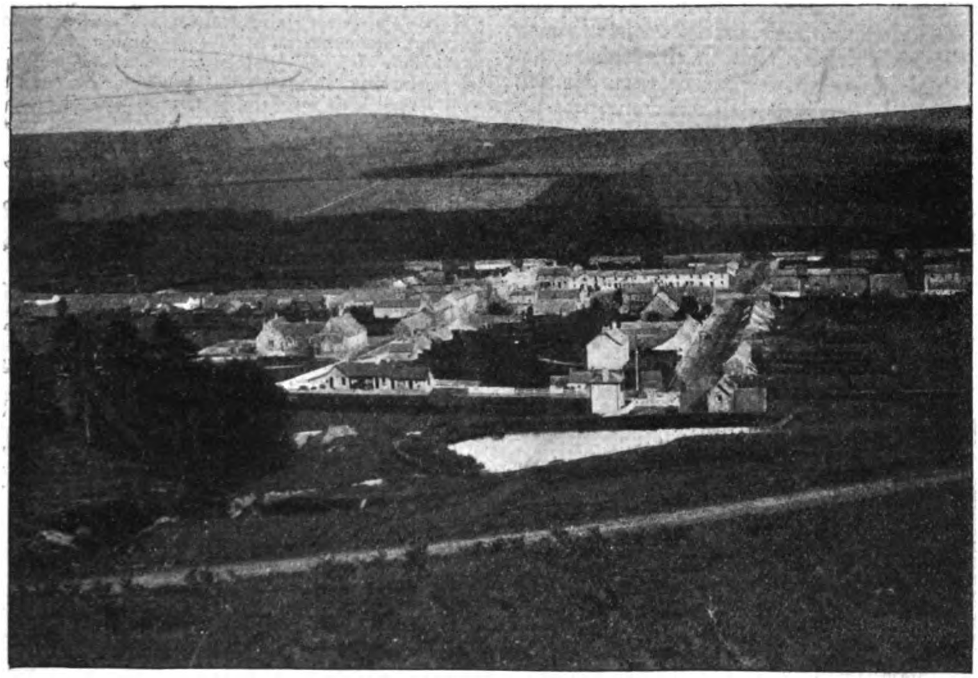
On 14th May, 1900, Mr Brown taught his scholars within the old familiar walls for the last time, and in words of simple tenderness bade them and his teaching staff a kindly farewell.

In connection with his retirement an incident, somewhat unique, occurred. Among the host of certificates of character and qualification which flooded in upon Mr Brown, when he was a candidate for the schoolmastership in 1854, was one, unsolicited, by the Rev. Thomas Smith, minister of Ewes. Mr Smith's letter to the then minister of Castleton is a splendid tribute to Mr Brown's teaching powers and general abilities. When Mr Brown's retirement was brought about Mr Smith was still alive, and to whom he wrote reminding him of his letter. There is now before us the reply of Mr Smith (who has also gone over to the majority) which congratulated his friend upon the successful manner in which the duties of his office had been discharged, and expressed the pleasure he had to learn that his declining years were to be spent in rest and comfort.

Notwithstanding his retirement the parish did not lose all Mr Brown's services. When he received his appointment as schoolmaster he was also elected Inspector of Poor, Clerk to the Parochial Board, Collector of Rates, and Registrar. Every one of these was an important office, and brought him into constant contact with the parishioners, with the result that his advice and helping hand was ever in request. In short, he was the "fac totum" of the parish, and "everybody's body." As Inspector of Poor and Collector, he had the honour of showing that his list of poor was the smallest of any like parish in Scotland, while year by year he never had any arrears of rates under his charge. He was fastidious in his attention to official duty, and in his methods of book-keeping and accounting, and he always received the best of reports from his superior officers.

In November, 1903, he resigned his appointment as Inspector, Clerk, and Collector, and his long services were acknowledged by the Council.

In connection with Church matters, Mr Brown did not confine his interest to what was generally looked upon as the more important offices. From 1855 to 1903 he held the office of superintendent of the Parish Church School. For all these long years his services were appreciated by old and young, and this general feeling took a substantial form, as may be seen from the following extract from the Castleton Parish Magazine of December last :—



COPSHAWHOLM.

> As soon as Mr Brown's resignation of the superintendentship of the Parish Church Sunday School was received, it was felt on all sides that the occasion should be marked by asking him to accept some tangible token of his fellow parishioner's respect and esteem. A handsome sum was speedily raised from willing and numerous subscribers all over the parish, and by Mr Brown's choice, a valuable and highly finished gold watch was procured, which was handed to Mr Brown with a letter in the name of the subscribers, on Tuesday, 24th November.
>
> His reply was as follows:—I received your beautiful letter of yesterday, accompanied by a handsome gold watch, presented to me by the members of the Parish Church and a few other friends, as a token of their respect and esteem for me—a gift which was quite unexpected, but which, in this my day of weakness, is most gratifying, and for which I tender my warmest thanks. The inscription, so richly and beautifully engraved upon it, greatly enhances its value, and will render it a highly prized heirloom in my family. You speak of my services in the Sabbath School where I taught and superintended for forty-eight years. This was ever a pleasure to me, and all along I was richly rewarded by the regularity of attendance of the children, their exemplary conduct, their desire to be taught, and the great attention they paid to the instruction imparted to them. I am very thankful for the long life God has given me, and for the great measure of health and strength I have enjoyed in doing what I considered to be my duty, and fondly hope that I may yet be permitted to do a little more for the Church I love so well. Whatever may be the issue of my present weakness, I bow myself resignedly to the will of Him "who doeth all things well, and chasteneth whom He loveth." Thanking you all for your kind wishes that my strength may be renewed.

Mr Brown having retired from his mastership of Castleton School, the members of the Langholm Branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland entertained him to dinner in the Crown Hotel, Langholm, on 24th June. The chairman was Mr Lyall, Ewes.

On a Saturday in August, 1900, the village of Castleton saw another function consequent upon the retiral of Mr Brown. This was a meeting of old pupils to express their esteem and recognition of his forty-six years' service as schoolmaster. A large company turned out to the summons of the old school bell. The larger towns of the country were represented, and the subscribers to the testimonial were from far and near, while even Canada and the United States sent their contributions. Tokens of esteem took the form of an illustrated address, solid silver salver, and a silver inkstand, accompanied with all best wishes for the enjoyment in full measure of health and happiness. A pleasant afternoon with story and incidents of old schooldays was passed.

Mr Brown held the registrarship of the parish from the commencement of the Act in 1855, and this, like his other offices, brought him in touch with the parishioners, and in this sphere his advice and assistance was in constant demand and as heartily tendered. In this connection an unusual incident occurred. Mr Brown had intimated his resignation to the Council, and proposed to conclude his duties the Auld Year's Day of 1903. On that day he, in his own handwriting, was able to make the final entry, after which he expressed himself well satisfied that he had been able to do the needful. Sad to write it, but nevertheless true, the entry of his own decease was the first made in the register of the new year.

Mr Brown was a staunch friend of the Kirk of Scotland. This is best told in the words of the present worthy minister of the parish, Mr Vassie, with whom he was on friendly terms for over twenty years. On 3rd January, 1904, the pulpit of the Parish Church was draped in black, and at the close of his sermon Mr Vassie gave expression to the feelings which he and his congregation had of their departed friend.

> It is a most memorable life which has now closed—memorable alike for its length of service, for its strenuous, faithful discharge of every duty, and for its continuous exhibition of the most robust and vigorous bodily health.
>
> It was in 1854 that Mr Brown came to Castleton, a young man of twenty-two. In the autumn of that year he became Session clerk, and in 1856 he was made an elder. He has thus lived in the Parish for nearly half a century, and during all that time he identified himself with every good work. When he helped others he never spared himself; and every work he undertook was carefully and faithfully finished in every detail. He was a friend to all, and especially to those who needed help. Many a young lad, who has since done well in the world, was helped by him to put his foot upon the first step of the ladder of success.
>
> He was one of the most loyal and devoted sons of the Church of Scotland. Love to the National Church was one of his most outstanding characteristics, and the regularity of his Church attendance, with his delight in the services of the Sanctuary will, I hope, long be remembered; for in these directions, as in many others, he set us an example that we will do well to copy.
>
> I remember how pleased he was when the Presbytery of Langholm, as soon as he was free to discharge the duties of the office, laid upon him the honour of representing them, as one of the two Presbytery elders, in the General Assembly.
>
> I do not speak of Mr Brown's work as a successful teacher. He was one of the old Parochial schoolmasters—now a rapidly diminishing band—he nobly upheld the best traditions of a scholarly class, to whom Scotland ought never to forget how much she owes. Many generations of Liddesdale children received their education from Mr Brown. How thorough the educational work was is known to you all, and it has been fully and thankfully recognised already by many of those who have profited by it.
>
> I can, however, and I do most willingly speak of what has come more directly under my own observation. I know that he had a very special gift of imparting religious instruction. No one who ever heard him teaching a Sunday School class can ever forget the beauty, the clearness, and the attractiveness of his teaching method.
>
> All these years too, Mr Brown was Inspector of Poor, and Clerk to the Parochial Board and the Parish Council, and Registrar; but his good business habits, his punctuality and attention to details, enabled him to perform all these different duties with conspicuous success.
>
> There must be very few in our midst to-day who can remember the parish of Castleton without Mr Brown. His name has become a household name in our midst. And to very many of us, as well as to the members of his own family, this parish will be a changed parish, because he is no longer in our midst. We cannot in the least degree realise just now how much—how sorely—he will be missed.
>
> Mr Brown was the first to welcome me—his hand was the first I grasped—when I came among you as a stranger at your call more than twenty years ago! And the years which have passed since then have only deepened and strengthened the friendship which then began. Our loss is great. Our grief is almost uncontrollable. But what is it compared to the grief of those who mourn for him as husband and father? To them we can only offer our warm respectful sympathy and bear them in our hearts before the Throne of Grace.

Space forbids us to say more of our old friend. His figure will long be missed in the quiet village. He was methodical and regular in all his habits. One cannot forget his kindly face, his jokes and stories, his general knowledge, and specially his acquaintance with local historical events; his kindness of manner, and the eminent pleasure it gave him to lend a helping hand to others; his enjoyment on hearing of the success of others, his generosity and charity, and, above all, the esteem he was held in in his own family circle. Then, in his last illness he stood out as a great lesson of Christian resignation. It was with an overflowing heart that he acknowledged the goodness of Providence in having given him a life of hard work, splendid health, and the happy surroundings in which he was placed. It was a great comfort to himself and those near and dear to him that he did not suffer bodily pain, and when the scene changed, unexpected in its suddenness, but yet looked for, "his end was peace."

Mr Brown's remains were interred in the quiet churchyard. There was a large attendance of mourners, who most appropriately included a number of scholars and their teacher (Mr Brown's successor), and it was evident that there was laid to rest a true and faithful friend. When the gates of the churchyard closed upon the scene the sympathy of all went out to the widow, son, and daughters of the departed.

T. S.

Church of St Bega in Peebles-shire.

In the old statistical account of Kilbucho, which was written by the Rev. Wm. Porteous, minister of the parish at the time of its union with Broughton and Glenholm, the name is said to signify the cell of Bucho, "of whom nothing is known," though it is surmised that Bucho might be a corruption of Bede, as there was "an excellent well of water called St Bede's." Pennecuik was nearer the mark when he mentioned that the Church of Kilbucho was "called of old St Bez." In reality, Kilbucho owes its name to a lady saint, of wide and venerated repute throughout Cumbrian territory, named St Bega, or, in popular phraseology, St Bees, to whom the church was dedicated. St Bees, and not St Bedes, must have been the former name of the well beside the church, and that well was no doubt held in reverent regard in the olden time, though, as noted by the writer of the new statistical account, it was latterly covered over "so as to render the spot arable." That the original name was long kept in remembrance is shown by an entry in the protocol book of Sir John Allane, a Peebles notary and town clerk. Previous to the Reformation the parsonage of Kilbucho belonged to the collegiate church of Dalkeith, where the parson's official duties required personal attention, and the spiritual affairs of the parish were mainly under the charge of a resident vicar. The Earl of Morton was patron of the vicarage, but the admission or collation rested with the Archbishop of Glasgow, and it is the narrative of the procedure connected with the admission of a vicar which Allan's protocol has preserved. As this is probably the only record now extant of such a ceremony at Kilbucho, and as it is illustrative of the usages in similar cases, a full abstract may here be given. It is set forth that in the year 1550, and on 30th October (the day, it may be noted, on which St Bega's festival was kept by the Scottish Church), Sir William Portus [*] "Chaplain in the Parish Church of St Bege of Kilbucho, in the diocese of Glasgow," produced letters of collation of John Stewart, canon of the Metropolitan Church of Glasgow, and commissary general of Mr Gavin Hamiltown, dean of that church, and vicar general to the vacant see [†] directed to the Dean of Christianity of Peblis, or any other chaplain within the diocese, concerning the institution of Sir William as vicar pensioner of the Parish Church. By virtue of these letters the notary, who was also a chaplain, gave to Sir Wiliam real, actual, personal, and corporal possession of the vicar pensionary, with all its rights, oblations, and pertinents, and inducted and instituted him thereto, by entering the door and touching the font, and by delivery into his hands of the book, chalice, and ornaments of the great altar, and committed to him the cure of souls and the rule and administration of the vicarage. These proceedings took place at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in presence of William Portus of Glenkirk, Walter Tuedy of Mote, and Sirs John Hoggart and James Steill, chaplains, besides others who are not named. Being their Saints' day it is probable that the parishioners were honouring it by festive observances, and a goodly number may have attended the installation of their new vicar. Eleven years afterwards, by which time the reformed tenets had been adopted, it was reported that the vicarage revenues amounted to £12 yearly. Portus seems to have survived the Reformation, and to have complied with the new system, as in the register of ministers, begun in 1567, his name occurs as "Reader" at Kilbucho, with a stipend of £13 6s 8d, besides £4 as the share of the vicarage pension falling to the collector of the thirds of kirk benefices, but allowed to the "Reader" in augmentation of his other emoluments.

R. R.

---

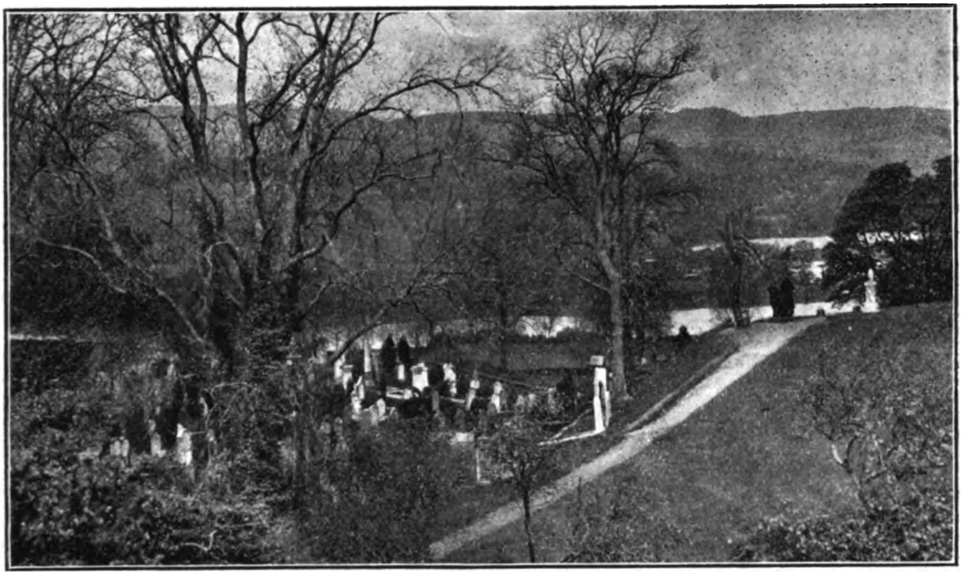
[*] By a curious coincidence the last Roman Catholic vicar and the last Protestant minister of Kilbucho as a separate parish bore the same name.

[†] Archbishop Dunbar died in 1547, and his successor was not appointed till 1551.

"Old Mortality" Stones in the Stewartry.

I WAS, the other day, reading that delightful book, "The Scott Country," when my attention was drawn to a view of the birthplace of "Old Mortality" at Haggisha', Hawick. The view brought vividly to my memory boyhood's days, when I often passed the old cottage, and it struck me that perhaps it might be of interest to your numerous readers to give a short account of a few of the gravestones which cover the remains of the martyred Covenanters in this district, and which, there can be little doubt, were lovingly tended by Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality," son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott of Haggisha', where he was born in the memorable year of the '15. On no district of Scotland did the heavy hand of persecution descend with more cruel force than in that district of Galloway known as the Stewartry. Not only the common people, but the gentry, suffered cruelly for their steadfast adherence to the Covenant. Eight miles from Kirkcudbright, the beautiful old county town, is the old parish church of Anwoth, for ever hallowed by the memory of the saintly Samuel Rutherford, a native of the parish of Crailing, and the church is therefore to be held in remembrance of all Borderers. Last year the members of the Ramblers' Club, of which the writer has the honour to be secretary, paid a visit to the ruined church nestling in the secluded valley. In the ancient churchyard rest the remains of John Bell of Whiteside, shot on Kirkconnell Moor by command of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag. Here, in the little church, built in 1637, the date of Rutherford's induction, did the "little fair man" preach the Word of Life, his great and constant theme being the "loveliness and glory of Christ." Here were written many of his famous letters, and few had a greater share than he in moulding the religious opinions of the district. Among the first singled out when James I. and VI. attempted to force Prelacy on his northern dominion was John Welsh, minister of Ayr, who, while minister of Kirkcudbright, had married the daughter of John Knox. Welsh suffered a long imprisonment at Blackness before he was sent into banishment. Years rolled on, and King Charles I. occupied the throne. Nothing but a perfect conformity between England and Scotland in religious matters would satisfy the King. Robert Glendinning, minister of Kirkcudbright, was deprived of his living by the High Commission, and because the Magistrates refused to imprison him both he and they were confined in Wigtown jail. In 1636 Rutherford was deposed from his charge at Anwoth and banished to Aberdeen. In November of the same year, Rutherford's brother, schoolmaster of Kirkcudbright, was commanded to resign his charge immediately and remove from the town. On 28th February, 1638, the Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed at Edinburgh by, among others, Samuel Rutherford. In its defence a strong force was raised in the Stewartry, and joined the army at Duns Law. A regiment was also raised by Lord Kirkcudbright, and saw considerable service in England, besides being present at the Battle of Philiphaugh, 15,000 merks being awarded to the regiment for its bravery. Passing on to the reign of the "Merry Monarch," we find, in 1662, the Solemn League and Covenant declared unlawful, and a large number of proprietors in Galloway were heavily fined for their adherence to it. Among the deprived ministers was Thomas Wylie, Kirkcudbright. On the introduction of curates a serious riot took place in Kirkcudbright, and Lord Kirkcudbright and the Provost were carried prisoners to Edinburgh. The persecution was bad enough in all conscience, but nothing as compared with what was to follow. "The unhappy Presbyterians," says McKenzie's "History of Galloway," "continued to suffer from the fury of the military, who were at length, by impunity or encouragement, rendered truly ferocious. The district had now become a perfect wilderness; proprietors had been forced to abandon their houses and lurk in mountains, woods, or mosses; their cattle had been destroyed, their crops wasted, their furniture burned, and their dwellings plundered." What wonder that, goaded to madness, they had recourse to arms. At the battle of Rullion Green there was a force of Galloway gentlemen on horseback, and several of them forfeited their lives. The heads of three of them, Major M'Culloch, and two brothers, Gordons of Knockbrex, were sent to Kirkcudbright for exposure on the principal gate of the burgh. Many gentlemen in the district also suffered cruelly. When the Highland Host, in 1678, returned to their hills, Kirkcudbright was garrisoned by regulars, and it was at this period that the blackest persecution began. It is to this latter period that the tombstones belong which were tended with such pious care by Robert Paterson. Of these, I propose to mention a few, beginning with the ancient churchyard of Kirkcudbright. On the 18th of December, 1684, Claverhouse, with a party of dragoons, surprised six of the wanderers at Auchincloy, parish of Girthon, Gatehouse. Four of them were instantly shot, and two of them, William Hunter and Robert Smith, were carried to Kirkcudbright, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged and beheaded. A flat stone, bearing the following inscription, marks where their mutilated remains lie:—

"This monument shall show posterity
Two headless martyrs under it do ly;
By bloody Graham were taken and surpris'd,
Brought to this town, and afterwards were seiz'd:
By unjust laws were sentenced to die.
Them first they hanged, then headed cruelly.
Captains Douglas, Bruce, Graham, and Claverhouse,
Were those that caused them to be handled thus;
And when they were unto the gibbet come,
To stop their speech they did beat up the drum.
And all because they would not comply
With Indulgence and bloody Prelacy.
In face of cruel Bruce, Douglas, and Graham,
They did maintain 'That Christ was Lord supreme.'
And boldly avowed both the Covenants,
At Kirkcudbright thus ended these two saints."



ST. CUTHBERT'S, KIRKCUDBRIGHT—AN EIGHTH CENTURY CHURCHYARD.

From Copyright Photo by Mr McConchie, Kirkcudbright.

Not far away is a tombstone erected to the memory of John Hallume, a lad about eighteen years of age, who was barbarously handled and taken to Kirkcudbright and executed. The stone bears the following inscription:—

"Here lyes John Hallume, who was wounded in his taking, and by unjust law sentenced to be hanged. All this done by Captain Douglas, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants' Nationell and Solemn League, 1685."

Both stones are in a fair state of preservation. In the end of February Grierson surprised John Bell of Whiteside; David Halliday, portioner of Mayfield; Andrew M'Robert, James Clement, and Robert Lennox of Irelandton, on Kirkconnell Moor, about five miles from Kirkcudbright. All five were shot. Bell, as above stated, was buried at Anwoth; Halliday in the churchyard of Balmaghie; M'Robert in Twynholm churchyard; Lennox in Girthon churchyard; Clement, a stranger, was buried on the spot where he fell. Tombstones are raised to the memory of all, and bear the inscription that they were shot by Grierson for their adherence to the Covenant. Bell's mother married, secondly, Viscount Kenmure. Lag knew Bell well, and yet refused to give him one quarter of an hour to prepare for death. "What!" cried he, with an oath, "have you not had time enough for preparation since Bothwell?" A short time after Kenmure, Claverhouse, and Grierson met in a house at Kirkcudbright, when Kenmure upbraided Grierson for his cruelty, and particularly for not allowing the body to be interred. With an oath Grierson said to Kenmure, "Take him if you will, and salt him in your beef barrel." The Viscount drew his sword, and would have run Grierson through had not Claverhouse interfered and saved his life. The house where this incident took place is said to be still standing in the High Street of Kirkcudbright. An imposing obelisk, not far from the grave of Clement, marks the place of the tragedy. Last year the members of the Ramblers' Club visited the place, when an excellent paper was read by Mr George Hunter, schoolmaster, Ringford, who is a native of Minto. During this year of blood many more victims fell. Robert M'Whae was shot in his own garden, and buried in the churchyard of Kirkandrews. Another version is that he was shot in the little ravine where he was hiding, which leads down to the shore. The present tombstone over M'Whae's resting-place was erected by the parishioners in 1855, and is a *fac-simile* of an "Old Mortality Stone," which it replaced. One other martyr rests in this secluded churchyard by the Solway—Alexander Dobie:—

"Here Alexander Dobie lyes,
  An earthly saint, beneath this stone;
Who, freed from labour, care, and toil,
  To happy rest is gone.
Now he is with kings and counsellors,
  And balance equal laid,
Who levels with one line
  The sceptre and the spade."

The reading on the other side of the stone, on which the inscription had evidently been continued, cannot now be made out.

Among all the atrocities perpetrated in Galloway at this time perhaps none exceeds in magnitude the one which the humble stones in the Caldons Wood, near Loch Trool, commemorate. In the quiet of a Sabbath morning of January, 1685, a few of the persecuted had assembled in the seclusion of this retreat to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, when they were surprised by a troop of dragoons under Colonel James Douglas, Lieut. Livingston, and Cornet Douglas. After a brief resistance six were killed, and in the lone, sequestered spot where they fell they were buried. It is said that the monumental stone which Old Mortality erected over their common grave was the first from his chisel. It is a small stone, about three feet high and two feet broad, and is carved in the rude and antique style, which distinguishes the work of the solitary old enthusiast. It bears the following inscription:—

"Here lyes Jamis and Robert Duns, Thomas and John Stevensons, James M'Cleod, Andrew M'Call, who were surprised at prayer in this house by Colnell Douglas, Lieutenant Livingstone, and Cornet James Douglas, and by them most impiously and cruelly murthered for their adherence to Scotland's Reformation, Covenants, National and Solemn League, 1685."

One of the party by plunging into the lake and keeping his head above water covered by a heath bush managed to conceal himself from the soldiers, and had a remarkable escape. Of the dragoons, two were killed, one Captain Urquhart being shot under peculiar circumstances, As tradition narrates, he had that morning, exasperated by the difficulties of the road, sworn that he would be revenged upon the Covenanters. He had dreamed that he would be killed at a place called the "Caldons," and while approaching the cottage of a shepherd in search of the fugitives he inquired the name of the place. On learning this he gave utterance to a fearful oath, and drew up his horse, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. At that moment a shot fired from the window brought him to the ground. "On these solitary moors, where the sighing winds and the music of the mountain stream sing their requiem, many a wanderer found his grave. To a contemplative rambler Galloway can show no objects of interest more honourable or ennobling than these humble monuments of its martyrs."

Such are a few of the "Old Mortality" stones. One likes to think of the old man and his white pony wandering over Galloway, lovingly tending the memorials of a bloody past. It is related in the notes to the romance that from about the year 1758 he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to Gatelawbrigg, Dumfriesshire, to his wife and family, which induced her to send her eldest son, Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway in search of his father. Walter at last found him working on the Cameronian monuments of the old churchyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the Dee, opposite Kirkcudbright. He never again returned to his home, dying at Bankhead, and was buried in the churchyard of Caerlaverock.

Kirkcudbright. J. R.

No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy
Had well-nigh been asham'd on't. For your
  crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he's above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught
  in them.—Quentin Durward.

The Burns Country.

THE famous firm of publishers, Messrs A. & C. Black, have long since earned the gratitude of all Borderers for their many copyright editions of the "Waverley Novels" and other works of Sir Walter Scott, and two years ago, it may be remembered, the firm published "The Scott Country" by the genial minister of Tweedsmuir. A similar volume, dealing with the Burns Country, by Mr Charles S. Dougall, M.A., headmaster of Dollar Institution, has just been issued by Messrs Black, and we can heartily recommend it to our readers. In addition to the valuable information contained in the 322 pages, the book is further enhanced by a large map and indices to text and places. As an example of the author's pleasant style, we quote the following reference to the town of Ayr:—

Proudest of all her memories are those of Robert Burns. Hither, on fine Sundays, a dark-eyed, serious-faced lad of six or seven, he trotted by his father's side to worship in the Auld Kirk that still stands between the High Street and the Water of Ayr. During the twelve years he spent at Mount Oliphant, he paid the town many a visit. He says himself: "My vicinity to Ayr was a great advantage to me." Even from Mossgiel, some ten miles distant, Burns, now a man of mark in the county, found time to ride across to Ayr. It is easy to picture such a visit—the start in the early morning, the ride down through Tarbolton, along the slopes of the valley, and across the Auld Brig into the town. Some buying and selling has first to be done, and the meal market at the bend of the High Street, or up at the Fauldbacks; and then he is free to call on his lawyer friends. He looks into McWhinnie's office; he has a longer stay with Willie Chalmers, whose love-suit he is proud to hear has prospered since, for friendship's sake, he "got astride his Pegasus" and sang to Willie's sweetheart—

"Some gapin', glorin', countra laird,
  May warsle for your favour;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
  And hoast up some palaver.
My bonnie maid, before ye wed
  Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek heaven for help, and barefit skelp
  Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers."

He reaches Mr Aitken's in time for mid-day dinner. He has a kind word for Miss Gracie—a kind word which she was to recall when, long years after, she met him in Dumfries, so sadly changed that only the magical voice was left. He has learned that young Andrew is about to set out in the world, and he has ventured to cast into verse some words of good advice for him:

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
  To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
  Let that aye be your border."

After dinner, he has weighty matters to discuss with the father. Troubles are crowding thick upon him. For a moment he had doubted even the friendship of the "dear patron of his virgin muse." Now he is about to appear in print, and he begs the man who "read him into fame" to accept the dedication of what he considers his choicest poem. This is how he has expressed it:

"My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
  No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
  My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
  To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
  The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I
    ween."

He has been talking of having soon to say farewell, and it is in a serious mood, with head bent low, that he strides down the street to pay his respects to Dean of Guild Ballantine. Business is just over in the bank, and he joins Mr Ballantine in a stroll to the river to inspect the preparations that are being made for the erection of the new bridge. Ere they return the gloaming is beginning to fall, but he has promised that "be't light, be't dark," he will not pass from Ayr without "a call at Park," the home of his friend, Major Logan. Thither, therefore, he hies—to receive a cordial welcome from "honest Lucky," the head of the house. With "sentimental sister Susie" he has a long discussion on the beauties of Beattie's verse, and he promises to send her a copy of that poet's work. Then "thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie," produces his fiddle and his bowl. Friends who have heard that Burns is in the town drop in, and it is wearing late when he tears himself away. As he rides homeward he feels the load of care pressing less heavily in his heart. What though his prospects are not bright? His friends are true, and he croons to himself:

"He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
  But aye a heart aboon them a';
  He'll be a credit till us a',
    We'll a' be proud o' Robin!"

The whole of the Burns Country from Ayr to "the Queen of the South" is treated in a similar fashion, and the reader is carried from chapter to chapter with the delightful feeling that his "guide, counsellor, and friend"—the author—is complete master of the subject. The scenery and history of the various districts receive that light touch which gives brightness and novelty without wearying the reader, a feeling which is apt to accompany a perusal of even the best of guide books. Over fifty full-page illustrations, printed on the finest art paper, add greatly to the value of the handsome volume, which is published at six shillings, and makes a fit companion to similar books issued or in preparation by the same firm.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

That "time flies" is a common enough saying, but it is only when we begin to look at dates and count backwards that we realise its truth. We can hardly realise that with this number of the BORDER MAGAZINE we begin the fourth year of our editorship, but a reference to the number for August, 1901, establishes the fact. In the few leisure moments snatched from a busy commercial life, we have done our best to keep up the standard of the Magazine, and our only regret it that we have not been able to accomplish all we desire in this direction. We have been greatly encouraged by the appreciation of the many litterateurs who contribute to our columns valuable articles, and if those, who merely read the Magazine occasionally, would exhibit a similar enthusiasm by becoming regular subscribers, and bringing its merits before Borderers who do not read it, our success would be even more pronounced than it is.

The Border Keep.

DEAR FELLOW BORDERERS,

A few months ago I had occasion to refer to a prominent Borderer in Buffalo, U.S.A., and I notice with regret that he has since passed away. From the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" I select the following notice:—

The death is announced at Buffalo, New York, on the 30th June, of Mr Robert Borthwick Adam, a gentleman well known in this district, he being a son of the late Rev. Thomas Adam, a former minister of the Secession, now Leckie Memorial, Church, Peebles. His grandfather and grandmother were natives of Yarrow, and are buried in the romantic churchyard of St Marys. Besides founding a great store in Main Street, Buffalo, which is one of the attractions of the city, Mr Adam had a reputation as a collector of books and manuscripts, and had one of the finest Johnson collections in the world. He published a catalogue of his treasures, which included original letters and poems of Burns, Ruskin, and many others. He had at one time the original manuscript of "Tam o' Shanter," "A man's a man for a' that," "Flow gently, sweet Afton," "To Mary in Heaven," &c., and the Lochryan MSS., which contain the correspondence of Burns with Mrs Dunlop. This correspondence was first published in full under the editorship of Mr William Wallace in 1898. Mr Adam also possessed a Kilmarnock Burns. "A Man of Kent" in the "British Weekly" says:—"I deeply regret to hear of the death of my friend, Mr R. B. Adam, of Buffalo. Mr Adam was the son of the late Rev. Thomas Adam of Peebles. He went over to America and settled in Buffalo, where he and his brother established very large and prosperous businesses. Mr R. B. Adam was specially known as one of the greatest of book collectors. In his beautiful home in Delaware Avenue he had accumulated a treasury of Johnsoniana and Burnsiana almost if not altogether without rival. I arranged with him the publication of the complete correspondence between Burns and Mrs Dunlop, a volume which must always take its place among the most important of the materials for a biography of Burns. Mr Adam gave great assistance to the late Dr Birkbeck Hill in his standard books on Johnson. He kept up a keen and lively interest in his favourite authors to the last, and not many months ago I received from him some curious notes on Johnson. Mr Adam was one of the kindest, most hospitable, and most generous of men, and was held in the highest esteem in the city of Buffalo and far beyond it."

* * *

The following newspaper reference to our excellent contemporary, the "Gallovidian," will interest many of our readers who may not have the privilege of seeing that valuable quarterly:

Some reminiscences of old Dumfries, contributed to the "Gallovidian" by the late Mr Adam Skirving of Croys, throw an interesting light on the social condition of Scotland three-quarters of a century ago. Before the time of railways Dumfries was not only a sort of metropolis to a large district, but was respectfully spoken of as "The Toon," in contradistinction to other smaller communities. Some of its institutions, however, were of a very primitive character. There was, for example, a street cry peculiar to the town. That cry was "Wa-a-ater." Old men, with large, shiny barrels mounted on wheels, and drawn by wretched horses, went through the streets retailing water from a spigot at the rate of three cans for a halfpenny. When the barrel was empty it was driven into the middle of the river, where the driver refilled it, standing on the shaft holding an old can at the end of a pole, with which he ladled the water into a wide funnel at the top of the barrel. No wonder the cholera was severe in the town in 1832! . . . That famous old Radical, Cobbett, often cursed the potato as being mean food for the British Lion, but it was much missed by poor men as a welcome addition to oatmeal and skim-milk, with kail broth and an occasional salt herring; for with a wage of 1s 6d per day, or 1s 3d in the short days of winter, the working-classes were practically vegetarians. There were no spare shillings for entry-money to concerts or flower shows, even had such things existed, and country folk tramped their fourteen or fifteen miles to fair or market and back at night, for almost the only conveyances on the road were carriers' carts, and farmers were in the habit of riding on horseback. I once heard a Dumfries lady say that she remembered when only one man in the town "killed beef," and he only did so after having a good part of the animal bespoken beforehand.

* * *

Those who are desirous of possessing a genealogical tree, by which they can trace their ancestry until they are lost in the nebulous mists of antiquity, will be able to appreciate the point of the following paragraph, selected from an evening paper:—

The Rev. Dr Gillespie's ancestry formed the subject of one of his characteristic stories at a recent agricultural gathering at Kilmarnock. The ex-Moderator comes from a Border county stock, and his burly form is in itself testimony as to the pursuits and the exploits with which he credits them. Some time ago, he states, he set out to trace his ancestry back through preceding ages. He got as far as two hundred years ago, but at that point he called a halt and refused to carry his investigations any further. The reason, he explained, was that he found his ancestors before that time had all been cattle stealers, or Border reivers, as they were called. In those times, however, the calling was quite an honourable and recognised one, and those who followed it successfully were regarded with as much respect as an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly is now. In the county of Kirkcudbright, adjoining Dr Gillespie's native Dumfriesshire, there are many old families who are reticent about their forefathers beyond a few generations back. In their case, however, their worthy progenitors were engaged in "the good free trade" at a time when the smuggling industry was followed by a large number of gentlemen of spirit on the waters of the Solway and the Irish Sea.

* * *

The death of Mr R. F. Watson, one of the most popular Provosts Hawick ever had, recalls the curious origin of the word "tweed." There is a general belief that the name is associated with the famous Border river, but this is not the case. Indeed, it was by a mere accident that the indispensable material in male attire came to be known as "tweed." Had there been typewriters in existence three-quarters of a century ago, we would now have been speaking of "tweels" instead of "tweeds," the former being the cognomen applied in those days to the cloth manufactured in the Border Burghs. Mr Watson's father (or it may have been his grandfather) sent some patterns of "tweels" to a London firm, who were so delighted with the material that they sent a large order to Messrs William Watson & Sons. They had evidently some difficulty in making out the manufacturer's handwriting, however, for instead of mentioning "tweels" they referred to "tweeds," and by that name the excellent, well-wearing fabric has been known ever since.

* * *

One does not, as a rule, associate our National Bard with steam navigation, but the Poet's well-known versatility had some connection even with that mode of travel. The following paragraph is full of possibilities for fresh Burnsiana, and I commend it to some reader who has time to go into the matter:—

I discover that in Oban there is a Mr Symington whose grandfather was the inventor of steam navigation, and was a personal friend of Burns. The poet sailed with the inventor on Dalswinton Loch when Symington's little steamer made its trial trip. Also on board was Mr Miller of Dalswinton, who was the laird of Ellisland, Burns's farm, and the patron of the engineer.

Yours in Border Brotherhood,

Dominie Sampson.

From Cumberland's Capital.

Another Train View of the Borderland.

IT is not easy to account for the glamour and charm of the Borderland. Its historic associations and peculiar beauties never pall. Those stretches around the fine old city on the Eden, because of the part they have played in the relations of the two countries, are not the least interesting to Borderers.

The visitor to Cumberland's capital, dating back to the time of the Romans, and figuring so largely in the annals of both kingdoms, is disappointed to find so few evidences of its past character and interest. That it has a past worthy of any city every student of history knows. True, the ancient castle, a stronghold of first importance in the Scottish and Civil Wars, said to have been raised by William Rufus, on the site of an older fort, is still preserved, and so is its Cathedral, with the largest, and, according to Ruskin, finest window in the kingdom, but apart from these little of the old city remains. Its walls and gates have disappeared, and everything wears a modern aspect.

The Cumbrians bore the brunt of those wars already mentioned. Long before Wallace's terrible visitation and Bruce's sieges, their city was constantly ravaged and harried. Even after the two countries had come to an amicable understanding, it suffered no little at the hands of the clans occupying the debatable territory.

Memories of many noted Borderers; of the ill-fated Queen who suffered imprisonment in the Castle in 1568; of the hero of the '45 and all the calamities that befell him; and past events of marked importance crowd in upon the mind on quitting the citadel. No Borderer but would recall the raid of the bold Buccleuch and his 200 men who, in 1596, rescued and rode merrily home with the mosstrooper, Kinmont Willie.

On clearing the city by the "smooth level way," the Eden and Esk are crossed in quick succession. The Highlanders must, in '45, have recrossed the latter in their retreat about this point, one section taking the Glasgow road by way of Ecclefechan, and the Camerons and Macdonalds, with their Prince, passing on to Dumfries. The old records of Gretna Kirk Session contain some curious entries regarding the memorable invasion and return of the Highland host. The people in those parts seem to have had little sympathy with Charlie. The minister, a stern Hanoverian, had to escape to Bowness, and therefore we learn that "there was no sermon at Gretna on Sabbath, 10th November, Mr Gatt being in England, and a column of the Highland army here. On the following Sunday Mr Gatt preached, but the bell was not rung, the Highlanders being still in sight." It is further stated that "on the 18th December the Highlanders, on their retreat, came to Carlisle, and afterwards threatened Mr Gatt as they came through the Esk."

Solway Moss, where the Scots in 1542 suffered defeat, lies to the right of the iron way. James V. is said to have broken his heart over the news of the sad disaster. Pennant, after visiting the moss, gives the following particulars regarding a land movement which changed the face of the country for miles around.

"Late in the night of November 17, 1771," he says, "a farmer who lived nearest the Moss was alarmed with an unusual noise. The surface had at once given way, and the black deluge was rolling towards his house. By the light of a lanthorn he perceived the cause of his affright, but thought it something preternatural. However, he had the prudence to alarm his neighbours, with all expedition, though some were not waked till the Stygian tide had entered their houses, and their suspense and terror were undescribable till the return of morn.

"About three hundred acres of moss were found to be discharged, and four hundred acres of arable land covered. The houses were either overthrown or filled to the roof, yet providentially not a human life was lost.

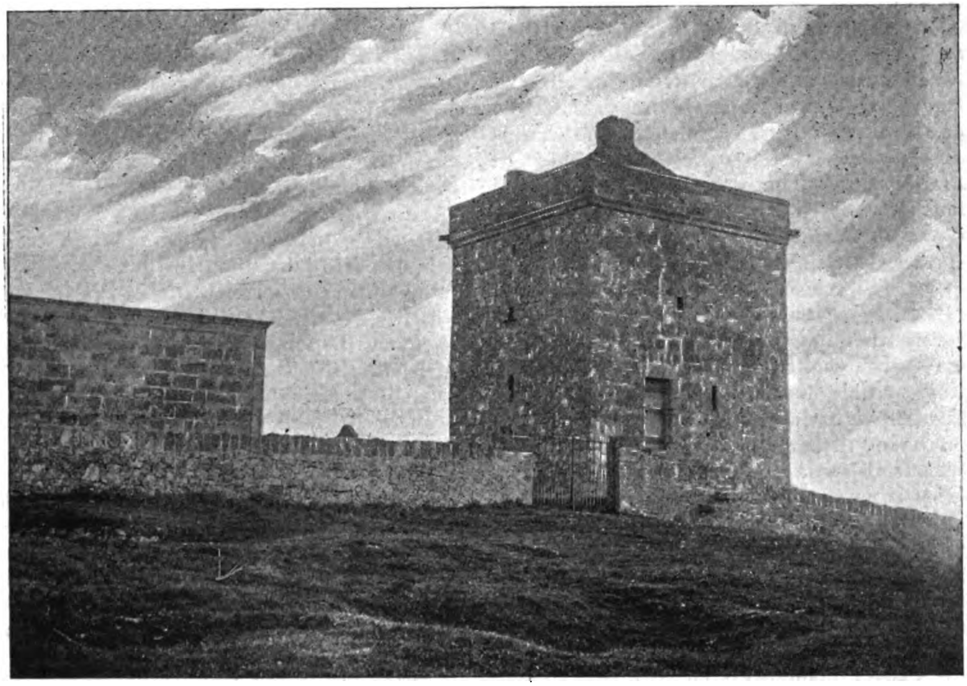
"The eruption burst from the place of its discharge like a catract of thick ink, mixed with fragments of peat. The farther it flowed the more it expanded and lessened in depth till it reached the river Esk.

"The surface of the Moss received a considerable change. What was before a plain, now sunk into a vast bason and thus afforded a view from Netherby of land and trees unseen before."

A litter factory now exploits the whole.

Crossing the Sark, Scotland is entered, and glimpses of Gretna Green, of runaway marriage fame, obtained. Here, according to Pennant, couples could be united by a fisherman, joiner, or blacksmith, for a couple of guineas a job down to a glass of whisky. A recent writer says—"Gretna is a sweet spot,—green hills and trees and waving cornfields, and sweet-scented hay and mild-faced cows that chew their cud and view the train as the blacksmith of long ago must have viewed the runaway. Poor man, he must often have wondered about the after-fate of the mad-caps that came to him breathless, and fearing lest the old man should reach Gretna ere the knot was tied."

For miles there are views of the Solway, which once filled the area over which the railway passes, and of which Scott in "Red Gauntlet" furnishes curious particulars. The rapidity of its ebb and flow is famed the world over. Who has not heard that "Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide." Its tide has been described as a rush, or a careering race, rather than a flow. At certain seasons it sweeps along at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour, and its loud, hoarse roar can be heard twenty miles away. At some points during the ebb the sands can be crossed, but in the attempt many have lost their lives. Not a few in crossing have heard the appalling sound of coming tide, and have only been saved by good steed, steady nerve, and definite knowledge of the path.



REPENTANCE TOWER, NEAR ECCLEFECHAN.

It was by way of the sands of Solway that Balliol, soon after his coronation at Scone in 1332, escaped from Annan Castle, attacked by Archibald and his followers, half-clad, and on a naked horse, and reached Carlisle, where he was sheltered by Lord Dacre.

Hastening on, the traveller touches the Vale of Logan, celebrated in old ballad lore, and then enters Kirtle Glen, where sleeps "Fair Helen o' Kirkconnel Lea," and her lover, Adam Fleming, whom, in saving from her less-favoured lover, "Bell o' Blacket Hoose," she lost her life. It is Wordsworth who sings—

> Fair Helen Irving as she sat
> Upon the braes of Kirtle,
> Was lovely as a Grecian maid
> Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.

Some miles away to the left is Annan with its modicum of shipping and old jetty, which, though wearing a modern aspect, has a smack of antiquity about its walls. Speaking of the town, with its wide, clean-swept streets, Carlyle says that it is "fine, bright, and self-confident." Of its inhabitants he says they are "argumentative, clear-headed, sound-hearted, if rather a conceited and contentious set of people."

Leaving Kirtle Bridge, the junction for the above, the Mein is crossed, near which stand the old Roman Birrens' Camp, and the heart of the Carlyle country is reached. Here the great Tom was born in 1795, and laid to rest in 1881. Down the dale is his "poor little establishment, Hoddom Hill (close by the Tower of Repentance, as if symbolical), a neat, compact little farm, rent £100, which my father leased for me." From here, according to the sage, a view is obtained such "as Britain or the world could hardly match." Sounds a bit like "licking creation" that, all the same the prospect is superb.

Mount Annan, Landhead, and the woods in which the famous Ecclefechanite was wont to meet the renowned Edward Irving, lie all around. One of these meetings he describes thus:—"Met Irving in the woods of Mount Annan, strolling towards me, and then what a talk for three miles down the bonny river's bank. No sound but our voices amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds."

Carlyle tells how that it was in Ecclefechan that "the last of Irving's open-air gatherings was held, and the last time he preached to Annandale men. The assembly was large and earnest. He stood on the Midlebie road, a little way off the main street and highway, with a table or chair under a huge, many-branched elm tree. Fierce windy showers of rain and snow were flying about. Irving had a woollen comforter about his neck, and his cloak tossed in the storm, whilst his eloquent voice was grandly audible under the groaning of the boughs and piping of the wind. This was the last of Irving in his native Annandale."

Pictures like these come to mind as the traveller is carried through Annandale upland, and is swept on to Lockerbie, where the old dame declared there were "nae Christians, na, naething but Johnstons and Jardines." Four miles afield is Lochmaben, which claims the honour of having been the birthplace of King Robert the Bruce. Speeding on toward Beattock the Drife, memorable because of the fierce battle fought between the Johnstons and Maxwells in 1593, is negotiated.

Passengers for the famous inland watering-place—Moffat—alight at Beattock. May the spas, mountains, walks, and scenery, never to speak of the "Grey Mare's Tail" and the "De'il's Beef Tub," set them up in mind and body. Whither or not, trains "aint got long to stay," but soon snorts heavily up to "summit level," about 1000 feet high. The neighbouring hills send forth the Evan, Annan, Clyde, and Tweed. The old rhyme has it that the three latter "rise a' oot o' ae hillside."

The "down grade" is always swift. The iron steed rushes past Crawford, the home of the "Lindsays, light and gay"; Lamington, where Wallace got his wife, whom Hazelrig tried to smuggle away; Linton Hill, the "Hill of Fire," which rises to a height of 2,335 feet; Quothquan Lair, where Wallace held Council before the battle of Biggar; Covington Mill, where the noted Covenanter Cargill was taken prisoner; seats of the Earls of Hynford, and through scenery of considerable beauty; and then Carstairs, the best "cried" station in the kingdom. What about St Boswells? "The Borders menna be ahint."

G. M. R.

An Alien Warden.

THE prevailing tone of the pictures of a recently deceased Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy exhibits a feeling for Nature which is always charming, and sometimes, as in the case of "The Poppy Field," there is represented an exuberance of gaiety—"in scarlet's richest pride arrayed." It is partly on this account that one is startled to look upon the gruesome, if powerful, painting of an incident in Border warfare, which shivers all the blood, and yet constrains to query the long-gone story of a dastard deed. A trunkless human head, whose locks of hair twine it to the flowing mane of a mettled steed, proudly trapped, and bearing the knightliest knight in all the Borderland, is a subject weird enough, but the bold imagination of the artist has brought forth a work at once strikingly original, and true to the traditions of far-away exasperating times.

David Home, the Laird of Wedderburn, was moved to avenge the wrongs of the hereditary Wardens of the Eastern Marches, whose honour had been impugned by Albany, the Scottish Regent, during the minority of James V., who had gone to France in June, 1517. There the youthful monarch, not unmindful of the art of love, revelled in the pleasures of the gayest Court in Europe. French influence grew stronger in Scottish politics, and some gifts of State passed into the hands of the alien. Insult was added to injury when Anthony D'Arcy, otherwise named Seigneur de la Beauté, was charged with the wardenship of the marches of Merse and Teviotdale. Moreover, he had acted with great severity, and was suspected of complicity in the murder of the Earl of Home and his brother William, whom Albany had beguiled to Edinburgh. Exasperation was added to insult when the Castles of Home and Dunbar were placed under the guardianship of the hated Frenchman. Home and Beauté met in combat; the latter was overpowered, the haughty miscreant slain, while the victor, with that stern joy which warriors feel, bore the head of the vanquished in triumph to his ancestral hall, and there "hie on hicht" he set up the ghastly trophy of revenge. Such, at least, the tone of the picture, but the custodian of the parish records designates the event an "atrocious fact," which brings discredit both upon the parish where the foul deed was done and that wherein was resident the "distinguished person" who slew the "sufferer."

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the story has come down to these days both in the form of authentic M.S. and through the homely avenue of tradition. The former is, for all time, expressed through the broad lines of artistic feeling; the latter, fraught with pathos and with pity, lingers as a superstition in the old-world memories of a kindly peasantry, who always feel keenly the woes of an unequal foe. It is of some interest to tell the tale in sight of the picture, which undoubtedly delineates historic fact, and first let tradition repeat the story in its own simple way.

On the estate of Broomhouse, in the parish of Edrom, Berwickshire, and on the farm of Swallowdean, some fifty years ago there might have been seen a moss-covered stone or cairn, which marked the grave of De la Beauté. The field of the grave is locally known by the name of Beauté's field, and is not more than two miles to the east of Duns. For many generations, from sire to son, it has been related that a supernatural being appeared in vision to Anthony D'Arcy, warning him that, as he valued life, he must avoid the crossing of the Corneyford, the way by a narrow streamlet which divides Duns from the parish of Langton. Sooth to tell, the fateful warning was heard unheeded, and the transgressor paid the penalty of all who disregard the voices from "beyond the veil." Pursued by the Homes, he "rade richt furiouslie" until his horse "laired" in a bog, now known as Battie's Bog, whereupon

"Grim Wedderburn, wi' fury wild,
. . . hewed off young Bawtie's head,
And left his bouk i' the fen."

Beauté's body was laid to its shroudless rest, while the Homes returned to the Castle of Hume, the chieftain carrying the head of the slain tied to his saddle-bow by its flowing hair. On the towering walls of the Castle for many years was seen the "young Bawtie's head," mouldering in the sun and storm—

"The leddies o' France may wail and mourn,
May wail and mourn fu' sair,
For the bonny Bawtie's lang brown locks
They'll ne'er see waving mair!"

Godscroft in his M.S. "History of the Homes" minutely describes the sanguinary combat, and relates the circumstances which led up to the fatal fray. Wedderburn had given aid to William Cockburn when Langton Castle had been invested by the curators of the young Laird of Langton, and the Warden being informed of the lawless proceedings, angrily summoned David Home to meet him at a point two miles from Kelso, on the road leading from that town to Dunbar. Beauté demanded that the "lands and gear" of Langton be instantly restored to the heir-at-law, and Wedderburn began to fear the hot displeasure of the Warden. As they passed along the road a little to the north of Fogo, the troops of Wedderburn appeared in front. Though but a small contingent of eighteen horsemen, they feigned such prowess that Beauté's bodyguard, numbering five hundred, were awestruck, and begged mercy from the audacious foe. The Warden deplored the bitterness of his wrath and pledged remission, but the exasperated Borderer, unmoved to pity, straitly blamed him for the murder of his kinsmen. Overwhelmed by sudden fear, the French took to rapid flight as far as Corniforde, with the Borderers in close pursuit. One of Wedderburn's pages made fullest speed, and rode with drawn sword alongside the Warden, whose horse, at Stoneyland, stumbled and fell. The fugitive was slain, and his head, after being exposed to public view at Duns, was borne to the heights at Home, while his body was buried where his life-blood ebbed away.

This tragic event occurred in the autumn of 1517, and on 19th February, 1518, Wedderburn and others were cited to appear before the Lord Chief Justice at Edinburgh. The summons was unheeded, and David Home having shut himself up in the Castle of Edrington on the Whitadder, three miles above Berwick-on-Tweed, was unassailable. For a time the Castles of Home, Langton, and Wedderburn, were held by the Regent, but the stalwart Borderer soon came to his own again.

Scott says that Wedderburn laid an ambush for De la Beauté, and caught him in a morass; and it may be that the valiant page who flanked the fugitive knew full well that the handsome Seigneur was riding to catch a bad fall!

A. T. G.

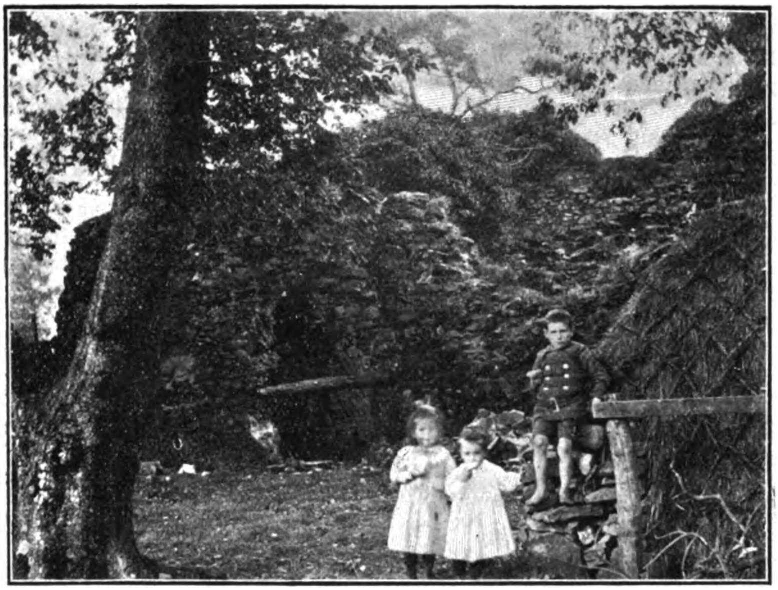
Song-Land and some Scottish Singers we meet There.

THE Glasgow Rosebery Burns Club is one of the premier clubs, and Mr James Walsh is one of its most prominent and valued members. He is the author of "The Early Years of Burns," "Some Burns Characteristics," etc., and is well known in literary circles. Under the above title, Messrs W. & R. Holmes, of Glasgow, have just published in book form, at the small price of 9d net, Mr Walsh's interesting lecture recently delivered to the above-named club. The book contains four fine portrait illustrations, while the clear letterpress makes delightful reading. After a highly poetical introduction and some interesting and valuable historical notes on Scottish song, Mr Walsh introduces several of the more prominent singers in a very pleasing manner, but we have only space to quote his references to three famous Border names, which were closely associated:—

> There also is James Hogg, the wonderful shepherd of Ettrick—the second Burns—the friend and associate of Scott and "Christopher North," forming with them a remarkable trio of kindred spirits—a unique group in the annals of our literature. Mark the shepherd's sturdy form of middle height, the heavy plaid to shield from storm and blast, the well-set head, light blue eyes, and fair hair clustering above a brow noble and lofty, behind which lurks a whole world of imaginary creatures—creatures weird and wonderful—witch and warlock, awe-inspiring brownie and mischievous elf, kelpie and wraith, and other lively specimens of superstition's black brood, that make the dark night and lonely moor full of horror and chilling dread to the rustic wanderer. What a wide, wild range of imagination this shepherd has, that peoples solitude and calls into being the host of "uncanny" creatures I have alluded to! What a mind stored with Border lore, legend, and ballad, and many a strange, eerie tale! What a delightful singer he is, too, if we but listen to the voice that rises clear from the pasture-land and sunny dales of Ettrick! His first song to appear in print was "Donald MacDonald," issued in 1800, and inspired by the threatened Napoleonic invasion. It struck the keynote of many of his later songs—loyal, yet with a strong Jacobite sympathy and sentiment running throughout. In this particular way, what can excel his exquisitely phrased and pathetic lyric, "Flora MacDonald's Lament," with its soft-breathing despair and sorrow? Or what more rousing than the valiant, out-ringing "Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg," so quick with the spirit of heroic daring and bold in its unshrinking fidelity to the "King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?" But while he sings among the bracken and in the glen, he can also soar to the over-arching sky. Listen as he sings of the lark in its song-strewn, sunward course, breasting the very heaven in the ardour of its passion and the welling fulness of its melodious ecstasy:—
>
> "Bird of the wilderness,
>   Blythesome and cumberless,
> Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea.
>   Emblem of happiness,
>   Bless'd in thy dwelling-place,
> O, to abide in the desert with thee.
>   Wild is thy lay and loud,
>   Far in the downy cloud,
> Love gives it energy—love gave it birth."
>
> I cannot quote the whole here, but what a delightful song it is—a song which, possibly lacking the peculiar fascination, the boundless wealth of diction, the artistic colouring and treatment, the sustained and lofty flight, the luxuriant imagery and richness that distinguish Shelley's lyric on the same subject, as his "sprite or bird" soars through the glowing ether with ceaseless joy and untiring wing—while in some measure lacking these, yet it possesses a sweetness and beauty and charm rare and felicitous, and we can hear in imagination, as we listen to James Hogg, the song of the invisible "sprite" as he pours out his soul on the throbbing air, and inspires the mind of mortal with thoughts other than those of earth. "Love gives it energy, love gave it birth," we feel in every impassioned note that falls faintly but unspeakably sweet on the listening fields.
>
> But mark that sandy-haired son of genius and of song, and every inch of his six feet of manhood athrob with patriotic fervour, and quick with the spirit of romance. It is the pure-hearted, chivalrous, courageous, fate-defying Scott, genial and lovable, and as tender-hearted as a child. There is manly virtue, integrity, and honour, stamped upon every feature, now so familiar and dear to the whole civilised world. As he moves, we breathe with him the mountain airs he loved so intensely, and hear the music of the wimpling stream that charmed his ear and lulled the restless spirits of the glen to peace and quietude; or, perchance, we watch with him the flash and flare and flicker of the fiery cross as it flits from crag to crag, and peak to peak, up hill and down dale, on its rousing warning course. With him there is "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Young Lochinvar," "Allan-a-dale," and other brave company, and in imagination we can hear the shrill far-sounding "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," with its wild call to the clansmen or the stirring, vigorous strains of "Hail to the Chief," as they swell on the still air or wake the echoes of some deep Highland glen. Such is Scott—one of the foremost among Scotia's honoured and gifted sons—the faithful and loving exponent and delineator of all that is best and noblest and sweetest in our national life and character, one whose works have done so much to beautify and strengthen and stimulate the romantic and chivalrous spirit of his country-men as well as to revivify and quicken with undying splendour Auld Scotland's heroic story, legend, and tradition that make her "loved at home, revered abroad." The reverence, love, goodwill, and admiration of countless thousands of hearts the wide world over, irrespective of nationality, crowd his path.
>
> But here is one I can only point out to you—you see him yonder—a man under middle height, ruddy complexioned, with good nature stamped on every feature. It is William Laidlaw, so worthily associated with those two great Scotsmen, Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg. To the former he was for many years confidential friend, factor, and amanuensis, being with him till his (Scott's) death on that memorable 21st of September, 1832. By Scott

he was always regarded with the warmth of a friend and the geniality of a kindred spirit.

With Hogg his association began early, for Hogg was the shepherd on his father's farm of Blackhouse, in Yarrow. Like drew to like, and they became inseparable friends—"the shepherd guiding the fancy of the youth, who, on the other hand, encouraged the shepherd to persevere in ballad-making and poetry." Interesting, however, as these associations are, his claim to our notice is not based upon these, but upon that beautiful and touching song or ballad, "Lucy's Flittin'," of which he was the writer. This exquisite ballad, founded on fact, is worthy of a place beside that of "Auld Robin Gray," so touching is its pathos. The scene is laid at a farm in "The Glen" of Traquair, now in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant.



BLACKHOUSE TOWER.

Blackhouse Tower.

THE ruins of this celebrated peel are still to be seen, in a wild and solitary glen, about two miles up the Douglas Water, in Selkirkshire. It was one of the most ancient strongholds of the historic family of Douglas; and doubtless derived its name as much from the complexion of its lords (whose swarthy hue was proverbial), as from the dark heather-clad hills by which it is surrounded. The only way of approach is by the valley of the Douglas Water. The fortress seems to have been square, with a small round tower at one corner, in which a few steps of a narrow staircase are still to be seen. The ruins are fast falling to pieces, but the place will always be remembered as the scene of one of the few Border ballads, to which tradition has ascribed complete and undisputed locality. I refer to "The Douglas Tragedy."

The ballad tells how Lady Margaret Douglas was carried off at night by her lover, Lord William. The flight is discovered by the lady's mother, who, in haste, aroused her husband and "seven bold sons," and bade them follow. The fugitives were overtaken near the "Douglas Crag," a mile down the river, and a deadly combat ensued. We can clearly picture the scene, as, "a' by the light o' the moon," "She held his steed in her milk-white hand," and watched, in helpless sorrow, till the last of her kith and kin was slain. Then, mounting their horses, the lovers moved on slowly; but, Lord William having been mortally wounded, had won his bride at the price of his own life, and, growing faint from loss of blood, we read:—

"They lighted down to tak' a drink
  Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
  And sair she 'gan to fear."

Yet once again they struggled on, and at last "his mother's ha' door" is reached; but the deadly wound has done its work, for we are told in the ballad:—

"Lord William was dead lang ere midnight."

And his ladylove did not long survive, for the next line runs: "Lady Margaret lang ere day"—doubtless, from sorrow at the fate of her lover and her own family. So ends the story, except for the verses telling of the united rose and briar, springing from the graves of the lovers, which is the usual ending of all tragic ballads Lady Margaret and Lord William are supposed to have been buried in the deserted graveyard of St Mary's Chapel, on the hill side, above the loch to which it has given name.

Amy N. Cameron.

For His Brother's Sake.

By Walter Brydon.

THE Borderland was looking its best, and that is saying much. For it is a pleasant land and a beauteous, this through which the Teviot and the Tweed, queens among rivers, ripple and dance on their ways to the mother of all the waters. And what tales they have told, and still tell her. Tales of war; tales of hatred and murder; tales of rapine and bloodshed; tales of winter, when the ice on their surface has been roughly smashed by speeding hoofs, and stained red by the blood of wounded men; and again, tales of summer and tales of peace; tales of dancing and merrymaking; and tales of hope and of joy and of love. The former, from their age, they have almost forgotten; but the latter, because of their constant and passionate repetition, have affected them so much, that the primroses and the violets and the wild hyacinths which grow on their banks, know from the dainty caresses and reflecting smiles with which they greet them, that the tellers consider them worthy of imitation. And to-night, as past the grey old town where Slitrig joins her, Teviot sang and purled on her way, she was busy collecting material for yet another.

A little farther up, seated on the one remaining strong bar of an old moss-grown fence, and hid from the world by leafy boughs, densely populated by singing birds, who seemed to know of their harmlessness, were seated a happy pair telling once again that one old tale which has never yet, and never shall, lose its own sweet charm. For some little time, feeling the absolute futility of words, they had been seated in silence, until, turning suddenly to her, the man, in a voice scarce above a whisper, as if afraid to break the spell, said joyfully, "Meg, love, I almost forgot to tell ye, I've anither bit o' guid news for ye the nicht!"

"Ay?" she queried, gently.

"O ay!" he said, recollecting himself, "It's aboot ma brither, Meg. He's got the offer o' a better job, an' 'll be able to fend for hissel' now."

"I'm weel pleased to hear that," she said, "but faith, it didna maitter much, he could easily hae stopped wi' us. Man, but ye hae been guid to him, Tam. I often think o't."

"Humph! I've been nae better to him than I should hae been, an' a sicht waur I doot," he replied. "An' ye see, Meg," he continued, feeling that an explanation was needed, "there's only twa o' us left; we've nae ither freens, an' ye ken he's no—weel, he's no daft exactly, but yet he's a wee bit simple, an' gin I hadna looked efter him there's nae sayin' what micht hae happened. No, I haena been guid. I've juist dune what I had to. But as for his stoppin' wi' us—he wadna dae't. Puir falla, for lang he's looked on hissel as a drag to us; though God kens I've gi'en him nae cause for't, and richt gled he is because o' this rise that'll make him, as he says, independent."

"Ay, he has a guid heart in him, an' I aften think he's better off than us that ken an' understand mair," said the girl, and as from now on the conversation waxed personal—extremely so—and consequently to a third person uninteresting, Teviot, having had a large experience of such, transferred her attention to what was occurring about a couple of miles below the town.

Here, where grumbling loudly and angrily at the discomfort, she has to force her way through a narrow and rocky defile, surmounted and darkened by trees, her attention was caught up by a prematurely aged man gathering flowers. Very intent was he upon his occupation, and, as from blossom to blossom he went, at times he would take his stumpy pipe from his mouth and in a wheezy voice hum some popular air.

From frequent meetings she knew him well. He was Tom's brother, a strange mixture of ignorance and knowledge. Of the ways and wiles of man he knew nothing and cared less, but of the country, the flowers, the birds, the trees, the free open air, and all that lived and grew in it, he was passionately fond. And to-night he was as happy and care-free as the wind itself which was ever with them. For long his thoughts had not been so pleasant. He had ever had a feeling that he was of no use on this earth, and to-day, for all time, that had been removed. A week on Saturday he would be independent, really independent, self-supporting, a burden no more. And what did that not mean? And if much for himself, how much more for that brother who had lodged him and shielded him, and looked after him, and whom he had only repaid by being a drag to, and a weight to keep him from rising. But it was over now. It was glorious. Life was worth living. And for very joy he sang, frightening and quieting the birds as he did so.

All at once his eye caught the delicate blue of a rare flower growing on the overhanging bank, and although he would not have recognised himself called by that term, yet he was a true botanist, and his curiosity was awakened. He went over, intending to pluck it, but was annoyed to find it out of reach. Several times he tried, but in vain, it was just beyond him. Looking round for some means to get at it, a large boulder embedded in the soil attracted his attention, and offered a solution to the difficulty. Grasping it firmly with both hands, he let himself slowly over, and reached out towards it. It was just a matter of inches now, and with a jerk he thought he might manage it. So, gathering himself together for a spring, he clung tightly to the rock with his right hand, and then gave himself a sudden push off with his feet. It came nearer to him—nearer—the tips of his fingers just touched it, when, with a nasty sucking sound, the rock, loosened with his former attempts, slid out of its matrice, and with a cry and a splash man, and stone were precipitated into the water below.

* * *

When he came to, he was at home, in bed, and at the door the doctor was speaking to his brother.

"Of course, his arm will never be of use again, but with care he'll pull through. The great thing is to keep him comfortable and warm. The least chill and the inflamation will be too much for us—but we shan't allow it!"

What had happened? Why was he there? Who had the doctor been seeing? He tried to ask, but something was wrong, his tongue would not work, and he felt too weak to force it. He shut his eyes and thought.

Of course, he remembered, he had tried to get the flower by the river, and the rock had given way; he must have fallen in. But what was this weight on him, and the burning on his right side? He could not move his arm—what had happened? "It will never be of use again!" the doctor had said. Surely not his arm? No, that was absurd—and yet—yet he could not move it. No, it could not be—that were too awful. For a little he lay and thought, and then, gathering all the courage he had, he slowly and carefully drew his left hand up and put it over. An excruciating pain racked his body, and he fainted.

When he again recovered consciousness, a nurse was at the bedside, and bit by bit he learned from her that he was suffering from inflamation of the lungs, brought on by lying half in the water before he was found, and that the rock had fallen on his arm, and had crushed his hand so badly that they had had to amputate it.

At first he could not realise it. It seemed too awful, he must be dreaming, it would soon be over. But when he did awake from a refreshing and strengthening sleep, the full horror of it was borne back on him with renewed vigour, and for days he lay and suffered agonies of which his brother and the nurse knew nothing. Everything had seemed so bright—his new situation, the rooms he had got, his brother's coming marriage, and now—what a change!—now he was worse than before, only a helpless, useless encumbrance to everyone. O God, it was awful! Why should others suffer? But no, he would not be a drag to them—he would fight against it, and win.

One morning he pretended to sleep, and, as he had been keeping much better, the nurse took the opportunity of getting a well-earned breath of fresh air. "The least chill, and the inflamation will be too much for us," he remembered. The least chill!—the least chill!—the least chill—it seemed to sing in his ears. Yes, it would be too much for them. Having made sure that the nurse was quite away, and that all was still, with pain he managed to drag himself out of his bed and crawled to the window. By means of a chair he raised himself gradually up, and with his left hand tried to open it. In vain, the catch seemed to be jammed, it would not move the fraction of an inch, and in his weakness he felt himself slipping. Oh, to be beaten like this was too much! In desperation, as he felt his feet giving way below him, he stuck his hand once, twice through the pane, and, bleeding pitifully, sank to the ground. The wind blew the rain in and cooled his fevered brow, and then it ceased to matter, it grew comfortable and he knew no more. Six days later the mother of the waters was told of a small and mournful funeral procession which slowly wended its way to the tombstone-studded hill which overlooks the town, and to which, when the bustle and stir of the day is over, the song of the Teviot rises, a peaceful strain.

The Beautiful Borderland.

IN the "Border Keep" we have frequently quoted interesting Border paragraphs from the "Glasgow Evening News," and we have now great pleasure in reproducing the following article written by one of the staff of that excellent newspaper:—

Too few people know anything about the natural beauties of the Border district. Most of us—outside of those who can afford to do the Continent—suffer from the seaside craze, a craze which seems to grow in popularity year after year.

We in Glasgow can hardly be blamed for clinging so tenaciously to Rothesay, Millport, and Dunoon. They are, so to speak, at our very doors. An hour on rail, an hour on sea, and we are there. Cheap, too, are the fares, and numerous are the facilities. But the poor, neglected Borders, handicapped by distance, an unenterprising railway monopoly, and maximum fares, are almost beyond the reach of the ordinary work-a-day artizan.

It is not my intention to boom the Borders as a holiday resort so much as to give those who have never seen the district, and are not likely to see it, an idea, however vague, of what it is like. Nor yet do I purpose dealing with such well-known spots of interest as Melrose, Kelso, Jedburgh, and Yetholm, but to confine myself to that quaint, ancient, and historical town called Hawick, together with its surroundings.

Opinions differ as to whether the town itself is beautiful. The very fact that opinions do differ proves that it has some claim to the title. At any rate it is undisputted that Hawick is within easy access of a charming type of scenery, which, apart from its historical associations, has no equal in its way between Land's End and John o' Groats. There may be grander, but there is no finer. Here, in sweet Borderland, we find an antithesis to the rugged beauty of the western and central Highlands.

With Hawick for our headquarters, let us wander. We are within five minutes' walk of the entrance to Wilton Lodge, one of the most beautiful public parks in the country. Picture a long, winding avenue: trees, rich in foliage, which embrace each other superabundantly in wild vegetation of many colours on one side; and the clear, smooth, flowery-bordered river Teviot on the other. At the end of this delightful avenue there is a miniature Falls of Clyde, and beyond this, for nearly a mile, green pastures, grand old trees, and cosy sylvan retreats are in profusion. No artificial gardens or symmetrical cinder-paths; nothing but nature unadorned.

Mention has been made of the river Teviot and its clearness. It is as clear as crystal. A gentleman who has travelled all over the world asserts that in this respect the Teviot is without a rival. Before it reaches Hawick it is unpolluted, and may be drunk with impunity, but there it has many duties to perform; what with dyers and skinners, and consequently it leaves the town with many trade-marks of industrial enterprise. Proceeding along the main road which runs beside the Teviot, we come to Goldielands Tower, one of the best preserved of the ancient Border "keeps." A little further on we come to Branxholme, mentioned in the first line of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and soon afterwards we are in the midst of the typical Border country.

High hills—green, mossy, treeless, and gracefully formed—arise on every side, making strangers wonder if they have reached the end of civilisation. On one of these heights is a distinguishing feature, which looks, at the first glance, like a church steeple. This is the monument erected to the memory of Henry Scott Riddell, the author of "Scotland Yet," a man who loved Scotland's hills and Scotland's dales, and none more so than those of his own native Teviotside. While there are few villages, and even few houses by the way, the surrounding scenery retains its pleasing, romantic character. What with the reek from a neighbouring farm mingling with the dry road dust and the perfumes of sweet hawthorn and newly-mown hay, one can almost smell poetry in the air.

At the twelfth milestone, still in the midst of gigantic hills, we see the recently-renovated Mosspaul Inn, a famous hostelry in the old coaching days It is the half-way house between Hawick and Langholm, and is nearly 900 feet above sea-level, so that a climb to the top of one of the adjacent heights enables the visitor to attain a very fair elevation. Being on the old coaching road between Edinburgh and Carlisle, and being an official stopping-place, Mosspaul Inn was at one time, as I have said, a famous place. When the railway came into operation the old turnpike road became desolate and deserted, the only signs of life being cattle and sheep, which grazed upon the hillside, and occasional tramps, cyclists, tinkers, and caravans. Mosspaul Inn was closed for want of public support, and so remained until a few years ago, when a local syndicate was formed for the purpose of making it attractive to visitors. In its present form, with golf, fishing, and bowling at the very door, it is a charming spot for a real quiet holiday.

So much for up the river. Downwards it is equally attractive and interesting. Two miles from the town is Hornshole Bridge, which has inspired many poems, stories, and pictures. This is where the Hawick Callants distinguished themselves in 1514 by defeating a body of marauding English soldiers, and annexing their flag, which is one of the most treasured possessions of the local museum.

Another three miles brings us to Denholm, one of the quaintest and most picturesque villages in Scotland—second, I should say, only to Dirleton. This Border village, with the Eildon and the well-shaped Minto Hills in the distance, consists practically of a complete square, similar in size to George Square, but very much unlike it otherwise. For the most part the houses are of single-storey, white-washed, and thatch-roofed. The windows look out upon a great green lawn, in the centre of which is the monument erected to the memory of the famous Oriental linguist, Dr Leyden. Within a stone's throw is a humble little cottage, which is adorned with a modest tablet to the effect that Leyden was born there. To enter this village on a sunny, summer day, look upon the vacant square, observe the surrounding tranquility and sweetness, and then cast a thought upon city life, causes one to reflect. But every season is not summer, nor is every summer day sunny.

The entire Border district is rich in such scenery and historical associations. Perhaps the little snatch given here is enough to show that the locality is not quite devoid of interest, even to an utter stranger, and that to a prodigal son, on his return after some years, it has a powerful fascination.

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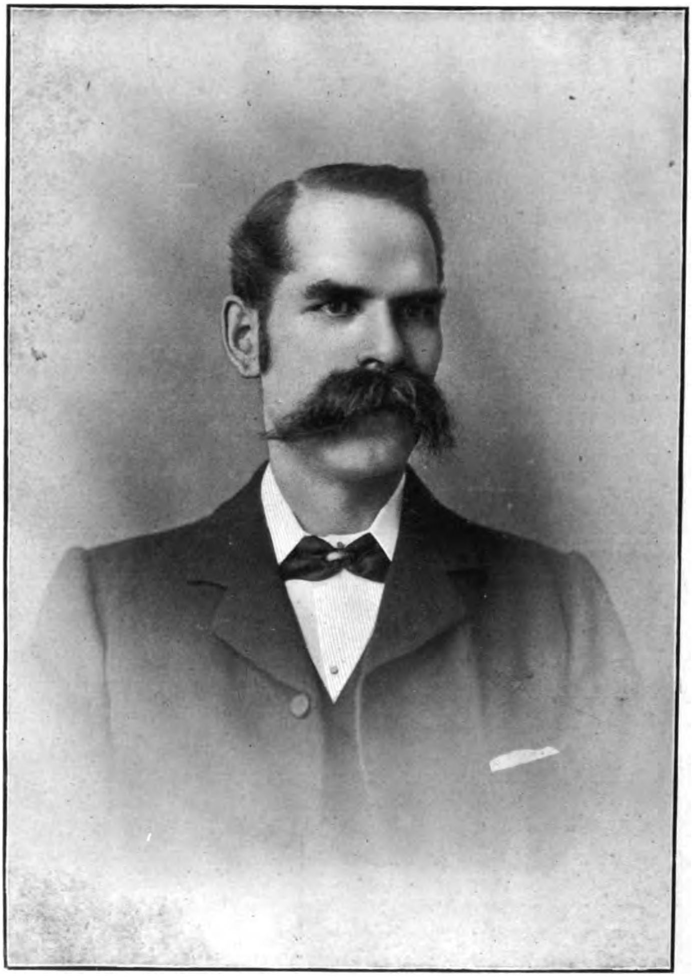
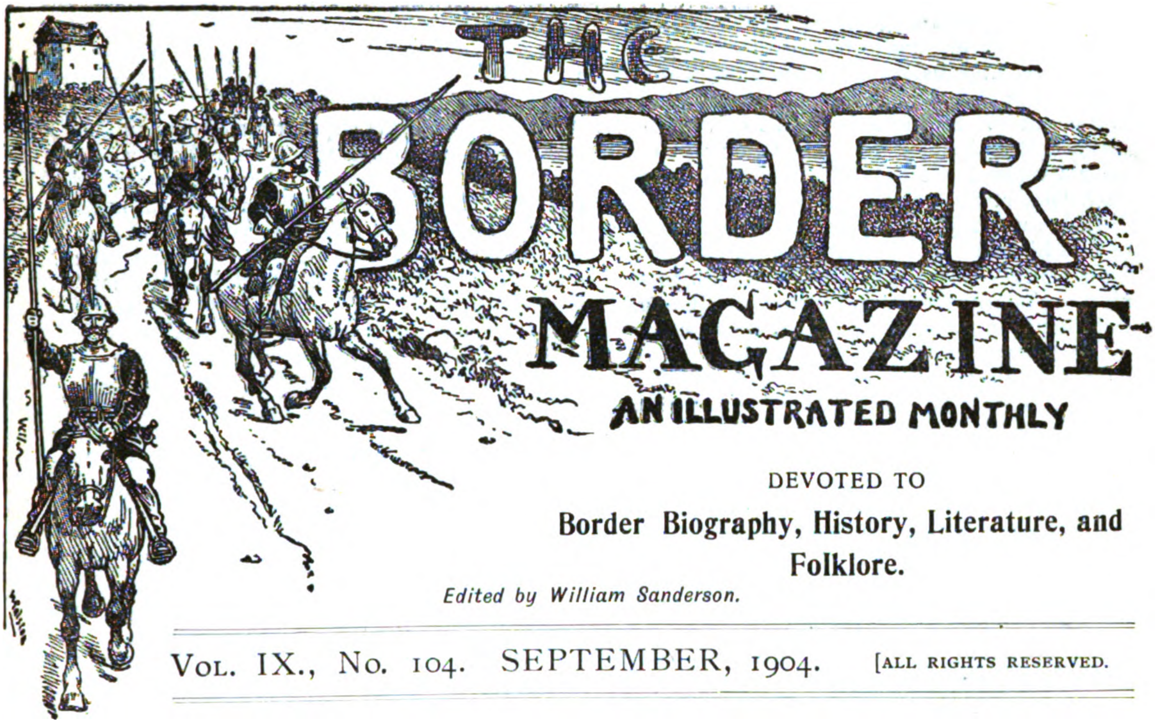


MR GEORGE M'ROBERT, EDINBURGH.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and
Folklore.
Edited by William Sanderson.

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MR GEORGE M'ROBERT, EDINBURGH.

A GREAT writer has remarked that man is properly the only object of interest to man. This is evidenced by the unspeakable interest he takes in biography. This penchant has its seat in our social nature. How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow-creature; to decipher the whole mystery of his heart, and to watch him in all his goings up and down in the world. What is the real significance of our common conversation from day to day? little or nothing but biography and autobiography; and what indeed is the genesis of all gossip, slander, scandal, and the like, but evidence of the interest we take in the whole inner and outer life of our friends and neighbours.

The editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE does well in endeavouring to gratify this social disposition in its purer and higher moods by presenting to his readers from time to time literary portraits of men who have gained distinction in some walk of life or who exemplify some outstanding virtue, and are, therefore, worthy of their admiration and esteem.

It gives us no small pleasure to add to its portrait gallery one already known, but not sufficiently, to its readers, and one deserving of a place among his peers. His life has an intrinsic as well as an external interest, for he has had much to struggle with and has struggled with it successfully.

Mr George McRobert, the subject of this sketch, was born in the Border parish of Gretna, not far from the village of that name, long famous for its clandestine or run-away marriages. His father was a ploughman—an untaught, truth-loving peasant, just and upright in all his ways, and with seldom a dream beyond a simple, homely life. The boy never really knew his father, being a mere child when he died, but his love and reverence for such a father has remained with him through life. On the mother's side, whose maiden name is Irving, he comes of an old Border clan of that ilk. They were a strong race, and figured in most of the Border troubles of the time. Their stronghold was on the banks of the Irving burn, near Langholm. His mother is still living, a woman of marked individuality of character, but, alas, all damped, depressed, and held down by the necessity there was for unremitting toil in early life, and by the entanglements and discouragements of later years.

The Parochial Board had to aid the widow to rear her four fatherless children. It was, therefore, in circumstances of poverty that the boy was raised. The earliest companion of his childhood was want, which he sometimes figured to himself as a voracious vulture hovering over him and refusing to be scared away. One of his first impressions came from the tears of his mother, who had barely bread enough for her children. His education was of the most meagre description; in after years when he taught himself the three R's he had to begin with "pot sticks and hooks."

In his ninth year he was running messages, and in his tenth he entered on farm service as "cow herd." His wages were ten shillings for six months, with board and lodgings. It was a sad change even from the humble home with its accompanying discomforts, for in the widow's cottage if there were sometimes "forbidding looks" there was devotion; if there were occasional "wry faces" there was affection. His master was an old bachelor, stiff and exacting, and his fellow-servants were unfeeling, coarse, and boorish. Thus ill-treated, orphaned, and alone, and with dispondency knawing at his heart he fell into a sort of nausea and lost appetite for his food. "One good heart," we have heard him say, "he found in the kitchen-maid." Other terms of farm service followed, but these were even a greater round of hardship and toil than the first.

> Giles must trudge who ever gives command—
> A Gibeonite who serves them all by turns.

The toiling, anxious mother, now residing in Annan, despite all her exertions continued to be "sorely held down." The busy little town of Langholm seemed to offer better prospects to her, and thither she removed with her young family. The boy, who followed, soon got employment in one of the "mills." The regular hours, lighter work, and social atmosphere of the factory was a pleasant change from the drudgery and friendlessness of farm life. He could now contribute something towards the support and comfort of the home. He felt that he had begun to be a man—was indeed a manikin, some ray of hope now began to spring up within the lad,—a certain small degree of self-confidence. He began to take some credit to himself, and in spite of the trying circumstances in which he had languished, he resolved to struggle forward and be a man.

When nearing his fifteenth year he became apprenticed to the shoemaking trade. This was an important epoch in his life. His master, the late Mr Andrew Byers, had a large and constantly increasing business and a considerable number of workmen in his employment. He was a man of sterling worth and deep religious feeling, and strove with all the tact at his command to be on cordial relations with his employees. He took a deep interest in their moral and religious welfare; and his gentle personality and kindly efforts made a deep impression on many of his young men.

While serving his apprenticeship our subject began to develop a curious contradictory nature. To the outward observer he seemed simply a wild, careless, frolicsome youth, brimming all over with animal spirits, full of fun, and pranks, and mischief, and in particular daily making a target of a certain "lum hat." Yet all the while within this rough, boisterous, romping, healthy youth there was another youth, sensitive, shy, introspective, self-examing, self-torturing, who thought of his good master ready to die and of himself as not ready to die.

But the excellent Mr Byers was not the only one who exercised a strong and formative influence on the young shoemaker. The Rev. Mr Borland, of Yarrow, was at this time pastor of the little congregational church in Langholm. He was a man of striking personality and strong convictions, an able, earnest, forceful preacher. With him preaching was no dry jejune Sunday duty, but a living and practical obligation for work days as well. He took a deep interest in the youth of his congregation. It was his custom on fine evenings to take long walks with the more intelligent of them, talking and arguing on every subject likely to interest them, and to stir, quicken, and develop their young life. We have heard Mr McRobert speak in terms of gratitude for what these "walks" and "talks" did for him and others. Hitherto a timorous, bashful, awkward carriage had shut him out from the society where alone he could attain any culture for heart and spirit. But now the rude barriers of social caste had been broken down, and the teacher and taught were no longer parted by rigid fences.

He was now eighteen, and at last, as he has expressed it in an autobiographical fragment, "awoke to the realness of life and his own utter inability to take a creditable part in its battles." Knowledge was his first requisite, and he set himself in dead earnest to acquire it, and the more he learned the more he realised his need and aspired.

On completing his apprenticeship he went to Glasgow, and after days of fruitless tramping found employment in the "Goose Dubs." His shop-mates were a depraved set of fellows, who used every effort to lead him astray, and as he resisted persecuted him to make him yield. What a change in company and language, in manners and morals. The dingy workshop, filled with the fumes of tobacco and whisky, and the illimitable oppressive wilderness of shops, warehouses, and factories all seemed so different from the social life of his native town and the natural loveliness of its encircling hills.

He has often said to the writer that it was still a mystery to him how he was upborne and carried through the severe ordeal, for his virtuous principles were as yet in a plastic condition. It would seem that his chief strength lay in a certain passivity or defiance of fate which incessantly attended him and gave him courage not to yield; but to try to the uttermost whither he was doomed never to work himself out of his abasement. His habits of reading and self-improvement came to his aid, for they not only relieved the tedium of many a lonely hour, but even amid his boring and hammering there came a hope, a dream that he would one day free himself from earthly encumbrances and attain to some measure of heavenly independence.

Life in Glasgow was followed by a season in Leicester, where he perfected himself in his craft. Here his fellow-workmen were of a superior class, very conservative of their trade interests and not at all disposed to yield up its secrets to every new-comer. His stay in Leicester, though brief, afforded opportunities for improvement and Christian activities

Returning to Langholm and entering again the service of his old master he settled down for some years. During this period he definitely, though unconsciously, laid the foundation of his future life's work. His reading and other forms of self-improvement were vigorously pursued, but his active temperament, ready sympathy, and quick intelligence made him the eager promoter of every philanthropic enterprise; to the Good Templar Order and the Home Mission movement in particular he devoted his efforts and energies. In connection with Good Templary he not only took a leading a part in the work of the home lodge, but acted for some years as District Deputy and District Superintendent for Dumfriesshire, and occasional lecturer for the Grand Lodge. During those years invitations came in from all parts of the country for him to address meetings, institute lodges, settle knotty questions of law and order, and in a general way to further the objects of the Order among both old and young.

By and by the more earnest workers in the good cause began to see the need for a more powerful, redeeming, and healing agency. Evangelists were secured and meetings were held in the town and neighbourhood, and at the end of six weeks over 120 professed to have experienced a quickening influence. To give solidarity and permanence to the work "Langholm Home Mission" was instituted. The late Mr Byers, referred to above, was the leader of the movement, and its formation took place in his "workshop" in 1880, and from the "Gaol Steps," in the Market Place, its promoters, including our subject, formally announced their objects and aims. In the course of time the work of the Mission extended to distant parishes and to remote villages, and Mr McRobert did yeoman service in addressing meetings and pushing forward the new cause, to which he devoted himself with a purity of motive and a oneness of aim, with an arduous self-denial and perseverance worthy of so good a cause. He was president for some years of the enterprise, which has been described as one of the most successful Border Missions.

In 1886 Mr McRobert was appointed by the directors of Edinburgh City Mission as their agent or missionary to the cabmen. He entered on his duties with many misgivings of heart, but the transparency and integrity of his character soon gained for him the confidence of his superintendent, and his humane disposition, hopefulness, and unfeigned interest in everything affecting the life of the cabmen won their friendship and esteem.

There is no class of men who stand more in need of sympathy, and are more susceptible of, and responsive to, its influence than the cabmen of our great cities. As a class they are deprived of the sweet restraints of social life and cut off from all religious influences, and they would be more than human if they did not lapse into evil ways and religious indifference. Mr McRobert's duties consist chiefly in visiting the stances and stables seeking for opportunities of conversation with the view of directing and helping them towards a better life, and to act as friend and adviser to those who have been worsted in the battle with adverse circumstances.

In him the cabmen of Edinburgh have a true friend and a faithful adviser. His work is a labour of love. The door of his heart does not rust on its hinges, but swings freely open to every caller, and draws to him all sorts and conditions of men, especially the troubled and distraught, for like Nausicæ in the Odyssay our friend regards unfortunates as messengers from the gods, and has quite a genius for helping lame dogs over stiles. But let no one attempt to impose on him, for years of experience as a city missionary has given him a sleuth hound acuteness for detecting all falseness, meanness, and mendicancy.

As an agent of the City Mission Mr McRobert has many collateral duties. He conducts a religious service every Sabbath evening, and in the course of the winter months is in great request for social gatherings. It may be of interest to state here that since his "awakening" Mr McRobert has addressed 2500 gatherings. and distributed 83,900 tracts, booklets, and magazines.

We would like to observe here that his addresses have a strength and charm all their own, and consist in the clearness with which he perceives the analogies that exists between sensuous and common things and things spiritual and divine, and the ease and felicity with which he unfolds his parable and applies its lessons to life and character. His hearers while they listen are amazed, they never saw the resemblance before, and as he dilates on his theme a peculiar freshness and charm breaks on their hearts like a revelation, and sometimes even glows with the luminous radiance of a vision. Notwithstanding that he "sees sermons in trees, and stones, and running brooks, and good in everything," he is no sentimentalist or dreamer. His addresses are alive with strong impulses fitted to stimulate, strengthen, and help his hearers. His words are refreshing and vivifying like the mountain breeze, and like the breeze shape themselves to the object they touch, only the more completely to play upon it and impress it.

Mr McRobert is an independent to the heart's core, and is a tower of strength in the little Congregational Church in Dalry Road. To qualify himself more fully for his work he entered the Congregational Theological Hall as a voluntary student, and was subsequently officially recognised as a lay preacher of the body. He has occupied many pulpits and received invitations to undertake pastoral duty, but like Chaucer's good parson, "he has never changed nor sought to change."

The literary achievements of Mr McRobert would require a chapter—a complete bibilography to do them justice. Twenty years ago he commenced to report and to write short articles for local papers, gradually feeling his way into high-class papers, magazines, and reviews. He has written on almost every conceivable subject from "Sunlight Soap" up to poetry, stories, and religious biography.Serieses of articles from his pen have attracted considerable attention. His initials are familiar to readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, whose pages have been enriched by not a few of his photos. In a neat brochure, entitled "A Bright Border Sunset," he has enshrined the memory of his old master, the late Mr Andrew Byers. The little work obtained numerous reviews of a most favourable character. He is the originator and editor of the "Cabmen's Friend," a periodical specially designed for "the stance, the stable, and the home." It is well illustrated, contains much interesting and useful reading, and has been widely circulated.

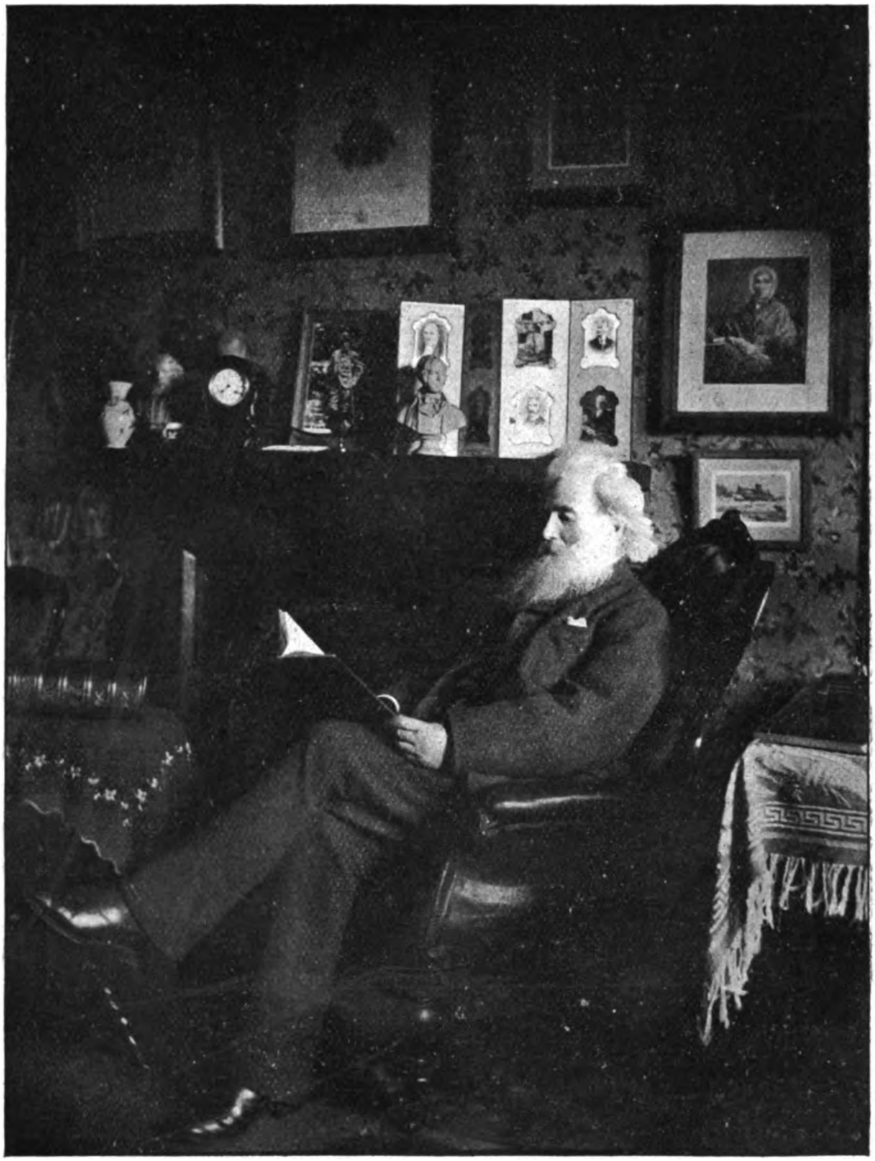
On one department of his life Mr McRobert is very reticient. We have heard him address a company of mothers on several occasions without the slightest allusion to his domestic life. He has been singularly fortunate in his choice of a wife. Like Solomon's virtuous woman, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and the heart of her husband doth safely trust her." Mrs McRobert is one of those retiring natures, who believe that a woman best fulfills her divine mission in the world and wields her queenly power through life when she becomes a Mary in the house of God and a Martha in her own.

Mr McRobert is in the prime of life, tall, and well built. His heavy imperial moustache, cheeks closely shaven, full firm jaw and chin, suggestive of severity or repelling harshness. But the mild light in his deep set eye tempers the austerity of his vigorously-moulded countenance. At a nearer view the expression softens, and his face denotes calculation, watchfulness, and determination. When addressing a meeting there is a look of expostulation and entreaty in his eye which acquires as he proceeds an expression of pathos and even of trouble. When one looks at Mr McRobert's face and realises that he is still a young man, or at least "not more than the usual age," one feels that he has yet a future before him.

We must now cut our friend short. We have presented some features of a singularly rich and strong character. We have seen a young spirit naturally healthy shooting heavenwards through manifold obstructions, striking its roots deeper into the soil, spreading its branches over a wide area, and shedding its fruit on every side,—a veritable "Tree Igdrasil." Mr McRobert is another proof, if such were wanted, that man is not the product of his circumstances, but the circumstances are the product of the man. Let no lonely, unbefriended son of Adam despair or doubt the majesty of his soul, if he have the will, the right will, then there is a path for him from the lowest depths to the loftiest height. It is but the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens; the acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, it rises to be an oak; on the wild soil it nourishes itself, it defies the tempest, and lives for a thousand years. A. C. W.

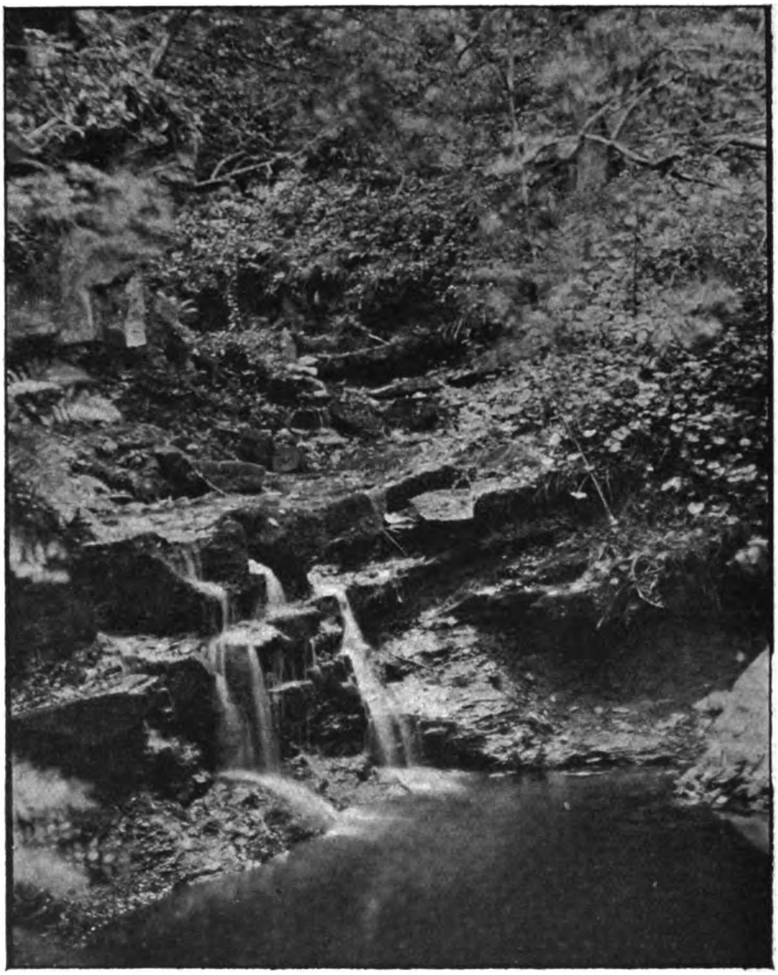
Jethart Poetry and Prose.

IT is almost impossible to think of the brave old Border town of Jedburgh without seeing with the mind's eye the face and form of the genial custodian of the Abbey, Mr Walter Laidlaw, F.S.A. Those who only come into contact with Mr Laidlaw for the few minutes during which he accompanies them round the Abbey are apt to be carried away by his irresistible humour, and to forget that behind it all lies a highly cultivated mind and a deeply sympathetic nature. Those of us who have the privilege of knowing him intimately esteem him highly for the painstaking and intellectual researches he has made into the archæological lore of the fine old Abbey which is under his care, and feel grateful to him for the many happy hours he has enabled us to pass.



From Photo by] MR LAIDLAW IN HIS STUDY. [R. Jack, Jedburgh.

Exactly three years ago we noticed in the **Border Magazine** the first edition of Mr Laidlaw's "Poetry and Prose," and we have much pleasure in now referring to the second edition. The volume has been enlarged as to contents and embellished by a number of exquisite reproductions from Jedburgh scenery, portions of the Abbey, &c., in addition to the portrait of the author seated in his own home. The volume is beautifully printed and does great credit to the enterprising publisher, Mr Thomas S. Smail, by whose kindness we are enabled to reproduce two of the illustrations.



From Photo. by LINTALEE GLEN. E. Waldie, Jedburgh.

The following quotation from the introduction of the volume by Sir George Douglas, Bart., will appeal especially to Jedburgh readers:—

> **It is to Border readers specially, and among Borderers to those who love the Jed-water country, that I venture to recommend—and warmly to recommend—this little book of poems. It is among these that I think and hope it will become popular; partly on account of its preservation of local tradition—as, for instance, that of Peden's Pulpit on Ruberslaw—partly for the loving manner in which local associations, which must be common to many, are evoked in its pages. For instance, that of playing truant**
>
> **" frae the school**
> **"To Fulton Glen when nuts were full."**
>
> **Or the hearkening to**
>
> **"The Cuckoo in the Swinny Stell;"**

or of Aik Bush and Ratten Raw; the Head Fauld, Matthew's Wa's. and Light Pipe Ha'; Hemp Hole, the Chatto's Wynd, and the Deil's Den. A gardener and flower-lover, he knows the plants which characterise each locality, and can look back to happy days spent amid gowans on the Lambskins, primroses by the Miller's Burn, brambles in the Auld Hawick Gate, or blaeberries at Lanton Hill, broom and whins at Timpendean Moor, and wild-roses in the Little Loan.

There are doubtless, also, many alive who may yet remember the quaint Philemon and Baucis, who, with their old-fashioned dwelling, are so well sketched in "Annie Basse's House," and who call to mind the "Symon and Janet" of an older self-taught Border poet. Others may recall the originals of that queer collection of Jolly Beggars, or of Jethart Worthies, whose carouse is represented in the author's most spirited manner.

As stated in a recent number of the BORDER MAGAZINE, the first edition of Mr Laidlaw's delightful book met with a ready sale, and we trust that the present enlarged volume will soon be "out of print" like its predecessor.

Thirty-six poems, six prose essays, and twenty illustrations printed on fine art paper make up a book that should find a place in every Border library. A word of praise is due to the printers, Messrs Geo. Lewis & Co., Selkirk, whose reputation for artistic printing is further enhanced by the present publication.

The Spectre at the Bishop Stone.

ONE Saturday in November 1831, I had a day's leave from my employer at Denholm to go home to Ettrick; and the day being clear and shiny, with a touch of frost, I enjoyed the long tramp of fifteen miles very much. My communings on the long road were of no particular consequence. I jogged on cheerily by Woolrig, and once past this and on to the moorland, I considered the journey was as good as accomplished.

The Bishop's Stone is an eerie place on a dark night, or even in the moonlight, as I had experienced every time I chanced to pass it under night; and some thoughts about it, as I passed it on this particular occasion, suggested that, as I would see old Murray in the evening, I would endeavour to get him to relate the story about the ghost he once saw there. He had told me the story before, but, likely enough, he had forgotten he had done so; and I wanted to hear him tell it over again, in order to see if he varied the details, and thus, in a manner, test its truth and the belief he entertained as to the reality of the apparition.

Such were my thoughts, and they were fortunately realised. My mother had taken a longing for a bit of fish; and she said to me, some time after I reached home—"I wish ye wad gang doon to the mill, and get ane frae Jamie Murray. He has aye plently hanging reested in the mill-kiln; and, if he hasna, he will be sure to get ye ane oot o' the dam."

I found the decent old miller lighting in at the kiln-logie. I took my seat beside him, and we soon got into conversation on mills, new and old—how they did in his young days—not so particular as they are now, &c. "Aw mind," he said, "o' the fittin' up o' the first barley mill in Ashkirk Mill, whan aw was a young chap and the miller's laidman there. We wroucht weel on through the nicht to get her on. There was nae lack o' whusky nor company to see the new performance; and there was among them ane that was weel kenned in thae days, and whae was aye a welcome visitor aboot the mills, where he howfed, for his droll stories an' news. They caw'd him Andrew Gemmels; nae doot ye'll hae hard o' him. He was an auld sodger, that had foughen at Culloden an' mony other battles; and queer stories he could tell about them, when ye gat him in the richt key, an' that was ay when ye gaed him a gude meltith—a nicht's ludgin' an' a pickle meal away wi' him in the mornin'. Andrew's measure, that pleased him best, was his ain neive; and he could gar that turn oot twice to what his awmous dish could do—wi' the squeezin', ye ken."

After a little more general conversation, I led the old man on to the story of the ghost he once saw at the Bishop's Stone; and nearly word for word, and in his own way of telling, as near as I can, it is as follows:—

"Aweel, aw ne'er was a superstitious man a' ma life, an' aw'm free to say that excep' this ae strange sicht aw ne'er afore nor sin' syne saw onything supernatural; an' aw dinna believe aw ever tell't the story to aboon half-a-dozen folk in ma life—aye, no e'en to Jean Rae, ma ain wife, for twae or thrie year after we were married. What was the use, considerin' that folk noo-a-days disna believe thae things, an' ye only get yersel' lauched at?"

Here ensued a long pause, and I began to fear that I might be included in the category of unbelievers, and so miss the story; but I was mistaken—the old man had only been reflecting on the past, as the sequel shows.

"Nae doot," he resumed, "aw did get an awfu' fricht that nicht, an' aw'll ne'er deny that aw was bedfast for some days. Auld Anderson o' Selkirk—this ane's faither—was at me, but couldna make oot ma case, an' aw ne'er made him ony the wiser aboot what began ma trouble.

However, aw cam' roond at last; an', atween yow an' mey, aw'll tell ye ae gude thing came' oot o't—that aw downa tell to every ane—it made mey a better man efter; an' whae kens but, in the mercifu' providence o' the Almichty, it was sent for that purpose? At ony rate, aw hae sometimes thought sae.

"Ma story is this—an' yow that has schule lair an' awquant wi' sae muckle new licht o' things they hae fund oot noo-a-days aboot the sterns an' sae an' sae—gin ye can gie mey, e'en yet, a feasible explanation to convince a plain auld man that it was explainable frae Nature, than aw'm willin', e'en yet, to beleeve it micht be a natural delusion on ma pairt, an' naethin' mair; only, take tent! aw was as sober as aw am enow, in the best o' health and speerits, an' the licht as clear as a full mune can gie it.

"Jean Rae (the gudewife) and mey had kinda drawn up a while afore this. Wey had been schuled thegither, an' oor pawrents belanged to the same wurship; an' sae wey had early ta'en a likin' to ane another. Aweel, she gaed to her first service at Headshaw, an' we had a sair pairtin', aw mind; but wey made it up that aw was to come ower an' see her efter a while, an' whan there was a munelicht nicht.

"Sae, aw daursa aw had sent owre word aw was comin' on sic a like nicht, an' she had tauld her maister an' mistress—decent folk that gude to Midlem, too, an' was very kind to baith her an' mey, baith than an' efter. Aw fand Jean likit them uncommon weel, an' them her; an' sae, efter gettin' there, and gettin' some four-'oors an' supper, they made faimily wurship, and than they tauld Jean an' mey that we had twae 'oors till eleeven o'clock to oor ain private cracks in the kitchen to oorsells. The auld folk for ordinar' gude to bed by ten, but on this nicht there was a cow like to calve, an' they war gaun to sit up a bit. Sae we had oor cracks, an' away aw cam' aboot the time, an' tuik the road ower the muir for Ettrick in gran' speerits. Aw was a stout young chap than, aboot twenty; aw'm gaun seventy-six noo. Comin' alang the parish road on the tap o' the hicht, a thocht strak mey a' at aince that aw wad strike off, for a near cut, past the Bishop's Stane and Outer Huntly grund; an' sae aw did sae, whus'lin' vera cheery, aw mind, as aw gaed ower the bent in the clear munelicht, and takin' a look roond and roond at times. Aw had nae thocht o' ghaists, an' didna even ken that aw was on a place that gat an ill name wi' some murder ance committed there. Aw hae hard sin' syne that it was a Papish priest or bishop, and that that was the beginnin' o' the fitba' played there till no mony years back atween Alewater an' Ettrick folk. But, bey that as it may, aw had just looted doon to take a birn oot o' ma shoe for a minute, an' the neist, when aw lookit up—still whus'lin'—to ma amazement, there was a man wawkin' on afore mey, wi' a doug at his fit!

"Noo, aw was nae wey feard—aw only thocht that aw hadna seen him while aw was lootin' doon; an' sae aw gaed him a hillo, an' 'to take time, an' aw wad gie him ma company;' but naither him nor his doug tuik the least notice o' mey, but wawkit on in the direction o' a gey but steep knowe, that rises sharp frae the flat o' the muir.

"Still, aw had nae fear, an' considered that this micht be ane o' the gentry folk takin' a munelicht walk wi' his greyhound, an' that didna care to speak to the like o' mey. Sae aw keepit just aboot the same distance frae him, on that account—an' that wasna owre fifty yairds—till he gat to the fit o' the brae, an' began to clim' it, wi' the greyhoond or staghoond at his fit. It was noo, when aw saw him aboot as kenspeckle as aw sey yow, that aw comprehended that, if this was ane o' oor gentry, he had ta'en a dress that aw ne'er saw, aither afore or sin' syne; an' aw wull confess that than, as he strided slowly up the brae, did there come ower me a kind o' eerie feelin'. What was his dress, d'ye say? Weel, aw wull tell ye, as near as aw can, for it has been impressed on ma memory sin' that day, ye may be sure, and e'en the particulars, for it was aboot as licht as noonday. He was a big man, and had on what aw tuik at first for a mantle or greatcoat; but as aw stude still at the brae fit, when he was gaun up, aw saw vera distink it was a minister's cloak, wit' somethin' white, that gaed a flaff noo an' than frae aneth it; an' he had a kind o' bonnet turned up at the edges, an' somethin' in his hand like a wawkin' stick, wi' a big turned heed that the mune glenced on. Just as he stude on the tap, aw gat a glimpse o' his face, an' it was wan, an' he was readin' a buik that he keepit lookin' doon on, as he slowly sank on the other side o' the brae. In less than thraie minutes efter his heed disappeared, aw made the tap masel', an' lookit a' roond. Naethin' was to be seen! There was nae sae muckle as a thresh bush to hide him! Ma hair raised the bonnet on ma head, an' aw ran back, in mortal terror, a' the road hame!"

Here the old man relapsed into silence; and after an interval, I ventured to remark—"That's an extraordinary story, James! I cannot tell what to make of it by any lair of mine. But, first, let me ask you a few questions, to try for a natural explanation. In the first place, were

Jean and you not talking over some ghost stories before you left her that night?"

"Never sic a thing in oor heids," he replied.

"Well, we shall say that's settled. Let me ask, next, might it not have been the moon throwing your own shadow, or a cloud casting a shadow?"

"Na! The mune was high in the lift, on ma left hand. Aw was gaun westward, an' this was strecht afore mey. Forbye, there was naither a bus nor a clud in the lift to make a shadow. Sae that'll no dó. Of coorse, there wad be ma ain shadow, but that wad be on ma richt hand side."

"Next, and I am done. Had you not too much whisky, or might not your stomach be out of order?"

"Nane o' them!" he answered decisively. "Aw ne'er was better than aboot that time; an', as for the tother—the whusky—aw darsa, aw gat ae gless at pairtin' whan aw left Headshaw; an' that's just aye been ma extent in drinkin' till this day. That wadna effek ony man. Na! na! Had aw been drinkin', aw wad efterwards hae laid that to that, and thocht nae mair aboot it; but aw was perfectly sober, an' thinkin' on onythin' but ghaists; an' this ane was sae near, that aw saw every wrinkle in his dress."

Such, then is the story of the spectre seen at the Bishop's Stone, the reality of which was firmly believed in, as we have seen, by the person who related the narrative. As I venture on no explanation of my own, and have met with nothing tending to elucidate the matter, I leave it to those who, in the old man's own words, have "schule lair an' awquant wi' sae muckle new licht o' things they hae fund oot noo-a-days aboot the sterns an' sae an' sae."

C.

Death of Lady Tweedmouth.

THE second number (March, 1899), of the Border Magazine contained a character sketch by the Rev. W. S. Crockett of Lord Tweedmouth, a short reference to Lady Tweedmouth, and portraits of both. It is now our melancholy duty to record the passing away of Lady Tweedmouth, who endeared herself to all classes of the community. We quote the following notice of the sad event from the "Southern Reporter":—

The death occurred on Friday, 5th August, 1904, of a lady well known in the Border district—Lady Tweedmouth—at her Highland home at Guisachan, Beauly, Inverness-shire. Some time ago Lady Tweedmouth underwent an operation in London, and, although it was successful, she never properly regained her strength. It was thought she would be better in Scotland, and for that reason Lord and Lady Tweedmouth left earlier than usual. Last week, however, there was a decided change for the worse, and although her ladyship's London physician was telegraphed for, she gradually became weaker, and passed away on Friday evening.

The third daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, it was as Lady Fanny Octavia Louisa Spencer Churchill that the deceased lady was married, on June 9th, 1873, to the Hon. Edward Marjoribanks, who succeeded his father as Baron Tweedmouth in 1894. She was therefore a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and her popularity in society was in no small measure due to the fact that she possessed, in common with her distinguished brother, a charming disposition and brilliant conversational gifts. Her receptions at Brook House, Park Lane, whether political or social, were among the most pleasant as well as the most popular of the season's events. Politically, of course, Lady Tweedmouth held Liberal views, and was one of the most important of the political hostesses. With the King and Queen she was very popular, and His Majesty had promised to visit Guisachan early in autumn. Lady Tweedmouth was born in 1853, and her only son, the Hon. Dudley Churchill, married in 1901 Muriel, daughter of the Right Hon. William St John F. Brodrick, Secretary of State for India. Many families will be plunged into mourning by the sad event. Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsay, and Lady Howe are sisters of Lady Tweedmouth, and the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr Winston Churchill are among her nephews.

The death of Lady Tweedmouth is deeply regretted on the Borderland, where she has been for a quarter of a century a well-known figure, and her name a household name. Her husband, as the Hon. Edward Marjoribanks, long represented Berwickshire in Parliament. Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, as she then was, rendered him invaluable aid, not only during his several election campaigns, but also while he sat in the House, helping him in the preparation of speeches, and always being by his side on the platform during his many oratorical visits to his constituency. . . . Deceased was the second Lady Tweedmouth. The first Lady Tweedmouth, now the Dowager, widow of Lord Tweedmouth, long member for Berwick-upon-Tweed, is still alive, and resident at Bath. The late Lady Tweedmouth was a pioneer in developing women's active interest and influence in politics in Great Britain, co-operating with her husband's sister, Lady Aberdeen, and was the first president of the Berwickshire Women's Liberal Association, which she founded. At its public meetings, Lady Tweedmouth always made excellent speeches, and she was a model chairwoman. For many years she resided on her husband's estate at Ninewells, Chirnside, formerly occupied by Lord Kingsburgh, and now occupied by H. J. Tennant, M.P. for Berwickshire; but latterly she had stayed at Hutton Castle, also on Lord Tweedmouth's estate, which mansion Lord Tweedmouth has restored. At her Border home, deceased dispensed bountiful hospitality to rich and poor alike, and was recognised by all parties and sects as an exemplary leader and worker in the social and political life of the Borderland, where she will be much missed for many a long day. The funeral took place at Chirnside Church on 10th July.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THOSE readers who were subscribers during the earlier years of the BORDER MAGAZINE will doubtless be interested in the welfare of its founder and first editor. Having had frequent enquiries on the subject, we have pleasure in stating that our genial predecessor, Mr Nicholas Dickson, is enjoying good health and is still taking a warm interest in Border literature and all that tends to keep alive the old Border spirit.

As the long nights will soon be with us, and the reading lamp will have fresh attractions after the summer holidays, we trust that our "whin-coloured" will find a place in the homes of an increasing number of Borderers. One newspaper proprietor writes:—"I look forward with pleasure each month to the arrival of the BORDER MAGAZINE," and becomes prophetic when he says:—"It has evidently turned the corner and come to stay." Our readers can make our literary friend a true prophet by bringing the Magazine before their Border friends.

The Border Keep.

DEAR FELLOW BORDERERS,

In these days when the observance of Sunday has become less strict it may be of interest to see how the subject was handled by our forefathers. In the following excerpts from the Kirk Session Records of Melrose, referring to the year 1668, which I reproduce from the "Parish Magazine," it will be seen that a good deal more was expected from the elders than we now demand:—

"This Day compeired six young lads in Eildone for playing on the Sabbath day, & was rebuked, & promised never to Do the like again. . . . It is appointed yt Elders take notice, 1st, of keeping the Lord's Day, 2ndly, that they take notice of Scandalous persones, 3rdly, yet everie one in yr oun bounds take notice for catechising. . . . Mem. to give to Andrew Mein for the tickets & sun Diall £7. . . . Ordains that banquets upon the Sabbath Day shall be holden soberly, and if the children be born before the friday, that they shall be baptised on the friday, and not upon the Sabbath Day and yt yr be no banquets on the Lords Day in anie taverns or if the childe be baptized on the Lords Day yt they suspend yr banquet untill the Munday or if they make it in their oun house that they shall enact ymselves to be forthcoming to the Sessione. . . Also ordained yt ane elder and the clerk shall search everie Sabbath Day for drinking This Day compeired James Mortone in bridgend for fishing upon the Lords Day, ordained him to come this Day eight Dayes & make satisfactione before the Sessione & to bring 18s scotts to the box and enact himselfe if the like be found, to undergoe the high censure the Session pleaseth. . . It is statute that the roll of fencible men may be given up by everie elder in his bounds. . . Given to Wm.

Mercer blind in Darnick to buy a shirt, 24s. Given to Andrew Cook to buy bell towes with, 12s. . . . This day it was ordained yt none should go in the Sabbath night to fetch yr eldein or oyrthing before Monday at Day Light. . . . Ordained that Andrew Meien may look to the Church of God qt he thinketh may be the price both of flag & sclaits yt it needs. . . . Ordained that elders who gather the collections to search the Aile-houses. . . . Ordained to sumd. Andrew Marr & Andro Kennedie younger ordained to cause make a pair of jogs. . . . This Day both the Mortcloathes were produced & it was enacted by the whole Session with one voice yt whosoever made use of any other mortcloathe out of the paroche or within the paroche except the common cloth should pay alswell as they yt made use of it. Ordained that they that make use of the velvet mortcloathe shall pay 40s. . . . It is ordained by the Sessione yt no woman school be for reading within the town of Melrose."

* * *

Few men were better known in the Borderland during the last half-century than Mr Alexander Davidson, the St Boswells auctioneer, and old memories will be awakened in many a far-away Borderer as he reads the following:—

Mr Alexander Davidson, auctioneer and live stock salesman, died at his residence in Melrose on Thursday, 28th July, 1904, after a fortnight's illness. About forty years ago Mr Davidson commenced business at Melrose in succession to the late Mr Walter Lillico, but soon afterwards he removed it to the more convenient railway junction at Newtown St Boswells. The system of selling stock by auction was then in its infancy, and private trading at great Lammas and St Boswells lamb fairs was then more popular. Mr Davidson was aided by the development of the auctioneering system, and being very highly esteemed and implicitly trusted by every one for his strict integrity, his business rapidly developed into one of the largest and most important of its kind in the country. Although he had reached the age of seventy-five, he took an active part in his business until his last illness. He leaves a widow, seven sons, and two daughters. Two of his sons have for some years been associated with him in business. Deceased was an elder in and a strong supporter of the United Presbyterian Church. He served for several years as Senior Bailie of Melrose, and was several times proposed for Provost, but declined. He was a Justice of the Peace for the county. At the funeral, when the remains of the deceased were interred in the Wairds Cemetery, there was a large attendance of mourners. The shops and other places of business were closed during the funeral as a mark of respect to the deceased.

* * *

A movement has been started to have the Churchyard of Lilliesleaf kept in a more satisfactory condition, and various meetings have recently been held with reference to the matter. The aim of the Committee, which includes representatives of all those concerned, is to have the grounds made sufficiently level to have the grass cut three times in the season, to remove all rubbish, and generally to have the graveyard kept tidy. It is not perhaps generally known that Lilliesleaf churchyard contains a number of interesting stones, in particular one bearing the inscription, "H.R. 1110," which is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in Note 20 to his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." It is believed to refer to a number of the family of Riddell of Riddell, and is reckoned to be one of the oldest dated stones in the south of Scotland.

* * *

The subject of Sir Walter Scott seems to provide an almost unlimitable supply of paragraphs to newspaper and magazine writers—a sure proof that the man and his writings have taken a firm grip of the general reader. From the clever literary column of the "Peebles News" I select the following:—

A "constant reader" of these notes has been on a pilgrimage to Abbotsford (his holiday, evidently). He wants me to tell him who is the present owner. This touches the question of the posterity of genius, a favourite theme of mine. The present owner of Abbotsford is the Hon. Mrs Maxwell Scott, the great-granddaughter of Sir Walter. Her mother, John Gibson Lockhart's daughter, married Mr James Robert Hope, who, in 1853, on becoming possessor of Abbotsford, assumed the additional name of Scott. The intimate friend of Mr Gladstone and Roundell Palmer (afterwards the Earl of Selborne), Mr Hope-Scott was strongly influenced by the Tractarian movement. He became Newman's chief adviser, and in 1851 he and his wife, with Manning, were received into the Roman communion. Mrs Maxwell Scott is a devoted member of the Church of her parents. In 1874 she married a son of Baron Herries, of Terregles, one of the most influential Roman Catholic families in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott was an Episcopalian, but had once been a Presbyterian Kirk elder, though purely for professional purposes, I should imagine.

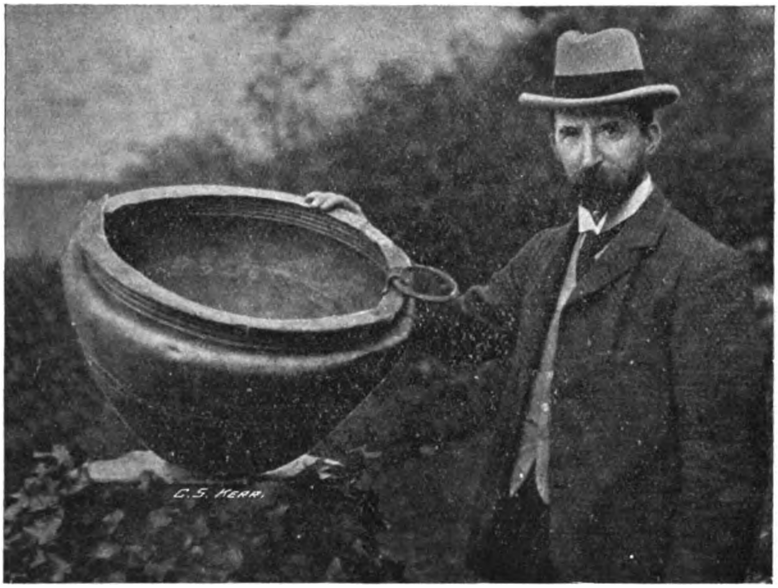
By the way, the writer of an article on "Degeneracy and Genius" in one of the magazines assures us that Scott had such a degenerate skull that a plea was made for craniotomy. "Owing to imperfect bone-making, premature union of the two parietal bones along the sagittal suture occurred, thus causing the brain to push the vault of the skull up and back, giving it the peculiar shape so often noted." Fancy that! I bet you Scott didn't even know that he possessed parietal bones or a sagittal suture.

But listen: "Had the difficulty in bone-making extended to the other sutures, Scott inevitably would have been a microcephalous idiot." Great Scot! think how near we were missing "Marmion" and "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe" and "The Antiquary!" Listen again: "If the brain had not been forced to overcome this bone defect it would have been larger, and its convolutions would have been more numerous. Scott would have been another Shakespeare, in fact, had there been room in his cranium to allow an active brain to functionate properly." Just so! Much virtue in an "if." If I had been favoured with a brain like Scott I would have been—a Scott.

Yours in Border Brotherhood,
Dominie Sampson.

Archæological Find in Peeblesshire.

A MOST interesting and important archæological discovery was made on the farm of Hattonknowe, in the parish of Eddleston, on 14th July last. The place was a hollow amongst a number of grassy knowes about 900 or 1000 feet above sea-level. A labourer, John McCafferty, was digging up an old drain for the purpose of laying new tiles, and when he had cut down through the peaty soil to a depth of 3½ feet, and laid bare the old tiles, he saw something shining like metal on the west side of the excavation. With a carefulness that cannot be too much commended he got the object disengaged from the surrounding peat and lifted it out, when it was found to be a caldron formed of thin plates of bronze rivetted together. He emptied out the peat which filled it, took it home to his lodgings at Hattonknowe farm, and after keeping it for about a week handed it over to me at Peebles. On examination I found it to be of a similar construction to the bronze caldrons in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, two of which are pictured and described in Dr Munro's Prehistoric Scotland, pages 38 and 39. I visited the place the day after the caldron was left with me and saw the hole in the side of the drain from which it had been taken. It had been resting on the clay in an upright position under from three to four feet of peat, with a birch stick lying across it. The caldron is sixteen inches deep, twenty-one inches diameter across the rim, and at its widest five feet ten and one-eighth inches in circumference, outside measurement. It is formed of three sheets of very thin light-coloured bronze, two sheets forming the rim and upper part, the rounded bottom being formed of a single sheet, all rivetted together. On the rim were originally two solid ring handles immediately below the lines of rivets of the upper sheets. Only one handle remains. It is a ring of solid bronze, 4⅜ inches in diameter, bevelled on four sides. According to Dr Munro, these caldrons belong to the late bronze or early iron age, i.e., from about 300 B.C. to the Roman occupation, and they are supposed to have been used as cooking vessels. The one in question has been claimed by the Crown as treasure trove and placed in the National Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, the finder being suitably rewarded. While somewhat similar to the specimens in the Museum, it differs from them in some important respects, e.g., it is thinner than they are, and in place of being globular is shaped like the half of an egg, the rivetting also is different, and the rim forms a part of the two upper pieces. The caldron weighs between five and six pounds, and



PREHISTORIC BRONZE CAULDRON—TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

the metal being so thin it is doubtful if it would have stood the strain of being filled with water and lifted by the handles. One theory is that it may have been intended to have been placed inside a larger iron caldron in the same way as a glue-pot. A friend of mine who has lived for long in China, and to whom I showed the find, informs me that the Chinese make caldrons or kettles of very thin iron with rounded bottoms, which are placed on circular openings on the top of small brick furnaces, and owing to the thinness of the iron the water in these kettles is rapidly heated or the food quickly cooked, and he suggests that this caldron may have been used in a similar way. However, the whole matter will, no doubt, be thoroughly discussed at the first meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

WM. BUCHAN, F.S.A. SCOT.

[We are indebted to Mr J. A. Kerr, proprietor of the "Peebles News" for the use of the block illustrating the above article and showing portrait of Mr Buchan. The picture is from a photo taken by Mr Kerr, and forms one of his excellent series of "Peebles News" Picture Post Cards.—Ed. "B.M."]

Kirns: Their History.

THE "Kirn," or Harvest Home, is a festival of ancient origin, and has been dear to the heart of the husbandman of every age and race. In olden times there gathered round this function much that was gladest, and in our more utilitarian age, when the face of the harvest field has undergone such changes, the "Kirn" retains a great deal of the old time features. In the Border district, the celebrations at the close of the harvest were typical of a people friendly by instinct, and by nature contented and happy. Many local places were long famous for kirns, and the "kirn shouts" of Northumberland have come down to us. In days gone by, harvest was a season of care-defying rites, and of observances which could only change when the nature of things passed away.

The traveller through the Borderland to-day has no fear, if it could be considered such, for being accosted by the withering crone of the harvest field, the most plausible and insinuating veteran of the riggs, darting from the nearest gap in the hedge with the shout of "largesse" on her lips, a jug in her hand wherewith to conduct the "nut-brown ale," to invigorate a lagging crew, renew the flow of converse, and the chorus of song. For him no "troops of sunburned husbandmen, with reaping hooks and staves." Only in the mind's eye can he see the revelry, the rivalry, the contest keen for the "last golden shook from the yellow solitudes" which, hoisted high on a lengthened pole, like a Roman maniple, is to marshal the harvesters home, with song and dance—a village Orpheus attendant—to the joys of the country kirn. By then, a lusty chorus has proclaimed to neighbouring tenants that good Master So-and-So has completed his task, and the kirn has been "shouted." Let us see what these old observances mean.

As the end of the harvest approached the interest and excitement increased. Emulation was great for the honour of cutting the last sheaf of corn, which became a Hymeneal offering to the fairest favourite of the field. For this, "the young contending, while the old surveyed," there was keen rivalry, as the diminishing grain fell beneath stalwart strokes, and the kirn baby, like a "Tyrian Cynosure," held its place, judicially, at the head of the field. The kirn baby, or dolly—the size of a full-grown female—was a corn guy, a sheaf cut prior to the merry day, and dressed, as only maiden hands could do, with a muslin cap and smock, ribbons, and top-knots. The kirn doll occupied an honoured place in these days, and was at once the standard and divinity of the revels that were to follow. Perched on a pole and carried at the head of a procession, it preceded the gathering on its homeward way; stripped from its perch, it yet occupied the pride of place at the festival board at night.

Before the harvesters left the field, and in token of the annual achievement of the safe cutting of the grain, the kirn was shouted. This custom was variously observed in many parts of the country. Often the long proclaimed acclaim was preceeded by a rhyme, not infrequently the composition of a local bard, and invariably recited by the clearest voiced harvester. On the banks of Border rivers this verse might often have been heard:—

> Blessed be the day our Saviour was born,
> For Master ——'s corn's all well shorn,
> And we will have a good supper to-night,
> And a drinking of ale and a kirn,
> A kirn! ahoa!

At Glendale the version was abbreviated:—

At Glendale the version was abbreviated:—

> The master's corn is ripe and shorn
> We bless the day that he was born,
> Shouting a kirn! a kirn! ahoa!

In South Northumberland the rhyme used was:

Our master kind has cut his corn,
God bless the day that he was born,
Many years yet may he live,
Good crops of corn to cut and sheave.

Adjoining harvesters, taking up the shout, would speed the good newes for miles around, in the days when one had not the evening paper to record the "early harvest" par.

Then followed the triumphal march, the musician, with flying favours in the forefront. The corn-baby comes next, with the heroine of the day, and the talisman of her fortunes. The motley band brings up the roystering rear, till the "ha" door is reached, and master and mistress smilingly receive the last cut sheaf, and issue invitations to the kirn supper. Maybe the good mistress distributes new caps to the deserving damsels, as was the custom on some farms, where the inhabitants had a reputation for a fashion whose loudness was its dominant note. The love of bright colours was peculiar to the country female then, and the kirn-baby in some districts was as vulgar to the modern sense as an Otaheitan divinity.

The observance of the kirn supper was different to what it is now. There were the decorations of the barn, the fiddlers, the singers, the toasters, the speech by the "maister man," the cream dish, the kirn-doll, the guisards, and the practical jokes. The dish of cream, fresh from the churn, just as it was going to break into butter, is supposed to have given the name "kirn" to the harvest celebration; some men—faithful to the consonants in derivation—aver that kirn or kern is simply corn; but its meaning is esoteric enough for most philologists yet. Time has erased the superstition that gave the jokes much of their meaning. The guisards are rare now. It was a rude masquerade at times. Men dressed grotesquely, and masked their faces, and danced, like the Bergamask in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The tale of Meg Meldon is an instance of the danger of personating the ghost. The after-night carousings at length shed discredit on the kirn in some quarters. At some places they had to be discontinued, and in North Northumberland, in lieu of a kirn, the harvesters got a bonus from their employers. It was a late custom to postpone a kirn till after all was safely gathered in, so that master and servant might have equal rejoicing; and kirns are now-a-days, like harvest thanksgivings; the symbols of the safe ingathering of the crops of the year. Many quaint toasts are associated with these gatherings, and at an old-fashioned harvest home this year a ploughman proposed the customary toast:—

Here's to mountains of beef, and rivers of beer,
A good tempered wife, and a thousand a year.

A rare practice, once common, has gone out of reckoning. It was of frequent occurrence in the days of our forgotten ancestry. On the eve on which the corn was secured the husbandmen partook of what was termed their "Inning-goose." Tusser tells the farmers to "let goose have a goose, be she lean, be she fat," not a pretty compliment to the labouring man, but a substantial kindness which relieves the sting of injury in the minds of those who looked beyond the letter. The "harvyst goose" was familiar in the time of Henry the Eighth, and the French had their "harvest gosling" under Henry the Fourth. The Christmas goose is still an appreciated form of expressing a kindness between master and servant, and in some firms it constitutes a custom of very long standing.

The fairy lore of the harvest field has formed a subject for the pen of the poet and the recounter of old tales. Up to a few years ago the story was credited of the witch that met the female harvester in the shape of a hare, a temptation for her sickle, which she swung like a boomerang; and of how the hare in the form of a fiend, closed with her rival, and left a mark that went with the adventurer to the grave. Witness the trial of Elspeth Cursetter in 1629. And the crueller, though prettier, visitation was handed down of how sweet cherubs left among the grass till their mothers sheared, were removed, fleeter than Hannah Lamont's bairn, and hideous lumps of ugliness put in their place to meet the eyes of the distracted women. Such tales as those fired the imagination of the ballad singer, whose rude verses have come down to us. Nor were the swains without their fears in the reaping field, for, mong the crowded ears of standing corn, was there not "fairy butter" to lure the youthful heart away. All this, and the poetry of it, have gone, and left us the metallic rattle of the reaping machine, as monotonous as the song of many modern versifiers.—From the "Berwickshire News."

A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
—Marmion.

Colonel Stuart Douglas Elliot.

IN the Border Magazine for January 1899 there was a portrait and biographical sketch of the genial and untiring secretary of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and on several occasions it has been a pleasure to us to make reference to that gentleman who has done so much to keep alive that love of the Borderland which we believe to be so beneficial to all who come under its spell.

From Photo by] Col. Stuart Douglas Elliot. [J. M'Nairn.

By the courtesy of the proprietors of the "Hawick News" we are permitted to reproduce a new and interesting photo of Colonel Elliot —which recently appeared in their widely-circulated paper—and to reprint part of the notes which accompanied the picture.

" In the midst of the pressing cares of a large and flourishing business, Colonel Elliot has devoted a great amount of time and attention to the Volunteer movement. A descendant of the famous Border Elliots who in ancient times did such doughty deeds in connection with the feuds and forays of the past, the military instinct has found vent in this direction, though in his case the motto is—"Defence, not defiance." He joined the Volunteers in 1876, rising through the various grades of Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel, being appointed to the last-named office in 1899, in succession to Hon. Colonel Martin, of the 4th V.B. Royal Scots. In 1900 he was granted the honorary rank of Colonel. As Colonel of this regiment, Mr Elliot has been extremely successful, the numbers being fully maintained, and the conduct and discipline of the men highly creditable. Colonel Elliot is deservedly popular. Although a strict disciplinarian, he knows how to temper justice with mercy, with the result that no smarter battalion has been seen at Stobs than the 4th V.B.R.S. Colonel Elliot holds the long-service Volunteer medal and the Volunteer officer's decoration for twenty years' commissioned service, besides War Office certificates for Tactics, Topography, Fortification, Military Law, &c. In March, 1903, he attended a school of instruction in Glasgow and gained a special certificate (Field Officers' P.S.) As a friend, Colonel Elliot is constant and true; as a speaker, he is always pointed and practical, as well as sensible and genial. Indeed, his good humour is one of his conspicuous qualities. He is the soul of honour; and as a business man he ranks very high."

The following paragraph from an evening paper gives a short summary of Colonel Elliot's opinion on the recent camp training at Stobs:

"In a battalion order Colonel S. Douglas Elliot, V.D., commanding 4th V.B. the Royal Scots, thanks the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who took part in the 32nd Field Army Brigade Camp at Stobs from 17th to 31st July for the excellent work performed during the fortnight's training. The conduct and discipline throughout were excellent, all orders met with ready and willing obedience, and good feeling and comradeship pervaded all ranks. The experience of a second year in the Field Army has completely justified the selection of this Battalion for a place in the 32nd Field Army Brigade. The O.C. specially thanks the Quarter-Master and his Staff for their highly efficient and successful work."

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
—Bridal of Triermain.

Will there be Heather there?

O, will there be heather in yonder land,
The land of the far-off golden?
Will some of its streets be carpeted
Purple, like hills of olden?
Will there be feet that are aching to press,
Mountains of lilac hue?
Hands that are outstretched to gather
The purple, that once they knew?

Will there be heather, There?

They say that the grand exotics, will
Scent the wondrous air;
That the palms will raise their lofty heads,
And every flower be fair.
They say that the harps are golden—that
The sea no more will drown—
That the grave no more will open wide, for
"Cross" will have turned "Crown."

But—Will there be heather, There?

They speak of the gates of precious stone,
And the magic of the river;
They speak of the "many mansion" homes,
And the Great and Glorious Giver.
But will there be hills of heather bloom,
On the other side the shore?
Will the heather keep growing for hill-born feet,
That will tread life's moors no more?

Will there be heather, There?

J. Pringle Thorburn.

The pleasant picture given in the Hon. Emily Lawless's recent sympathetic monograph on Maria Edgeworth of the friendship between the Irish novelist and Sir Walter Scott recalls the name of another feminine writer who admired the great romancist—Miss Anna Seward, better known, perhaps, as the "Swan of Lichfield," who was born in the vicarage of Eyam. Her admiration of Scott was unbounded, and Lockhart tells how, filled with this passionate admiration, she prevailed upon him to visit her at Lichfield, and was so impressed that she bequeathed her poetry to him, with the injunction to publish it speedily, with a sketch of her life prefixed. Poor Scott, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, wrote—"The despair which I used to feel on receiving poor Miss Seward's letters, whom I really liked, gave me a most unsentimental horror for sentimental letters. I am now doing penance for my ill-breeding by submitting to edit her posthumous poetry, most of which is absolutely execrable." Fortunately Miss Seward left her literary letters to Constable, who allowed Scott to run his pen through all her extravagant eulogies of himself and his poetry.

Scott and Glasgow.

WHAT would Glasgow people do without Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and his comforts o' the Sautmarket, not to mention the memory of his "worthy faither the Deacon — rest and bless him?" and yet I am afraid that too many of the citizens forget that they owe this splendid creation to the brilliant imagination of Scott. But Sir Walter had other connections with St Mungo's city, as the following extract will show:—

"It may be of interest to recall the fact that Sir Walter Scott was thrice nominated for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, though, strange to say, he never held that position. In 1822, when Sir Walter and Sir James Mackintosh were the candidates, the votes of the nations were equal, and the retiring Rector, Mr Francis Jeffrey, gave his casting vote (a privilege now belonging to the Chancellor) in favour of Sir James. In 1824, Sir Walter Scott, Henry Brougham, and Henry Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling) were nominated. Glottiana and Loudoniana voted for Brougham, Rothseiana and Transforthana for Sir Walter. Mackenzie had only a few votes, as it was understood that his age would prevent his being present for installation. Sir James Mackintosh, in his turn, gave his casting vote for Brougham. In 1828, Sir Walter was again nominated, this time against Thomas Campbell, the poet. Again two nations voted for Scott and two for Campbell. The Vice-Rector (Rev. Gavin Gibb, D.D., Professor of Hebrew,) gave the casting vote for Sir Walter. The supporters of Campbell protested against this vote as illegal, and sent intimation of their protest to both candidates. Sir Walter, having previously refused the appointment of Lord Rector in another of the Scottish Universities, addressed a letter to the Principal declining the Rectorship; and, says the brief chronicle of the time, "the University was thus deprived of the high honour of enrolling the Scottish Shakespeare among the number of its Lord Rectors."

There is a melancholy interest in recalling the words of the lamented Professor Veitch as he lectured on "Sir Walter Scott" in St Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, shortly after the institution of the Glasgow Sir Walter Scott Club, the first of its kind. From a condensed report I quote a few sentences:—

"With Sir Walter Scott the outward was the expression of the inward, and the inspiration of his genius lay deep in his human heartedness. It was that which gave power to his best creations, and while the splendid imagination of the author drew to him the admiration of Scotland and of the world, the man gathered round him through his feelings of sympathetic love a brotherhood of friends who loved him in return as seldom man had been loved. It was a pity that the enthusiasm evoked at the centenary had been allowed to pass without the institution of a club, but he was pleased to know that the blank was now filled. And it was well that such a club should have its rise in Glasgow, where the people were supposed to be wholly immersed in commercial pursuits. The Professor pointed out the beauties to be found in the works of Scott, and claimed him as the one who had first opened the grandeur of the Scottish dialect and Scottish scenery to the other nations of the world, so that now England, France, Germany, and the United States of America had an understanding of, and a feeling for, Scotland and its history, the very opposite of what existed a hundred years ago. In that respect it seemed to him that the works of Sir Walter Scott, read as they had been by thousands of men and women in all ranks of life over the world, had been, and now were, one of the most powerful influences in modern times in diffusing a sense of the brotherhood of man, especially in uniting together all English-speaking people of the world. Every British colonist felt a stronger bond to the old mother country than he would otherwise have felt, when he read the story of the 'Heart of Midlothian' or the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' The feeling of loyalty to the British crown on the part of the colonists had its deepest nourishment in our common literature, and in none more so than in the Scotland of Scott, and he had no fear for that loyalty so long as the rude cabins of Canada and Australia resounded with the strains of 'Jock o' Hazeldean.'" The late Sheriff Spens presided at the above lecture, and in introducing the lecturer, said that "if they took Sir Walter Scott as a man, and considered his writings and what he did for humanity, he was second to none save Shakespeare. The object of the club was 'to promote the study of Sir Walter Scott's life and writings, and encourage a more familiar acquaintance with the localities rendered classic by his pen.' That was a somewhat small scope, and he should like that they should recognise it as a patriotic duty to do honour to Sir Walter Scott and help forward a great national movement in this direction."

D. S.

Ane's aye drunk or mad, if he tells what grit folks dinna like to hear.—"Rob Roy."

The Kirs'nin'.

"DEAR me, ye're airly a-fit the day, Marget?"

Mrs Anderson fired her observation at a passer-by without lifting her head or making any perceptible pause in the work with which she was occupied. She was scrubbing and carefully "plottin'" a huge barrel churn at the outside of her cottage door. "Ye wasna at the kirs'nin' last nicht!"

"What kirs'nin' was that?"

"The Donald's bairn."

"Oh, I can hardly say I have any acquaintance wi' the Donalds. I've been introduced to Mrs Donald—that's the maist o't. She seems a rale nice crater."

"A nice crater. She—but I see ye have a meenit to spare. Come away in an' I'll tell ye a' aboot it." Having finally wiped her churn dry with a clean linen cloth, Mrs Anderson tilted it up against the edge of the doorstep and led the way into her clean, tidy kitchen.

"Ye never saw a wumman in sic a state as Mrs Donald was yesterday mornin' a' the days o' yer life. I was passin' aboot ten o'clock on ma wey to the well when I heard an awfu' soond o' greetin' comin' frae the hoose. The door was open, sae I poppit doon ma can an' keekit roond. There was Mrs Donald hersel' sittin' wi' her heid on the end o' the kitchen table greetin' an' sobbin' as if her very heart wad burst.

"My, Mrs Donald," says I, "what in a' the wide wurld's the maitter?"

"Ye must have gottin' a terrible gliff, Mrs Anderson," interrupted the visitor.

"Gliff! I thocht o' naething less than that her man or the bairn was deid.

"Is't Jimes, Mrs Donald?" says I, "or the bairn, or has onything happened to Jeanie?"

"Jeanie's the auldest lassie," Mrs Anderson paused to explain. "She's been six month in a rale guid place an' she's hame the noo for a week's holiday. Jeanie's sixteen, an' the bairn was six weeks' auld yesterday. There's only the twae o' them.

"Is onything wrang wi' Jeanie," says I, for the lassie had had a rale bad cauld, an' ye never ken what caulds may lead to.

Weel, a' the puir crater could dae was to shake her heid an' haud oot a wee bit white muslin she was grippin' in yin o' her hands. I could make nae meanin' oot o't ava.

"Can ye no speak up, Mrs Donald," says I. "If naebody's ill or deid what makes ye sit an' greet like that? It canna be that Jimes has lost his place?—but, hoots, that's no to be thocht o'. Jimes is ower muckle respeckit."

At that she liftit her heid an' wipit her een wi' her apron, an', says she, still haundin' oot the bit white muslin.

"It was the coo!"

"The coo!" says I. "My, Mrs Donald, that's an awfu' job. I'm terrible vexed for ye if the coo's deid."

"Oh, the coo's no deid," says she. "I wadna care if it was—it's eaten up every inch o' the bairn's kirs'nin' robe—that's a' that's left o't," haudin' up the bit muslin that she'd aye been clingin' to.

"My! I was sorry for her, Marget. She had wash't oot the bit frockie an' spread it oot on the gress in the coo park to dry. She was fear'd to pit it on the hedge in case o' the thorns tearin't."

"But whatever did she lay a thing like that in the coo's road for?" questioned Marget, again interrupting Mrs Anderson's rapid flow of sentences. "It's weel kenned kye like naething better than to get haud o' clean wash'd claes."

"Naebody kenned that better nor Mrs Donald, but she didna ken the coo was to be there. Jimes had tell't her the nicht afore that the beast was to gang to the auld gress park the next mornin', so, of course, she thocht it was a' richt. Man-like, Jimes had changed his mind on a sudden an' said naething aboot it. When the puir crater gaed roond to fetch in the bit robe to iron't there was the coo chowin' up the last vestige o' the bonnie embroider't skirt. Not a morsel was left but the wee bit body that Mrs Donald got haud o' an' poo'd oot o' the beast's mooth."

"Is the body entire?" says I.

"It's no torn," says she, "but it's a' dirty an' ——"

"Oh, that's easy sortit," says I, "there's plenty time to wash oot the body again—an' for a heap mair nor that. We maun get a bit muslin an' make a new skirt. I've been a dressmaker, an' I'll help ye a' I can, Mrs Donald," says I. "Where's Jeanie? She maun rin ower to Melrose an' git ——"

"Jeanie's away to Melrose," broke in the puir crater. "She's no to be hame till six o'clock. I sent her for a cake an' some sma' bread an' things for the tea the nicht."

"That's an awfu' peety," says I.

"Had I kenned afore she left I wadna have grudged the price o' a new robe off at the grund. There's a hale lot o' folk comin' the nicht, an' it's Mr Nichol's first kirs'nin'. His name's James Joseph Nichol, and the bairn's to be ca'd Jemima Josephine Nichol efter him—to think o' her havin' to be babteesed in a cotton goonie," says she, an' begins to greet an' sob again.

"We're no come to that yet," says I, thinkin' as hard as I could. Mrs Donald sobbit an' sobbit till at last I says, "Weel, weel, naething was ever mendit wi' greetin', Mrs Donald. Dry yer face an' let's think what's to be dune. The bairn's to be kirs'en't an' a robe's to be providit. Have ye nae bits o' odd muslin in the hoose?"

"No a morsel," says she. "I've been in every corner an' every drawer upstairs an' doon."

She's as nice a crater Mrs Donald as ye could meet ony day in the week, but she hasna juist as much gumption as she micht have, an' she's easy knockit doon. So—"Twae heids are better than yin, Mrs Donald," says I. "We'll juist have another look. What's that? My! where's yer een, Mrs Donald? Here's the very thing lyin' on the tap o' this bottom drawer. It looks like a bairn's robe made to oor hand," an' oot I pu's twae parcels o' bonnie floor'd muslin.

"Oh, my! thae's no mine," says she, kind o' fear'd like. "Thae's Jeanie's," says she, "her mistress gied her twae braw new aprons when she bargained wi' her to bide on another half-year. For ony sake pit them back again, Mrs Anderson. Jeanie's awfu' perteekler aboot her things—an' she's uncommon high temper't for sic a young crater. I wadna like to set her up on the bairn's kirs'nin' nicht."

"Ye've to choose atween settin' Jeanie's back up an' baptisin' yer bairn in a cotton frock, Mrs Donald," says I, kind o' dry like. "Jeanie's yer ain bairn when a's said an' dune. She's only sixteen, an' if she was yin-an'-twenty she's hardly likely to sue ye for damages. Of coorse, ye'll gie the lassie her aprons back again. John Cochrane o' Galashiels has a drawer fu' o' them, the very pattern o' Jeanie's. I bocht yin for ma niece the other day—twae an' tenpence each."

"If I thocht Jeanie wadna"—an' she began kind o' wheengin' again.

"Is't to be the bairn in a cotton frock or no? That's the question," says I, looking her straicht in the een.

That settle't it. She didna say another word.

"Haund me that bit body," says I. "Ye'll have a robe worth lookin' at by six o'clock, Mrs Donald," an' hame I goes an' at it wi' needle an' threed as hard as I could work. When the clock chappit six there was the bonniest kirs'nin' robe ye ever saw in yer life lyin' ready on Mrs Donald's parlour bed. Puir crater, she was pleased—but we baith sang a different sang when Jeanie cam' hame frae Melrose. My word, her mother was richt, that lassie has a fearfu' temper. Eh, she was angry! For full half-an-'our she gaed at it teeth an' nail. Then she grat, an' her mother grat.

At the half-'oor's end—efter she'd gotten a guid taste o' ma tongue—she quietit doon an' began to listen to reason, but her mother an' her were that begrutten, I thocht for a while that naither yin nor other wad ever be fit to pit in an appearance. However, by the time they had gotten their faces washed an' weel laved wi' some elder-flower water I had lyin' in a drawer, they lookit fine, an' baith o' them were a' smiles afore the folk began to come.

Efter a' the steery the nicht juist went off grand. It's no easy to be onything but cheery when Mr Nichol's aboot. He had a joke for everybody, an' keepit the hale hoose lauchin'.

The bairn was awfu' guid, puir wee wifie—never gied a whumper when the water was sprinkl't on her face, an' the minister gied her a guid shoor.

Wumman, Marget, the queerest thing happen't when Jimes was takin' the vows on him. We were a' rale solemn, as we had every reason to be, for Mr Nichol was very impressive. Weel, a' the doors had been left open to keep doon the heat, an' juist as the minister was pressin' hame a maist important point, a terrible screech cam' frae the parrot in the kitchen—an' then it took to lauchin', an' it lauched an' better lauch'd till ye wad fair have fancied it was a human bein'. But when it began to cry as plain as ye like, "What's that yer sayin'? What's that yer sayin'?" ower an' ower an' ower (just like a parrot, ye ken), it was hardly possible to keep doon a smile. I saw Mr Nichol's mooth twitch, an' as for masel' I very near misbehaved an' lauched right oot.

Jimes Donald's sort o' deef and has a great trick o' sayin' thae very words. The crater maun have pickit them up. They're queer beasts, parrots.

My, Marget, was that twal' chappin'? Weel, it's no nice to turn a freend oot, but I maun be at the village at half-past—an' it's a guid half-'oor's step, as ye ken. I'll juist hurry on ma bonnet an' walk sae fer wi' ye.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

Hope, the last support of the wretched. In every difficulty, in every doubt, in every danger, Hope will fight even if he cannot conquer.—Peveril of the Peak.

Scott and the Psalms.

MANY of us can recall the days when the metrical version of the Psalms was considered the best medium for praise in most of our churches, and though we may not desire to see the old order of things brought back again, we cannot help regretting that in many of our places of worship the hymns have almost entirely displaced the Psalms. The merits of the Scottish metrical version have been discussed and re-discussed long before most of us were born, so the present newspaper correspondence on the subject is but reviving old debates. Mr Bayley of Halls, Dunbar, a son-in-law of Mr Gideon Pott of Knowsworth, has sent to the newspapers for publication the following holograph letter in his possession, written by Sir Walter Scott, to the Rev. Principal Baird, Moderator of the General Assembly in 1800:—

Dear Sir,—I was honoured with your letter, and I assure you I should feel happy if it were in my power to be of service to the undertaking which you recommend with so much propriety. Not to mention other requisites in which I feel my deficiency, I think my total unacquaintance with the original language of the Scriptures is of itself a complete incapacity. As I derive my acquaintance with the inspired writings solely from the prose translation, I must inevitably be liable to transfer into any poetical version of the Psalms every imperfection and amplification which may exist in the translation into the poetical version, which would thus be the shadow of a shade. Besides, after all, I am not sure whether the old-fashioned version of the Psalms does not serve the purposes of public worship better than smoother versification and greater terseness of expression. The ornaments of poetry are not perhaps required in devotional exercises—nay, I do not know whether, unless used very sparingly and with great taste, they are altogether consistent with them. The expression of the old metrical translation, though homely, is plain, forcible, and intelligible, and very often possesses a rude sort of majesty which perhaps would be ill exchanged for mere eloquence. Their antiquity is also a circumstance striking to the imagination, and possessing a corresponding influence upon the feelings. They are the very words and accents of our early reformers, sung by them in woe and gratitude in the fields, in the churches, and on the scaffold. The parting with this very association of ideas is a serious loss to the cause of devotion, and scarce to be incurred without the certainty of corresponding advantages. But if these recollections are valuable to persons of education, they are almost indispensable to the edification of the lower ranks, whose prejudices do not permit them to consider as the words of the inspired poetry the versions of living or modern poets, but persist, however absurdly, in identifying the original with the ancient translation. I would not have you suppose, my dear sir, that I by any means disapprove of the late very well chosen paraphrases, but I have an old fashioned taste in sacred as well as prophane poetry—I cannot help preferring even Sternhold and Hopkins to Tate and Brady, and our own metrical version of the Psalms to both. I hope, therefore, they will be touched with a lenient hand, and I have written you a long letter that I might satisfy you in what a serious point of view I regard anything connected with our national worship, as well as of the consideration due to any request of yours.—I am, my dear Sir, your most faithful servant, WALTER SCOTT.

ROBERT COCHRANE, writing on "The Literary Society" in our "Our Young Men," says the Rev. John Thomson, a Hawick parish minister, relates how his father, William Thomson, a well-known Roxburghshire farmer, attended a literary society called the Pantheon when a joiner's apprentice in Selkirk. Mr Thomson believes Parthenon was meant. That matters little. One night the debate was "Whether the horse or the ox was the more useful animal." The youth who took the side of the ox enlarged on the good milk, cream, butter, cheese, whey, flesh, horns, hair, and hoofs yielded by this animal for the good of man. The youth who followed asked, amidst derisive laughter, "Who ever heard of an ox producing milk, cream, or butter?" Young William Thomson was not always in such safe company. Along with eight other young men Thomson made his way to a lonely cave on Minchmoor, near Selkirk, where there was an illicit whisky still. The cave was lit by a pine knot in a crusie, as the rude iron lamp was called. Here the young men chatted, laughed, sang songs, played cards, and drank whisky. The whisky soon began to tell on them. Thomson was congratulated on standing so much without being tipsy, as it was thought unmanly to pass the glass. The reason was that he managed to get behind the others and empty his glass among the rubbish of the cave. How they all got home that night Thomson could never tell. Like the "founding pint" which Hugh Miller received when an apprentice, and which made him unable to read his beloved Bacon's essays in the evening, and cured him for ever, this had the same effect upon Thomson.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, compos'd, resign'd.
—Rokeby.

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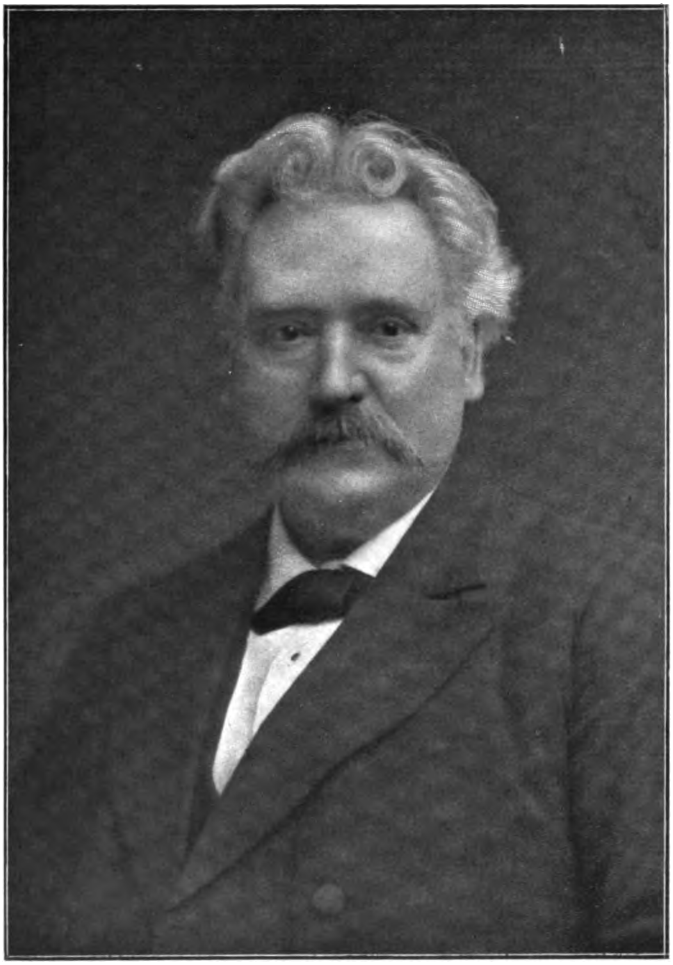
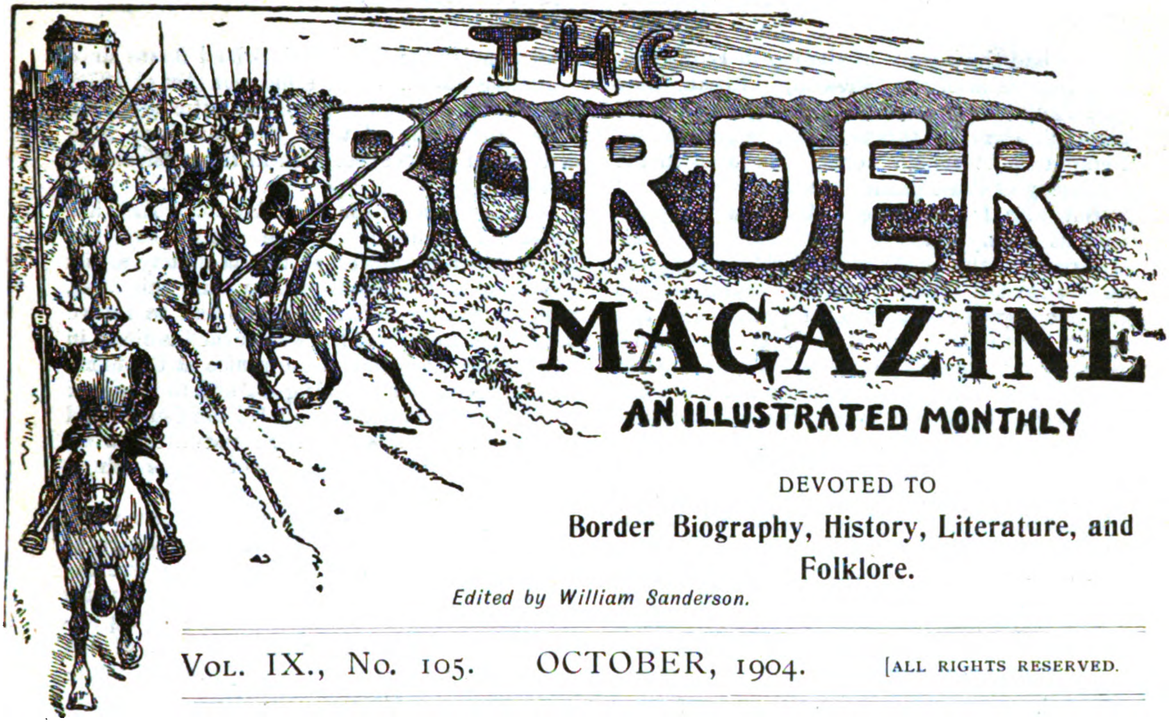


DUNCAN FRASER, F.E.I.S., EDINBURGH.



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DUNCAN FRASER, F.E.I.S.

BY G. S. AITKEN.

MR DUNCAN FRASER was very much missed this fine summer at Yarrow and the regions beyond. At kirk and post office, manse and inn, everyone asked what had become of him. Even the fish in the burns and lochs were anxious, especially an ancient of the Loch of the Lowes, which, surviving all that skilled angler's wiles so many years, wondered what had happened to cause the unwonted absence. But the fact was, Mr Fraser had altered his haunt for the one season to the not far distant county of Berwick, trying the Whitadder for a change of trout, so breaking a long record at bonnie Henderland. But the magnetism of Yarrow is not thus easily dispelled, and doubtless some wayfarer will come across him about the end of September near to the Gordon Arms, his ideal inn; or wading the Yarrow just above the Douglas Burn. His visits to Yarrow go far back into the life-time of Tibbie Shiels, and many a walk he must have had to lone St Mary's Kirk and the Wizard's grave. And from that eerie spot allowed the distant view of Dryhope Tower to throw an old-time glamour on the landscape, strengthened not a little as Altrive and Mount Benger came into view. Ettrick Kirk is not far away, with its associations of Thomas Boston and his eventful times. In another direction would be seen what is known in classic vernacular as "Tibbie Shiels," with its recollections of Scott, Wilson, and Hogg, and the many famous pilgrims of other lands who came, and in varied forms put on record their sunny memories of the spot.

Mr Fraser developed physically very early, by the age of fifteen he had reached his full stature of five feet ten inches; and this was accompanied by corresponding intellectual maturity, for by that time he began to show what the human voice associated with musical taste was able to do, and was asked to conduct the singing of three separate schools of the congregation with which he was connected, viz., St James' Place U.P., now U.F. Church, Edinburgh.

As was once so common, the congregation had a flourishing fellowship meeting, so large that it met in two sections, and after holding the office of vice-president of one of them, he was advanced to the presidentship of both.

Mr Fraser, after training in London and elsewhere, had the honour of singing in Edinburgh the tenor solos of the "Messiah," "Elijah," and "St Paul," a record with which he may be well satisfied when he thinks of the great names, familiar as household words, associated in the rendering of these grand oratorios.

But, alas, for St James', Mr Fraser's reputation as a singer and teacher of church music had reached the South Side of Edinburgh, and he was invited by the Free New North to lead the congregational service of praise, and this he did for the long period of thirty-three years, retiring two years ago, while his vocal power was still in full vigour and his natural force unabated. In acknowledging his long services, his excellent partner had a share in the congregational recognition.

Mr Fraser carried his fellowship meeting activity with him to the New North, and was active there in resuscitating the Literary Society, and was for several years the editor of its MS. magazine, which included amongst its contributors some men who have since become famous, notably Professor George Adam Smith.

Mr Fraser, as leader of praise, was present for many years at Mr Dickson's Saturday forenoon meetings for the young. He remembers with pleasure Principal Cairns sitting in a back seat and often coming forward at the close to say something to the auditors.

Mr Fraser is a man of genial presence, and has an affectionate hold of the young people in his training of them. It was a treat to see and hear the children at the annual meeting of the combined Sabbath school choirs of the U.F. Church in the Assembly Hall in May 1904; and the audience will not forget the performance of the little girl—so small that she had to stand upon a chair—as a charming instance of Mr Fraser's persuasive skill with small folk, of whom it is easy to see that the father of three stalwart sons is very fond.

But as Sheriff Guthrie said amid applause on that occasion, in proposing a vote of thanks, "What of Mr Fraser? Why, he is everywhere." And so he seems to be, for he is a well-known lecturer on Scottish song, most beautifully illustrated by his own expressive voice, and whether in Edinburgh or some Border or Northern town, he is sure of a large audience and a cordial welcome. The result to the listeners is a more ardent appreciation of Scottish music.

Mr Fraser began teaching music in schools before he had left his teens, and many pupils of "Dr Bell's," or "The Lancasterian," or "Picardy Place" Schools owe their interest in this art to his example and encouragement.

Mr Fraser has also held the position of music master under the Edinburgh School Board since the inauguration of the Education Act of 1872. His circle of private pupils is naturally very wide, and many of them have attained high distinction as vocalists even in the musical profession.

The audience in the U.F. Assembly Hall has heard him annually for we cannot say how many years as leader of the psalmody at its gathering in the month of May, and this year, besides that periodical duty, he had to return during the middle of his well-earned holiday in Berwickshire to conduct the praise at the memorable meeting of 10th August, and the manner in which on that occasion he led the fathers and brethren in the singing of "Stroudwater" without instrumental accompaniment was something to remember.

Four years ago his skill as a leader was attested in the Waverley Market assemblage of 7000 people at the Union of the United Presbyterian and the Free Churches, where his voice rang out clear as a bell, tremulous with expression, this, with his characteristic beat of the hand and swing of the arm, impelling the audience to good time and tune.

Those wise people who had the prescience to obtain and preserve a copy of one of the current monthlies containing a pictorial illustration of that historic meeting will find our friend represented there in his official robes, forming one of the group of dignitaries assembled at the Moderator's platform.

Mr Fraser has since 1880 carried on a very necessary work in the musical instruction of the students of the New College, which ought to bear fruit in the interest they will be able to take in the service of praise in their future congregations.

This is a matter of no little importance quite apart from considerations of the sympathy which should exist between minister and musical conductor, for occasion may arise when the ministerial president of a meeting may be called on in the absence of a musical leader to employ his own resources, and it would be very unfortunate, if, failing personal musical skill and knowledge, he had to appeal to a too obliging enthusiast in the audience, who, as in an instance that occurred within the writer's recollection, raised a tune of the wrong metre, to the confusion of himself and those who were present.

If a heavy shock of hair is a sign of virility, then Mr Fraser is a virile man; but it must not be supposed that because his crown of glory is white like the silvery pow of "John Anderson my Jo' John," that he has attained a venerable age. It is only an anticipation, like the early snow on "Ettrick Pen." He is yet in his prime, and may look forward to many years of usefulness in his profession.

In his possession is a whole book-shelf of Matthew Henry's Commentary, presented to him in 1864. But let not the calculating school boy think that this forty-year-old gift traverses the above statement, because we must hasten to add that the volumes were given to him while yet in his teens. It is the lot of few to receive so solid a present in adolescent years, and it shows that he must have done good work so to merit it, and suggests that the donor must have recognised in him a love of massive reading.

In displaying the volumes he may probably pass the remark that essays contributed by him to the St James' Place Associations were indebted for part of their matter to extracts from this timely gift. Mr Fraser is a generous lender of good books, but he draws the line at Matthew Henry. From this it may be inferred that the Chester divine is in pretty frequent use.

In the Literary Association Mr Fraser was often in friendly opposition to a member who afterwards settled in the United States, and became one of the most successful lawyers at the American Bar, and but for his British birth would have been run for the Presidentship. Mr McKinley and he attended the same church.

Besides pamphlets on church music, such as "The Choir of the Future" and "Church Praise," Mr Fraser has published a collection of poems and sketches bearing the title "Riverside Rambles," now in its second edition, and it is understood that he has a series of sonnets commemorating every burn that discharges its clear, wimpling water into the classic Meggat. May he see his way to give them to the world ere long.

The present writer has had the good fortune to hear some of them read by the author, and he found them as interpreters, so great an aid to his interest in the scenery they describe, that he cannot do less than wish that they may be made accessible to all who desire to look below the surface of nature and bring to light the profound meaning of God's marvellous handiwork in creation. Mr Fraser has also written largely on music in education.

Like all kind-hearted people, Mr Fraser has a faculty of good-natured humour, which finds its way into such contributions as that inserted in the "Musical Age" for May 1902, and entitled "The Old Scottish Precentor." He has rendered a distinct service to the temperance cause by editing "Songs and Hymns for Bands of Hope." The new enlarged edition bears date 1884, and is still in use. More power to Mr Fraser as a total abstainer, and may it be said without offence in these cigarette days as a non-smoker also.

As a Borderer by adoption, Mr Fraser is keenly interested in all that relates to the South of Scotland, as his contributions to this magazine show; but perhaps the things pertaining to that district which give him most pleasure are, first, that he is a member of the Council of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association; second, that the poet of the Borders, "J. B. Selkirk," is one of his most esteemed friends and correspondents; and, third, that he was hon. secretary to the committee that restocked St Mary's Loch with Loch Leven trout a few years ago.

As may readily be inferred from Mr Fraser's regular visits year by year to the pastoral scenery of the Yarrow and Ettrick, it is clear that he is conservative in his choice of a holiday resort. Its quiet and sweetness seem to lie very near his heart, and indeed he could not have written so much and so sympathetically had he been a mere bird of passage. While, of course, there is much to be said in favour of seeing as much as possible of nature's marvellous variations of landscape, and the moods in which they are presented of light and shade and colour, there may be in this preference for one spot a lesson to the many good folks who by means of cycle or motor are thus enabled to go further and see more.

One is sometimes inclined to ask if these facile means of travel may not tend to accentuate the superficial consideration of things which seems to be a characteristic of the present age. There may be greater diversity of attainment with at the same time a lack of the staying power and thoughtfulness which count for so much in life's real progress and enjoyment.

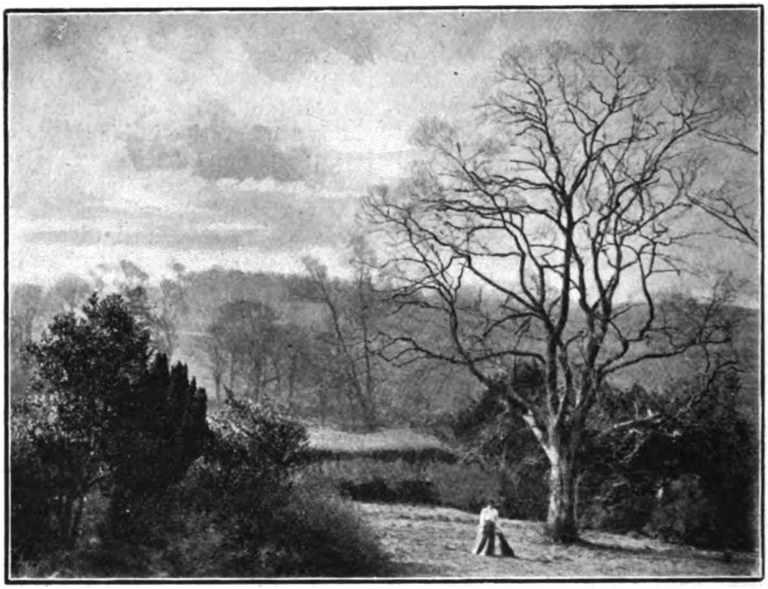
At any rate, modern speed would never have led to the evolution of Wordsworth and his interpreter, J. Campbell Shairp, who, like Professor Veitch, saw far through the facts into the poetry of nature.

And so good-speed to Mr Duncan Fraser in his many-sidedness, and may he publish those sonnets soon, and a find a discerning public demanding many editions of them.

O, lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
—"Maid of Neidpath."

Sir Walter Scott's Courtship.

SIR WALTER threw a spell over all the places he mentioned in his poems and novels, so that the events he ascribes to certain localities seem more real than those historically attested. Especially is this the case on the Borders, but the little Spa of Gilsland, situated on the high lands dividing Cumberland from Northumberland, forms an exception to the rule. It is immortalised in "Guy Mannering," but the glamour of romance was added to the spell of fiction, for it was there that Scott first met and wooed his future wife.



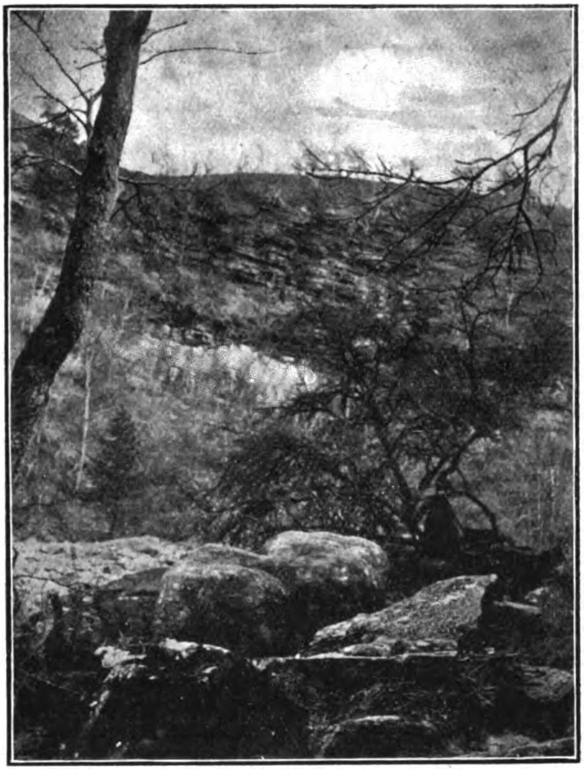
From Photo by M. E. Hulse, Carlisle.

VIEW OF IRTHING VALLEY, GILSLAND.

In the summer of 1797 the poet, then a young Edinburgh barrister, unknown to literary fame save as the translator of some striking ballads from the German, went to the English Lakes with his brother and a friend. They visited Carlisle, Penrith, Ullswater, all of which were afterwards to figure in "Waverley," then wandered north-east to Gilsland. In "Guy Mannering" young "Brown" is made to approach the village in the same way, so that he might see the remains of the Roman Wall, there "more visible than in any other part of its extent." Brown—and Dandie Dinmont—however, only had some refreshment at "Mumps Ha' " ; whilst Scott and his friends stayed for some time in the village at Wardrew House, situated on the top of a high precipitous bank, at the foot of which flows the little river Irthing. On the opposite bank, high above the noted Spa Well, is the Shaws Hotel, a great resort then of fashionable people. An 1804 guide-book thus describes the life there:—"The morning, when fine, is generally spent in walking and riding; the dinner-hour is three; and after tea the company go to the ball-room to dance, which amusement continues until nine, the hour of supper." The writer of the foregoing little thought he was throwing a side-light on a romance, for Scott was comparatively unknown in 1804. One of the guests in July 1797 who spent her mornings in riding was Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter (daughter of a French refugee), who was the ward of the Rev. John Bird, Minor Canon of Carlisle Cathedral. One morning Scott and his friends met her on horseback and greatly admired her. They easily obtained an introduction by going to the dance at the Shaws that evening, where they all danced with her, but Walter Scott took her in to supper. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" says Marlowe.

Down by the river, a little further up than the Spa Well, there is a huge boulder—known as the Popping Stone—chipped smooth and round by generations of tourists, who believe that Scott "popped" the momentous question there, sealing the compact under the Kissing Bush near. (The stone chips, if slept on, are supposed to act in the same way as wedding cake.) Interesting, but rather commonplace! The story of the stone as told by an old schoolfellow of Miss Carpenter's is much more romantic.

The Irthing, like all mountain streams, often rises very suddenly; and, as before mentioned, the banks are very precipitous in many places. Scott and Miss Carpenter happened to be walking near the river one day when a flood came on. The great boulder, then much larger, offered the only refuge, so Scott asked the lady to "share his fate" thereon. They had to remain there with the river madly swirling round them until the flood had sufficiently abated to let them regain the narrow upward path, and Scott was so struck by the fortitude with which Miss Carpenter faced peril and bore discomfort that he determined to woo and win her!



From Photo by M. E. Hulse, Carlisle.

THE POPPING STONE, GILSLAND.

So the romance had its natural ending at Christmas of the same year, when, in the nave of Carlisle Cathedral, then the Parish Church of St Mary, the two were united in holy matrimony by the lady's guardian.

The following not very meritorious lines were probably one of Scott's "love-offerings." "To a lady, with flowers from the Roman Wall,—written 1797, on an excursion from Gilsland."

> "Take these flowers which, purple waving,
>   On the ruin'd rampart grew,
> Where, the sons of freedom braving,
>   Rome's imperial standards flew.
> Warriors from the breach of danger
>   Pluck no longer laurels there;
> They but yield the passing stranger
>   Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair."

Gilsland having played such an important part in the young barrister's life it is no wonder that he made such extensive literary use of it in after years. "The Bridal of Triermain" is one of the least read of his metrical romances, but is invested with interest when the ruins of Triermain Castle are seen to the west of the village. There lived Sir Roland de Vaux, whose future wife was to be a model of all graces and virtues.

> "Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
> That may match with the Baron of Triermain?
> She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
> Holy, and pure, and humble of mind,
> Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
> Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood."

Truly a formidable list of attributes, such as we imagine Sir Walter, with his poetic and chivalrous temperament, desiring in the days when his heart was untouched. Did he think he had found the angel of his dreams when he met Miss Carpenter? He makes Sir Roland content—nay, madly in love with one who came short in many points of his requirements; and it may be in so doing he describes his own experience.

M. Evà Hulse.

Early Border History.

IN the "Dawn of Border History," which appeared in the May number of the Border Magazine, I introduced the subject which is continued in this article. On March 1, 1327-8, the English Parliament met at York, and an instrument of renunciation of all past and present claims of the English King over Scotland was adopted, and the complete and entire independence of Scotland established. (See Tytler, Vol. I. p. 154.) A Treaty was at the same time outlined, the articles of which were satisfactorily adjusted at Edinburgh on the 17th day of March following, and the final step of approving and confirming the same took place at Northampton on the 4th of May by an English Parliament summoned for the purpose. The borders of England and Scotland had before this date (1327-8) been divided into marches or divisions, and regulations and laws for the proper modes of intercourse and communication between the two countries had been drawn up, and the different wardens of the marches authorised and empowered to see that the same were observed. In 1332-3, owing to differences between the two kingdoms, the Scottish leaders began to break in upon the English borders. Sir Archibald Douglas with a small army of three thousand men ravaged the country near to and round about Gillsland for about thirty miles with fire and sword, and carried off much booty. A retaliatory raid was made into Scotland by Sir Anthony Lucy of Cockermouth and much havoc committed. In the wars during the reign of Robert II. the Borders were in an almost continual state of predatory warfare. The power of the Barons at this time increased very much. "The right of private war was exercised by them in its fullest extent." (See Tytler, Vol. I. p. 331.) After a fair held at the town of Roxburgh, then belonging to the English, March, a Scottish noble, surprised and stormed the town, set it on fire, and slaughtered an immense number of the English who had come for trade or pleasure. The English borderers retaliated and raided the lands of Sir John Gordon. Gordon was naturally enraged, and collected his vassals and invaded England. He was on his way back when he encountered an English knight, Sir John Lilburn, with a number of knights and other followers. A fierce conflict took place, but though the English were double in number to the Scots, Gordon and his men won the day, and carried Lilburn and their plunder into Scotland.

The English warden, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, with an army of seven thousand men broke across the border and encamped near Dunse. During the night his horses broke loose and he was compelled to retreat. He, however, on his way back to England pillaged the lands of the Earl of March.

After the battle of Otterburn (10th August, 1388), a truce was concluded between the two countries, and it subsisted for about twelve years. It expired when Henry IV. became King of England, and the Scottish Borderers, who were glad that a state of war again existed between the two countries, crossed the eastern marches in great numbers, stormed Wark Castle, and razed it to its foundations. Sir Robert Umfraville then crossed the border, and in a skirmish or battle at Fullhopelaw defeated the Scots who opposed him. It might be supposed that it was only inferior or petty vassals of the great barons that in defiance of all the laws for the governance of the marches carried on this ravaging and predatory warfare. Such was not the case, however. The great Border nobles on both sides did not hesitate to act on the offensive, and on various occasions when England and Scotland were at peace, or had a truce, assembled their vassals and carried fire and sword into each other's territories. On one occasion Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hailes led an army composed of Hepburns, Cockburns, and Lauders into Northumberland. They were overtaken on their return at Nesbit Moor in the Merse (May 7, 1402), and a desperate fight ensued, which resulted in the total defeat of Hepburn. The relations which the two kingdoms had to each other in a great measure helped to excuse the great barons who joined in the Border frays. All the laws of the marches were set at nought, and the right of vassals to get protection from their superior was strongly insisted upon as a reason for reprisals and outrages.

The battle of Durham, or Neville's Cross (October 17, 1346), gave the Castle of Jedburgh into the hands of the English. It continued to be an English possession for over sixty years, but sometime about the years 1408-9 was reduced and taken by the Teviotdale Borderers, who, however, were unable to destroy the walls and towers. (See Tytler, Vol. II. p. 38.) The town and Castle of Roxburgh, which also at this time were in the possession of the English, were stormed and burned by Gavin Dunbar, the second son of the Earl of March, and Archibald Douglas of Drumlanrig. (See Tytler, Vol. II. p. 39.) The Castle of Roxburgh seems, however, to have been re-captured by the English, for we find it in their possession in 1460. Following this, a short time after Sir Robert Umfraville made a raid on the borders of Roxburgh, and sacked the town of Jedburgh at the time when a fair was being held there.

The first Parliament of James I. was opened at Edinburgh on the 26th of May, 1424. An Act was then passed directing that a proclamation should be made against private wars and feuds among the nobility in all time coming.

The next outbreak of note took place in 1448-9 under the commands of the Earls of Northumberland and Salisbury, who were wardens of the East and West Marches. The Earl of Northumberland is said to have left the town of Dunbar in flames after wasting the country on his road there; while the Earl of Salisbury set fire to Dumfries. (See Tytler, Vol. II. page 143.) As a sort of reprisal Alnwick was burned and plundered by James Douglas, brother to the Earl of Douglas. Then a force of six thousand English, under the command of Sir John Harrington and Sir John Pennington, crossed the Solway, and were on the banks of the river Sark defeated by the Scots under the command of Hugh, Earl of Ormond. These outbreaks did not, however, lead to active war, but were looked on as accidental occurrences on the Borders, although quite in accordance with the general tenor and habits of the Borderers. It may, however, be noted that England and Scotland had been in a state of war for a considerable number of years, but truces had been agreed to by both parties over and over again. An eight years' truce which was agreed upon the year previous to the death of Robert II. was, on its expiration, renewed year after year for several years. For about twenty years before the accession of James I. the two countries had been in an incipient state of warfare, and this gave occasion to the Borderers, who indulged in what might almost be said to have been their favourite pastime, of raiding, harrying, and rieving. There were lulls at intervals, but with very little intermission the plundering raids were carried on. (From March 30, 1406.) When James I., who had been an illegal captive in England for eighteen years, came back to Scotland a truce of seven years was concluded between the two countries (1424.) This did not, however, prevent Border raiding. A Parliament held in Edinburgh in 1457 took into consideration the defensive state of the Borders, and it was agreed that those who were responsible for the good government of the marches should take upon themselves the duty of attending to the defence of the Borders. After the death of James II. (August 3rd, 1460), the fortress of Roxburgh came into the possession of the Scots, and James III. was crowned in the Monastery of Kelso. (See Tytler, Vol. II. p. 188.) The next raid of consequence took place in 1481-2 after James III. had resolved on war with England. The Duke of Gloucester was to carry on the war on the side of England, but before he had got ready the Earl of Angus rushed across the east marches and ravaged Northumberland, burned Bamborough, plundered the villages, and carried off prisoners as well as cattle. (See Tytler, Vol. II. p. 218.) On both sides of the Border country the raiding was carried on during the continuance of the war, nor did the conclusion of peace in 1486 materially lessen the predatory warfare.

The Battle of Flodden, which took place on September 9th, 1513, is too well-known to require recapitulation. It has been dilated upon by very many writers, the latest presentment of it being, so far as I am aware, that of Mr James Robson in "Border Battles and Battlefields." No Border battle was ever followed by such widespread and unfortunate results as that of Flodden. The pathetic verse of Aytoun and of Scott faintly images forth the feelings which were roused or the emotions which were evoked by the unfortunate issues as well as the tragical death of the King. It is not my purpose to deal with that which has little relation to the history of the life of the Borders, but I cannot help referring to some extent to—

"The stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

J. C. Goodfellow.

In man's most dark extremity,
Oft succour dawns from heaven.
—"Lord of the Isles."

The Days of Claverhouse; or, Auld Kirkbride.

CHAPTER I.

"Bury me in Kirkbride,
  Whaur the Lord's redeemed anes lie!
The auld kirkyard on the grey hillside,
  Under the open sky;
Under the open sky,
  On the breast o' the braes sae steep,
And side by side wi' the banes that lie
  Stricket there in their hinmaist sleep.
This puir dune body maun sune be dust,
  But it thrills wi' a stroud o' pride
To ken it may mix wi' the great and just
  That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

. . . .

In a dreamless dwaum to be airted away
  To the shores o' the crystal sea;
Far frae the toil and moil and the mirk,
  And the tyrant's cursed pride—
Row'd in a wreath o' the mists that lurk,
  Heaven sent, above auld Kirkbride."

. . . .

ONE mirk evening in chill November a party of soldiers came riding up Nithsdale, and diverged from the main road nigh to the ruins of St Bride's Kirk. The moon showed fitfully between the hurrying clouds—one moment all was darkness and the next the waters of the river Nith were illumined by the pale and fitful moonlight, which also lit up the glancing armour of the soldiers, and threw weird shadows amid the dark fir-trees by the riverside; while the night wind whistled shrilly amid the leafless willows and dead sedge-grasses by the darkly flowing water, and, ever and anon, an eerie sound such as the hoot of the night owl, or the lone cry of the fox smote upon the ear. Presently the party of soldiers arrived at a gateway which gave access to the long avenue that curved round the gentle eminence on which the mansion of Gleneauchan is situated. As the troopers entered the gateway the distant tolling of a bell was borne on the night wind from the "burg toon" of Sanquahar across the river, and announced the hour of nine P.M. Owing to the moss-grown state of the old avenue the horses' hoofs gave forth a muffled sound as they passed slowly forward until the outline of the building rose from the woodland in a dark frowning mass. The officers now halted their troops ere crossing the ivy-clad bridge at the "Drappin' Linn." (At the time our story opens the persecution of the Covenanters by the civil authorities and by the troops under Claverhouse, Dalzel, Lag, and officers of their selection, was waged without pity or remorse, and resistance to the death was not uncommon.) Presently the order to move forward was given.

"Truly it seemeth a fine place, Menteth," remarked Jim Stuart to his superior in command, as they rode slowly on.

"Ay, but hugely lonesome," replies Captain Menteth in a low voice, "to tell you the truth, Jim, I am full sick of this work, I would that I were again in Flanders."

"Yea, verily; fighting men, trained like ourselves to war, not harassing peaceable folk; but 'tis a case of 'needs must when the Devil drives' you know," responds Stuart, in the same low tone.

"Ay, but the Devil may find that some of us can 'kick over the traces' one of these days," mutters Menteth, "sotto voce," then he signs to his men to surround the edifice quietly. The vast old house might have been uninhabited for all sign of life it gave save where a ray of light shone softly from a window on the second floor. Let us glance within: a long and low ceiled room, the walls of which are wainscoted with sombre oak, in the panels of which are many full-length portraits, while, on the wide stone hearth at one end a great log-fire burns cheerfully, nigh to which are seated an aged dame, a young girl in the first bloom of youth and beauty, and two waiting women of the superior class; while a great staghound reclines before the fire at his ease.

"Oh, ay, Nan, my bonnie doo, there were braw stories o' the 'wee folk' in my young days," says the noble old lady of Gleneauchan, addressing her granddaughter, lovely Nancy Douglas. "Auld Peg, my nurse, used to tell o' a gnome or fairy boy who was heard at midnight beating the roll to the fairy-folk on the tap o' Queensbury hill; ay, and a wee herd-lad who mistook his road coming hame frae Lammas fair and had to sleep amid the heather there, averred, on oath, that he heard his drum, and saw the 'wee folk,' a' dressed in green, come poppin' oot frae under the dewy grass to dance merrily in the moonlight on the green sward by the auld stunted elm-tree that they ca' 'the witch's-elm' to this day. 'Deed, they were no canny times, for I have heard the screech o' the hags maself on stormy nichts when I was a wee bairn. Peg said her father had 'seen them' fleein' through the air on broom-sticks; ay, and it was weel kent that Satan held a periodical levee on the gallows-hill ilka 'holloween,' and a' the witches."

"Oh, hush, grandmother, you make me fancy that I hear them now," cries bonnie Nan, with a shudder. "Hark! what was that?—oh, see to Brian!"

"Ay, whatever has taen the dog!" says the aged lady, gazing in dismay upon her dumb friend who has cocked his ears, bristled up his back, and is now standing by the door of the apartment as if ready to attack a foe. The door is opened by Giles, the old butler, who cries:

"Alas, my Leddy, the King's troops are crossing the Drappin' Linn!" The waiting women "skirl," but the aged mistress of Gleneauchan remains calm and collected, though an ashen hue overspreads her countenance. Nan swiftly crosses the room and steps behind the heavy curtains which screen off the deep recesses of the window, and then, herself unseen, gazes forth. The troopers are making their way up the gentle slope towards the front entrance.

Presently there is a resounding knock on the massive oak door. Thereupon a window immediately over the doorway is promptly thrown open and a voice enquires who is knocking.

"Open, in the King's name!" responds Captain Menteth.

There follows a silence of some minutes' duration, broken only by the stamping of the horses, the jingle of their chains, and the mournful sighing of the night wind as it sweeps o'er the treetops and rustles eerily amid the dense ivy-growth on the walls of the old house. Then the door is thrown wide open. Lady Gleneauchan stands on the threshold, flanked on the right hand by old Giles, who carries her late husband's drawn sword, on the left by his son Andrew, who holds aloft a flaming flambeau, which sheds a weird, red light upon the scene.

"Gentlemen, what want ye at this untimely hour? Know ye not that I am a lone widow?"

"Excuse us, madam," replied Menteth, lowering his rapier, "we have a warrant from the Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council, to arrest the person of ——"

"God keep us! Gentlemen, come ye here wi' armed men to arrest an auld woman o' eighty?" interrupted she, in well feigned surprise.

"Nay, madam, to arrest one James Douglas, commonly called Lord Gleneauchan, an intercommuned traitor."

"Enter, gentlemen, search the house from roof-tree to cellar," cries the aged Lady of Gleneauchan in a firm voice, and with a wave of the hand she signs to them to pass her in the narrow entrance. "Gin ye find him whom ye seek there will be nane mair surprised than myself."

Somewhat taken aback by this frank invitation, Menteth pauses for a second, then, removing his glove, he bows respectfully and says:

"Permit me, madam, the honour of re-conducting you to your apartment."

With stately courtesy the aged lady places her slender, lace-mittened hand in his, and thus they pace, in solemn dignity, up the narrow stone staircase, and enter the wainscoted chamber. They find Nan Douglas standing nigh to the fireplace, with one hand she gently but firmly restrains Brian, the old staghound.

"I thank you, sir!" says Lady Gleneauchan as she relinquishes Menteth's supporting hand. Then she curtesies in stiff and stately fashion, and says: "Permit me to present you to my granddaughter!" The young people exchange silent salutations, and the good lady proceeds: "Now, we must not detain you from your duty, sir. Call up your minions and begin your inspection of my poor house."

"Craving your pardon, madam, I must e'en do so," replies the handsome young fellow regretfully, casting a second glance of respectful admiration upon Nan ere leaving the chamber.

In spite, however, of the keenest scrutiny no intercommuned person was discovered lurking in the old house of Gleneauchan. So Giles informed his aged mistress, telling her at the same time that Captain Menteth requested her hospitality for himself, his brother officer, and their troopers for the night.

"Escort the gentlemen hither, Giles, and serve supper o' the best our larder and cellar will afford, and, hark ye, a word in your ear, broach a butt o' your 'strongest ale' and let the troopers drink deep —sleeping men see nought—we ken not what this visitation may foreshadow."

"Ay, ay, yer orders shall be seen to, my Leddy," responded Giles, with a significant glance from under his grey eye-brows and a solemn nod of his head.

Then, as the door closed behind her faithful old servitor, she turned to her granddaughter and said:

"Oh, Nan, my bonnie doo, remember we maun 'speak them' fair."

"Ay, grandmother, but God grant we be soon quit o' them, for o' my dream"—ere she can finish her sentence the door is flung open by old Giles, who announces:

"Captain Menteth and Mr Stuart o' the Black Dragoons!"

With courtly grace the aged lady receives the young men, and her lovely granddaughter does her best to 'speak them fair' as in duty bound, but her bonnie blue eyes seek the floor, and the delicate wild-rose hue comes and goes in her fair cheeks in a way quite bewitching, as Jim Stuart finds to his cost when sleep forsakes his pillow.

"Good morning, gentlemen! I trust that you reposed well in this poor house o' mine, notwithstanding the ghosts and goblins that are said to haunt it," said Lady Gleneauchan to her guests next morning when they met at the morning meal.

"By my troth, dear madam, they had not deemed me worthy of a visit," responded Menteth gaily. "for I never slept better in my life."

"Then ye maun thank your stars if that be so, young sir," quoth the aged lady, sternly; "weel I ken James Graham o' Claverhouse could tell a different tale."

"Oh, now that you mention it, I believe I have heard of some ghostly experience the General had in these parts. Was it here in Gleneauchan? I would fain hear more of it!"

"Then if that be so ye will have to get Nan here to tell ye the weird tale in the gloamin'," quoth her ladyship grimly.

"Alas, dear madam, if fair Mistress Nancy will not the tale unfold save in the ghostly half-mirk I fear me I maun forego the pleasure for the present, as I must go on to Cumnock now, but, with your good leave, I propose to leave Lieutenant Stuart and five troopers here to guard you from—from molestation in these unsettled times."

"Really you are too considerate, sir; I know not how to thank you," replied Lady Gleneauchan, in carefully guarded tones. Then, ere more could be said Nan startled them by swooning away quietly in her seat by the breakfast table.

(To be Continued.)

The Selkirk Bailie's Gloves.—Not thirty years ago, a tax of a halfpenny to buy the bailie's gloves was collected in the town of Selkirk every fair-day, and from the owner of every stall on the street. A shoemaker from Hawick, who had for many years attended the fairs there, was on a stormy day standing by his stall. It was a bad market; the snow, too, was pelting against his face, damaging his shoes and driving the people prematurely from the town —evils which had ruffled a little the placidity of his disposition. Under these circumstances, a fellow pops him on the shoulder—"Come, sir, a ha'penny to buy the bailie's gloves." "Oh," said the son of Crispin, "I'll tell you what, sir, the bailies of Hawick would be ashamed to get gloves in such a way. What is the price of a pair? Tell me, and I'll pay the money myself, rather than the people in this market should be plagued and your town disgraced by collecting so contemptible a contribution." The rebuke of this spirited individual was not thrown away on the imp of burgh authority, as since that period the bailies of Selkirk seem to have paid for their own gloves, no tax having been levied for the purpose for a number of years.—R. Wilson's "History of Hawick" (1825).

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have frequently expressed our gratitude to those readers who, by their letters, signify their appreciation of our Magazine. Some of these epistles are from ladies and gentlemen who have a literary reputation, and can speak with authority on the quality of the matter provided by us from month to month. We are far from having reached our ideal, but our readers can help us in that direction by recommending the Border Magazine to friends. Now that the winter months are upon us, we hope that we shall enlist the sympathies of many new readers, who, by their enthusiasm in the cause of Border literature, will stimulate others who may not yet have come under its spell.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,

It is a long time since Tom Hood thrilled the public with his "Song of the Shirt," but the terrible pathos of that ballad is still vibrating in the hearts of humanity. Many who form part of that half of the world which does not know how the other half lives, may imagine that Hood's song, or rather dirge, deals with a phase of "man's inhumanity to man," which exists only to a very limited extent in these days. This, however, is a great mistake, and it would require a hundred Hoods to reveal the true state of affairs and arouse the public to the white slavery which exists in our large cities.

It should be a source of pleasure and pride to Borderers to know that a Border lady, the Hon. Mrs Alfred Lyttleton, has written a play dealing with this important subject, and that it has been produced by the eminent actress, Mrs Patrick Campbell. "Warp and Woof," as the drama is named, is a terrible indictment of Court dressmakers, &c., who work the young women in their employment like slaves in defiance of the law. The play is such a revelation that society refused to believe it, but Mr J. Tennant, M.P. for Berwickshire, brother of the fair authoress, proved conclusively that the true state of affairs had not been painted as black as it really is, and several factory inspectors have produced facts which reveal a state of affairs almost beyond belief. Any of my readers who are interested in this important subject should get a copy of "Home Chat" for 10th September, which gives a portrait of Miss Ada Webster, the gifted actress, who appeared in "Warp and Woof," and also supplies some information which will surprise those who are not conversant with the subject.

* * *

The speech by Theodosia Heming, the work-girl heroine of "Warp and Woof," in answer to the anger of Lady Jenny Barkstone, whose dress she has delivered late:

> "Oh, I know where I am all right! I'm among many of the ladies whose gowns we've made. Every night for a fortnight we've been at work from seven in the morning till eleven, twelve, and sometimes one at night—we never went to bed at all last night or the night before—drive, drive, drive—with only

a few minutes to cram the food down our throats. Perhaps you won't know that it's against the law to work more than twelve hours—but it is—and so it ought to be. We could do the work if you gave us time—we like making your dresses. But here's her ladyship angry because we're behind with the gown. When did she order it? Only this morning—you don't know what that means—you ladies—I don't believe you want us to work till we're ill, and silly, and dazed—you're too kind, but that's what happens—you never see the girls—they're away upstairs in the workrooms. There they are, always stitching—cold often, when you're warm round your fire—hot, stifling hot, when you're in your cool rooms—stitching when you're all fast asleep—some of them can stand it—some of them can't—some of them get weaker day by day, and there's never a chance to pull round—and if they fall out, their place is filled directly. Oh, don't any of you fancy your gowns are made of silk and satin only—life and strength goes into them too. Do you think they don't want time to live and breathe, and feast a little also? Sometimes the chance of it comes very near us—in an ugly way—do you think it's always easy to resist when you're dead tired and your life is choked with work—don't your silk skirts tell you how fierce temptation is—how hungry we are for happiness, and how at the end we don't care—we don't care——."

* * *

The foregoing paragraph makes me feel old, for I remember the fair Borderer who is thus doing so much to rouse public opinion when she was a young girl in her beautiful home at The Glen, near Innerleithen, for it is hardly necessary to state that she is a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. I hope that the Hon. Mrs Alfred Lyttleton will be encouraged to go on with this great work, and that she may be long spared to see the fruit of her labours for the down-trodden and oppressed.

* * *

I had the pleasure recently of being received along with hundreds of other journalists by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., the occasion being the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists. In connection with my reference to Hood, the following paragraph from the "Glasgow Evening News," is specially interesting:—

Among the writers received by Lord Provost Primrose at the Municipal Buildings was Mr Walter Jerrold, a grandson of Douglas Jerrold. Mr Jerrold, before coming to Glasgow, spent a week at Inveraray, investigating the literary associations of that quaint Argyllshire township. In town he is well-known as the author of many books and as a voluminous contributor to the London press. From Glasgow he paid a visit to Dundee to secure material for his forthcoming big "Life of Hood," who "wrote the 'Song of a Shirt.'" It is not common knowledge that Hood came of Dundee stock, and that he was educated in that smoky, precipitous city. Mr Jerrold had as guide Mr A. H. Millar, F.S.A., and was shown both the houses in which Hood lived when in Dundee. One is in the gloomy, old-world Overgate, and the other in the Nethergate. Scotland, in her enumeration of native humorists, generally omits to include Hood—which is rather a big omission. That Hood's parents were in London when Hood was born is true, but it has to be remembered that they came from the Carse of Gowrie, and that Hood had a Dundee upbringing.

* * *

From the same newspaper I cull the following, which deals with a very familiar name given to a humble but toothsome article of diet:

Concerning the origin of the familiar term, a Glesca' Magistrate, a vexed query that crops up every now and then, it is not so generally known that Glasgow once upon a time was equipped with a Herring Market, properly constituted by statute of the Magistrates and Town Council. Thus:—"9th August, 1628. Be pluralitie of voittis, the hering mercat is appoynttit to be placet betuix the trone and the flesche marcatt, and thair the tapsteris to stand and sell thair hering in tyme cuming." It would appear that at that time a sort of disruption had taken place in the city piscatorial trade, and it is not at all improbable that the gentlemen more closely allied to the rival fish market, afflicted, perhaps, with a spasm of kindly feeling, gratuitously christened the latest recruit to the finny forces of the emporiums of the town after the magnates of the interfering body. Some authorities, or writers who pose as such, aver with less grace that the epithet signifies a salt herring, and some even, with a heretic disregard of the dignity that halos a Glasgow Bailie, suggest a red herring, and that the soubriquet is merely synonymous with, and acquired in the same way as such vulgar terms as a "Gourock Ham," "Yarmouth Capon," "Billingsgate Pheasant," and even darkly hint at a "two-eyed steak."

* * *

We are always learning, and not a few of our time-honoured beliefs get a shaking in this age of hyper-criticism. The following, if correct, will cause some re-writing in the next editions of our history books:—

The true history of the language and of the nation has been for centuries poisoned by the mutual reaction of two errors. It was supposed that "Scot"-land had been conquered by the Scots, and that the affinity of Highland Gaelic to Irish was due to the fact that the Scots were originally immigrants from Ireland. And on the other hand, this same affinity was regarded as establishing the legend of the conquest and proving the complete and permanent subjugation of the Pictish people. If the Picts ever had been conquered by the Dalriad Scots, the political and linguistic results would probably have been no greater than those produced by the absorption of the Angle Kingdoms into the dominions of the Saxon Kingdom of Wessex. There was probably no greater distinction between a "Scot" and a "Pict" than between a Saxon and an Angle; both names mean the same thing—"Tattooed."—From "Keltic Researches." Studies in the History and Distribution of the Ancient Goidelic Languages and Peoples. By Edward Nicholson.

Dominie Sampson.

At the Well of St Ronan.

> Proud Maisie walks in the wood,
> Walking so early,
> Sweet Robin sits in the bush
> Singing so rarely;
> "Tell me, my bonnie bird,
> When shall I marry me?"
> "*When six braw gentlemen*
> *Kirkward shall carry thee.*"
>
> Old Ballad.

If ever we had any doubts as to the mineral spring at Innerleithen being the real original "Spaw-Waal," they must surely have been dispelled as we entered the railway station and saw the magic words, "St Ronan's Wells," in letters large enough to bring conviction to the most sceptical mind, and set our own at rest on the subject once and for ever. But—a railway to St Ronan's Well! Is not the thought enough to dispel the glamour which has hitherto hovered round the very name? Or what, we think, would be the feelings of my Lady Penelope Penfeather could her shade re-visit the haunts where she and her attendant swains did "rave, recite, and madden round the land?" Would she recognise in this thriving little manufacturing town the village which, as at the touch of an enchantress' wand, sprang up at her whimisical ladyship's behest? Here is a Bank—there a lawyer's office—no need for anyone to take the tedious journey to 'Marchthorn' to consult honest Mr Bindloose on matters of business or profit. While as for a post office! surely this neat modern building bears little resemblance to that in which the letters used to "bide in the shop-window with the snaps and bawbee rows," waiting to be 'loosed' by honest lieges; or, perhaps, to fall into the unscrupulous hands of my Lord Etherington's man, and be delivered into those of his still less scrupulous master. And where is the 'Tamteen,' whose proprietors were "linkit thegither like a string o' wild geese, an' the langest liver bruick a'," or the motley crowd of nymphs and fairies, poets and painters, wits and blue-stockings, who once held revel there? Nor wander as we may up the side of the St Ronan's Burn can we find any trace of the Aultoun, with its Scylla and Charybdis of ditch and jaw-hole, its dilapidated kirk, or still more dilapidated manse, where its saintly minister worker, and read, and dreamed, till roused out of his solitude by the friendly Nabob, and marched off to partake of a dinner —such a dinner! the recipes for which had been brought from the four quarters of the globe—prepared for his delectation by no less a personage than Mrs Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn. Truly, the old order of things has passed way. Not alone may Wordsworth exclaim:—

> "And is this—Yarrow?—*this* the Stream
> Of which my fancy cherished,
> So faithfully, a waking dream?
> An image that hath perished!"

But as we take our stand upon the bridge that spans the Tweed, and watch the flow of the winsome river as it now glides, now rushes over its pebbly bed, we feel that despite the changes that time has wrought this is yet the St Ronan's of our dreams. For still this "river of considerable magnitude pours its streams through a narrow vale," bounded by "a range of hills which on the right at least may almost be termed mountains"—still the "little brooks arising in these ridges" show their banks "in summer clothed with dark purple heath or with the golden lustre of the broom and gorse," and we realise that we see lying before us the valley so often looked upon by the loving eyes of him whose genius has made it immortal.

Behind Innerleithen rises Lee Pen, and from the side of the hill issues the famous spring. Unfortunately—or rather fortunately as it turned out—our visit happened not to be within the regulation hours, but the attendant made no objections to admit us, and courteously invited us to be seated either in the pump-room or in the shrubbery outside. We preferred the latter, and having been supplied with a glass of the water strolled about at our leisure, taking a sip at long—very long—intervals of the health-giving draught (or shall we say of the "filthy Waal-water?") and appreciating to the full the brimstone flavour which remained to commemorate the "dooking" sustained by the Arch-Enemy of mankind after he had come off second best in his encounter with the redoubtable Culdee Saint. Behind us towered the hill, at the foot of which nestles the little town—so closely that from our point of view behind the shrubbery not a trace of it was to be seen. We looked right over it to the scene beyond; here rose the stony Pirn Craig; there on the farther side of Tweed was the wooded crescent-shaped Caddon Bank; while away in the distance we could catch a glimpse of memory-haunted Traquair; haughs and meadows and gently sloping hillsides all clothed in the soft green of early summer, the golden sunlight gleaming on the river with a magic sheen. Truly if ever the fairies did deign to visit this earthly sphere they could find no more fitting spot in which to hold their moonlight revels. And now did we seem to realise more fully perhaps than ever before the genius of the great Master story-teller, who with an instinct that amounted to inspiration could always seize upon the most suitable surroundings in which to depict his scenes. Where could be found a more fitting background to a story of shame and sorrow and crime than the grim old Edinburgh that clustered round Mid-Lothian's stony Heart? or of chivalrous love and light-hearted adventure than under the sunny skies of mediæval France? or of the last struggle made by the old Faith against the encroachments of the new than where the Abbey of Melrose reared its stately head? So here, in this fringe of the Border Ballad-land, where by lone haugh and heathy moorland, in misty glen and "the bucht i' the lirk o' the hill" the spirit of the old Makker delighted to dwell, he has given us a story of fateful love and dule such as belonged to those lays—

> "Of sad, unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

For aye we must remember that we are on the northern side of the Border, where if "life sits warmer and closer" it has to be paid for by a youth "of more outcry and tears and turmoil" than if it had belonged to the southern land; where Nature's gifts are keenly prized because so grudgingly bestowed; where each bleak hillside and barren moorland is loved with a passionate yearning that amounts to pain; where its very fairies are not the tricksome sprites that haunted Warwickshire's woods, but creatures of gloom and dread. And although my Lady Pen may people the gardens of St Ronan's with the counterfeit presentments of "Sweet Oberon and all his merry crew," as they disported themselves one midsummer's eve under an Athenian sky, well we know that behind all that merry masquing there is being wrought out the tragedy which Fate is preparing for the principal actors in the mimic play, and from which they may not hope to escape.

As we all know, the novel itself (especially as regards the character of its heroine) has been subjected to a good deal of adverse criticism, and that it has many faults—of obvious haste, and careless construction, and loosely-hung plot, to say nothing of the *rich brush* with which the minor characters have been dashed off—no one would ever seek to deny. But despite all that has been said and written on the subject, surely we must all agree with Lockhart in thinking that "the character of Clara Mowbray forms an original creation destined to be classed with the highest efforts of tragic romance." To us she seems to belong to the old ballad age, and to the mystic ballad-land which forms the setting of her story; where Nature is always seen to be a mighty force, bountiful and beneficent no doubt, but which sometimes rises like an avenging Fate, sweeping before it all that lies in its path without question and without remorse. Like the ballad-maidens, of whom she seems a survival, she early tasted of the sorrow that must always follow upon youthful disobedience and folly; but also like them, having once drunk of the sweet water of enchantment and found the exceeding bitterness of its dregs, she yet knew that for her there could be no sweetness in any other draught that life could offer. She had none of the resources of the modern maiden, whose life can be filled with such keen interests and absorbing pursuits, and with that ennobling work which brings with it a far higher type of happiness than the realization of an early love-dream can ever produce. But for our poor Clara there were none of these things. From the path that she had taken there could be no turning back; she had "staked her all on a single throw—and lost it," there was nothing left for her then but—fearfully yet silently; terror-haunted, yet uttering no complaint—to await the result, a result which she would seek neither to evade nor to avert. But if she had not the advantages of the latter-day maiden were there not compensations in the simple fidelity of her nature, and in the keen sense of honour which belonged to an earlier and more heroic age? like that of Glenkindie's noble lady, who, as the ballad tells us, would choose death rather than—

> "That I should be first a wild loon's lass,
> And then a young knight's bride."

How easily would a heroine of modern fiction have freed herself from the hopeless tangle in which Clare was involved by simply marrying Lord Etherington—on her own terms; making these terms very practical ones too, to which his fine lordship would be obliged to submit. But for her—not that! anything but that! "While water can drown, while cords can strangle, steel pierce—while there is a precipice in the hill, a pool in the river"—let come what may—despair, madness, death—she would await her doom.

In one important respect, however, does she differ from her ballad-sisters, who, according to one authority on the subject, were "frank heathens, however they might cross themselves," and whose only ideas of immortality seemed to be contained in the traditional—

> "And out of her grave there grew a birk,
> And out of the knight's a brier."

which entwined themselves in indissoluble union. Even in her darkest hour there still remained to her the hope that after the passing of that state "in which our immortal souls are wedded to the perishable" things of time—"there is another state, in which it will be otherwise"; a hope that could enable her when the shadows of her own fate were closing round her to extent her forgiveness to the treacherous friend who had wrought her undoing. So that even when the curtain falls upon the tragic story, we are not left without the assurance that there is a time when all earth's wrongs shall be righted and her enigmas solved, in that land on the other side of Death—when "it will be otherwise."

The old St Ronan's has passed away—do we not read that the first act of the returned Laird was to pull down the buildings so closely associated with the calamities of his house?—and a new and brighter St Ronan's has taken its place, where, doubtless, devotees as enthusiastic as Lady Pen, if less fantastic, will continue to gather at the healing spring. But as long as the green hills bound the valley of the magic river so long will its whispering waters echo some story of youthful love and sorrow; still must its children bear the burden of their heritage, and dree their weird in whatever way Fate has decreed. And aye the river flows on, like Nature itself, or Destiny; watching the generations as they come and go—unheeding, unpitying: beautiful always in either smile or frown, it "still keeps on its unintelligible murmur, it will not share its secrets." But even as it bears within its depths the reflection of the Heaven above—broken and blurred it may be, and ofttimes hidden by lowering clouds; so do our little lives, weakly and fitfully, and darkened by many a sorrow, still bear the image of the Divine, and so, too, 'mid sunshine and storm will they pass on—

> "To where beyond these voices there is peace."

JANE M. BUTLER.

NEW MUSIC.—In the BORDER MAGAZINE for last December we noticed a volume of poetry written by the Border poetess, Agnes S. Falconer, and published by Messrs James Swan & Co., Duns, and now we have before us one of the songs from the volume referred to, set to music by Johannes Albe, a well-known musician in the Duns district. The song, "Daisy Divination," is printed in full music size, and is published by Messrs Paterson & Sons. Mr Albe has succeeded admirably in translating into music the simple and natural words of the ballad. We trust the song will be taken up by many of our Border singers.

Notes on Bemersyde.

WHILE spending a few weeks in the neighbourhood of Dryburgh I heard that the village of Bemersyde had been much larger long ago, and that only a few cottages were left. I took a borrowed pencil and quickly drew a few of them. Some of the stones in them had come from Dryburgh. One cottage has a niche and a carved figure plainly seen in it. A broken wall between two houses represents the only part remaining of a school which Tom Fox remembers going to when a boy.

Noticing the decay on the little wooden gate on Bemersyde Hill, where Sir Walter Scott so often stayed his horse while he admired the now famous view of Tweed flowing west, and the lights and shadows about "Old Melrose," I could only make a pencil sketch of it, and retain the scene to be a memory and a solace in days to come.

The pieces of stone from Bemersyde whinstone quarry have impressions like moss or whin on them. A sweet-scented flower (Eupatoria odorata) is plentiful in the woods around the statue of Sir William Wallace. An ash tree, whose flowers were as hard as cherry stones, had evidently been checked early in spring, as it had not developed into seeds like the trees next it, otherwise it was quite green and as fresh in foliage as possible. It grew at the meeting of the Melrose and Earlston roads, near the triangle called "the cocked hat" by the folk round about. I counted more than a hundred plants and trees in the neighbourhood.

MYOSOTIS.

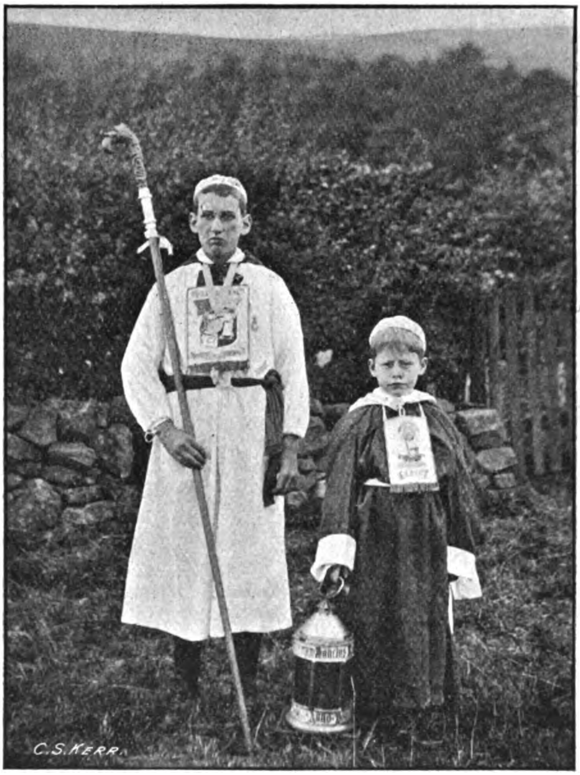
DR DOUGLAS, of Galashiels, was one day trying to sell a horse at Melrose fair. A dealer who came to look at it complained that it was 'stocked,' that is, swollen in the legs. 'Oh, man,' said the doctor; 'it's nothing at all just now. Had ye seen it this morning, ye might have said something.' Another time he was selling a cow. 'Does she eat her meat well?' inquired a would-be purchaser. 'Ou 'deed no,' replied the doctor; 'that's just the thing I'm putting her away for.'

It is unwise to look back when the journey lieth forward.—"The Talisman."

Mutual esteem, an intimate knowledge of each other's character, undisguised by the mists of too partial passion, are more frequently found in a marriage of reason than in a union of romantic attachment.—Redgauntlet.

The Cleikum Ceremony.

IN the Border Magazine for October, 1901, we gave an account of the interesting ceremonial which had been inaugurated by the good folks of Innerleithen as an adjunct to the time-honoured St Ronan's Border Games, and we now propose to give our readers some further notes on the above subject.



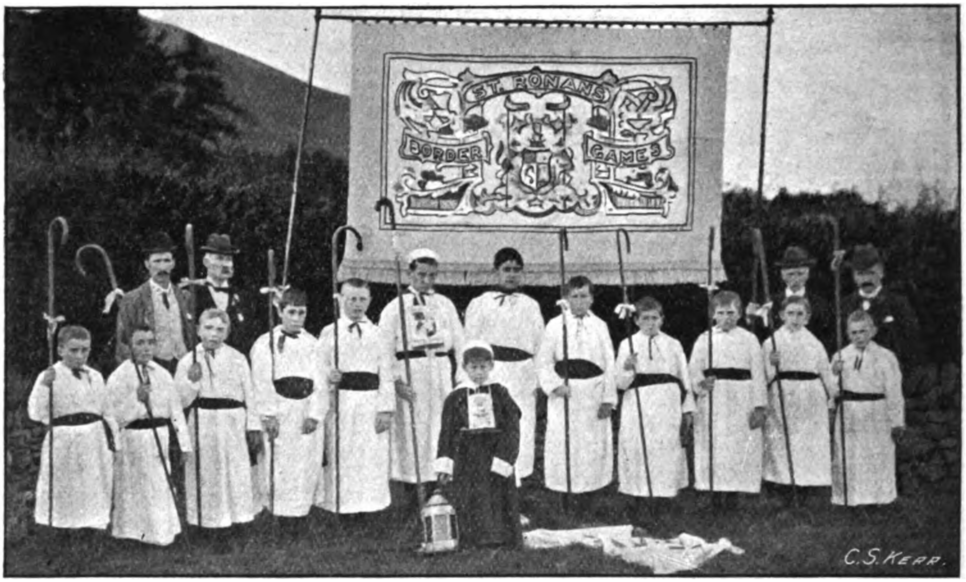
PATRON ST RONAN AND LANTERN BEARER.

This year the Games were held on 20th August, but on the previous evening the largest hall in the town was filled to overflowing with the sons and daughters of St Ronan's, many of whom had come long distances to be present. The gathering was presided over by Provost Mathieson, who was supported by many prominent townsmen. The Dux boy for the year in the Public School is appointed Patron Saint, and he is supported by a number of other boys, all of whom are arrayed in white monkish costumes. We cannot give space for a full report of the proceedings, but we make a few extracts from the "St Ronan's Standard."

Provost Mathieson then installed the Dux boy as Patron Saint, saying—"William Dickison, in the name and by the sanction of the loyal sons and daughters who treasure the old associations of this ancient town, we proclaim you our chosen titular head. The representative true and undisputed, according to our judgment and in virtue of your own individual merits as most worthy to sustain and uphold the honour that time and tradition attributes to our Patron Saint Ronan as shown forth in the history, the heraldry and the legendary of our arms. By the deeds of our ancestors we are enabled to walk into a higher light, a wider freedom and a broader truth. As a memorial of this proud retrospect we bequeath to you the symbols of a noble and triumphant past—a heritage which is yours and ours—'Watch and præy,' and with the might of your understanding and your knowledge battle for the right and despise evil. Seek the good of your native town, cherish its old associations, perpetuate its high name. So shall you honour your office and hand down the banner of St. Ronan undimmed and untarnished to be the glory and boast of future generations." He then handed to him the Cleikum Staff, when a loud report was heard indicating the wrath of Satan on the Saint entering upon his duties. The Provost then said he considered it a great privilege and honour to be allowed to present to the Dux boy a gold medal to be tenable for one year.

"Sanctus Ronan" then handed his followers their staves of office, after which Miss Hope, assisted by the Dux girl, Miss Mary Scott, "Bussed the colours." Three cheers were then given for St Ronan.

After a few introductory remarks, Mr John A. Anderson, Glasgow, said:—While my remarks may lack the reminiscent vein, I am not without hope that I may interest you if I point out one or two facts that have hitherto received but slight attention at this Cleikum gathering. We have been twitted in the past about servilely imitating sister towns in the Border, and the time has come when we must assert that we are second to no first, that we have a history of our own to be as proud of as any other town either near or far. We do not boast a Flodden flag, nor do we make pretensions to having been the sole victors when all around was disaster. The men of these vales who followed Stuart of Traquair to "Flodden's fatal field," and perished there with their leader and his King, could naturally bring back no trophy from their victors. We have little cause to remember that dark day, a day that sounded the death-knell to Scottish progress for 300 years. Our banner commemorates the men who played a noble part in the resurrection of the ancient realm, the men who led the van in that brilliant era, the dawn of the nineteenth century, Scott, Hogg, North, Glassford Bell, the men who made the Scotland we know; the nobler, richer, greater, more prosperous, Scotland of to-day. Mr Provost, we have made far too little of our connection with these giants. To-day, when every house they resided in, when every visit they made is valued as a cherished memory, we do not fully appreciate the honour conferred on our little town by the great Sir Walter and the Ettrick Shepherd. It is surely something to boast of, having carried on in unbroken continuity a club formed by these men, whose names linked together on our banner are also inscribed in large letters of gold on Scotland's scroll of fame. Sir Walter Scott knew Innerleithen from his earliest days and regularly visited it with his mother and sisters when it was almost as inaccessible from Edinburgh as Constantinople is to-day. On the borders of the parish, his poetical works were written and "Waverley," the first of his famous novels. There has been in the past disputes as to the locale of St Ronan's Well, but I think this anniversary we commemorate effectively disposes of the matter. Sir Walter published the novel in 1824. The people of Innerleithen, according to Lockhart, immediately identified the scenery with that of their own town. Scott himself took part in the formation of an athletic gathering which was formed two years later in 1826, and the name given to it was St Ronan's Border Games. It would take up far more time than I have at my disposal to enter into Scott and Hogg's connection with the town. It was in Leithen Water that the shepherd lad's genius first burst into flame. Traquair and the Plora furnished the material for his most exquisite creation, "Kilmeny," and St. Ronan's night, the gathering of which this is the legitimate successor. heard him first sing his most famous song, "When the kye comes hame." He was the soul of St Ronan's Border Games, as dressed in a uniform of Lincoln Green, he and the giant, Kit North, took part in the ring. St Ronan's Games is more than an athletic meeting, it commemorates the seventy-eighth anniversary of a club formed by the most famous literary triumvirate our country has seen. This banner is the symbol of it, and I hope every son of Cleikum feels



PATRON ST RONAN, LAMP BEARER AND MONKS.

proud to carry on a gathering with such unique historical associations. In handing over the banner to-night to the standard-bearers, Messrs Robert Euman and Thomas Hope, I do so with very great pleasure indeed. They are true gutterbluids both, and are representatives of the two oldest families in the town."

Saturday morning opened bright and pleasant, giving a clear indication of a good day. Visitors began to occupy the streets very early, and the kindly salutations from one another were pleasant to hear. The decorations on the streets added considerably to the cheerfulness. Quoiting commenced in the Public Park at ten o'clock. At one o'clock a procession was formed at the Drill Hall, and marched by way of Miller Street to Plora Cottage, where it was joined by the members of St Ronan's Lodge, No. 856, and the Masonic Ceremony at the Runic Cross took place within the garden of Plora Cottage. The members of the Lodge were drawn up, and the representative of St. Ronan and his attendants passed up the lines of the brethren and halted opposite the R.W.M., being conducted thereto by the Tyler.

Bro. Doherty, R.W.M., said—The Right Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 856 of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland, bearing the honoured name of Saint Ronan, salutes you before this ancient cross and in presence and on behalf of the brethren assembled here extends to you a loyal welcome as the elected representative of our Patron Saint, a builder, who, in the rude ages, helped to lay the foundation stones of Scottish liberty, who fought valiantly against ignorance, strove to disseminate knowledge, inculcate virtue and foster the Brotherhood of Men.

THE LEGEND OF ST. RONAN.

Bro. Eastlake, S.M., said—To appreciate the import of this ceremony and the honour of the office to which, by your youthful diligence and ability, you have been called, it will be necessary to explain the history and the tradition. By the adoption of Arms, literary reference and romantic repute the town in which you live is associated with the life and legend of St. Ronan. The year A.D. 737 is said by historians to be the year in which he died. According to the legend he is said to have "cleekit the deil by the hint leg," and so to have overcome him. This vigorous story has been handed down through the mist of antiquity, and although it be a rude myth, it has a valorous charm and dramatic air peculiar to the rugged ages, and worthy of the heroic and dauntless men of old. It was the custom in ancient times to enforce truth by the aid of pictures, and doubtless something in the action and determination of St. Ronan in grappling with the evil of his day led to the illumination of the missal symbolically portraying his encounter with and victory over the devil, that being achieved by his only weapon—the Cleikum crook. This is the tradition of the life and legend of Saint Ronan. To associate more fully this legend with its literary setting we utilize in this ceremony the water of St. Ronan's Well, rendered famous by the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The stone before you is a relic of the epoch of St. Ronan. A runic cross of Celtic origin, it forms an interesting link between these times and the remote periods when the first Christian missionaries plead their cause in Scotland. We look upon this hoary stone as a rare and venerable masonic vestige. It is a witness of the dawn of civilisation, a memorial of the glorious light that broke over the dim horizon of the dead centuries, when the wild melodies of Ossian and the chant of the great Druids were the only articulate voices that moved through the dark chaos of Caledon. This stone was found at the demolition of the Auld Kirk in the year 1871 by Robert Mathison, Esq., an operative master mason. We owe him a debt of gratitude for his loving care in preserving this ancient memorial of early Christianity.

Bro. Doherty, R.W.M., said—As the fraternal brotherhood of Freemason's attached to Lodge St. Ronan's, No. 856, cherishing the sentiment pertaining to the history of this stone. We ask you in order to impress the occasion of your coming here to relinquish the staff you now hold and extend your hands. May the water of the ancient Well of St. Ronan's thus poured upon your open hands remind you of the many blessings vouchsafed to you in the beginning of your days. (Water from St. Ronan's Well was laved on the outstretched hands of the representative, and the R.W.M. tasted the water of the spa.) May the healing virtues that lie hidden behind the bitterness of this mystic medicinal spring teach you that health, joy and moral strength are rarified by the experience of pain. As a symbol of the ample freedom to which you have come, as a token of that purity of character to which you may attain, and the viewless altitude to which by the exercise of your intellect you may soar. We ask you to liberate these doves. (The boy at this point liberated several doves.) May peace, truth, liberty, and the love of men fire and fortify you and all who succeed in your office of honour.

After the Games, when the shades of night are settling, the ceremonial takes a weird form, and the effigy of the Evil One is burned on the Caerlee Hill, which overlooks the town.

As this interesting Border ceremonial promises to be a permanency, it is but fair that all honour should be given to its originator, Mr George Hope Tait, whose knowledge of history and heraldry is well-known. We are indebted to Mr J. A. Kerr, proprietor of the "Peebles News," for the use of the two blocks which form part of his interesting series of Peebles pictorial post cards.

Rondeau : The River Teviot.

It still flows on, its silver tide
Has onward flowed for countless years,
And while its limpid waters glide
Adown the vale, its aspects wears
The peaceful look that now appears
With rays serene to crown our pride,
And so we feel its current bears
Onward our hopes, though some deride,
It still flows on.

I've roamed by many a river's side,
Through summer's smiles, and winter's tears,
Yet none in all this world wide
Evoked such hopes, or soothed my fears.
It still flows on.

J. C. Goodfellow

A Carlyle Pilgrimage.

THE morning after I acted as chairman at a Burns' celebration in the town which treasures the house of the poet's death and his grave, I set my face to Craigenputtock. I was determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to visit the dwelling that Carlyle chose for himself in the high Dumfries-shire moor.

Being in the spirit of appreciation, I was fain to stand in the place where the famous "Essay on Burns" was written, and the still more famous "Sartor Resartus" came from his brooding brain. And I was drawn also by what I had read of the sympathetic journey of Emerson to the lonely philosopher, and sought, above all things, to sit on the hill whereon the two talked of immortality as they looked across to Wordsworth's country.

Such a pair could not be matched among the makers of literature, and it would be a rare opportunity for the imagination to stand on the roof, after an interval of seventy years, where they communed so delightfully.

It was a fine morning for a hill walk. Though January had three-and-twenty days spent, the air was mild and the sky was fair, with a silvery rosiness where the west thrilled to the touch of the sun. There were some horse-tails in the lift, but they were high and light, and boded no gust. A Nithsdale man accompanied me, and we sallied forth cheerily for the day's excursion, giving a pathetic glance to the mausoleum of Burns as we passed the kirkyard.

We had been somewhat puzzled with the information we got about the distance of, and the way to, the place of our desire. The guide book prescribed a drive of seventeen miles, but we preferred to walk. Our inquiries landed us in perplexity. We could make out the direction and distance of Dunscore (the kirk of which was pointed out by Carlyle to Emerson), but beyond that all was indefinite. One informant declared that Craigenputtock was but "a mile and a bittock" from Dunscore Kirk. We were fain to believe it was not far, but we fancied that the "bittock" would prove larger than the mile.

Another native assured us we had "three good miles to walk from Dunscore, uphill, and sometimes not much more than a sheep-track." We felt that was more like it, but we inquired further, and at the post office were told that eight miles was the postal distance. Even at that we were not scared, for surely Carlyle with Emerson in company was worth the travel. But to get to Dunscore! It would be something to see the kirk which was a landmark to the solitary seer, and to look up from it to the Hill of the Hawk.

It seemed best to take train to Auldgirth, and make our way from thence as best we could to Dunscore. We were told there was a 'bus that met the train, and the vehicle would take four miles off the foot journey and reduce our walk to twenty miles. We were enthusiastic, and the score of miles was but a step on the turf! So we arrived at Auldgirth at eight, with the day before us. 'Twas well we were stout of heart if not swack of limb, for there was no 'bus! The drive was a Monday luxury. On Saturday the feet had to essay it. We felt disappointed, but more flabbergasted by the declaration of the stationmaster that Craigenputtock was "eleven" miles from Dunscore. The pilgrimage was assuming formidable proportions; it rose up at a bound to "thirty" miles. Even that was not so overwhelming as the thought of an engagement at Kilmarnock the same evening. It seemed as if hero-worship were over-taxed. But in spite of the miry roads we set out bravely, determined to reach Dunscore at least, and if possible get a lift there.

The scenery was fresh to us, and the Carlyle Country was an inspiration. We trudged through the dubs a couple of miles or so, and then fortunately got a very welcome hurl in a milk cart. The kindly farm-boy displaced his milk cogs and made room for us. We were happy, and soon were up the Dunscore Brae. Our good fortune continued. At Dunscore the blithe innkeeper cut three miles off the imagination of the distance to Craigenputtock, and promptly furnished us with a capital dogcart, a smart pony, and a capable driver. We were not long in passing Dunscore Kirk, and being well up on the moorland road. The air was eager, but so were we, and enjoyed to the full the exhilarating run up hill. It was plain we were in the "land of the mountain and the flood." Here, too, was the "brown heath," if not the "shaggy wood," characteristic of Scotia.

In the haughs there was cultivated land, showed itself and gave the human touch to the plough. Above these were pasture lands dotted with sheep. Here and there a snug farmhouse showed itself and gave the human touch to the wilderness.

It was a scene of circling uplands, the hills rising in soft undulations and showing graceful outlines. No "heaven-kissing hill" was visible, but only a series of slopes of moderate height, covered with heath and bracken. There was no rugged grandeur of mountain to overawe; no snow-capped peak to dazzle the eye; but still the hilly panorama was charming. It was lovely in its quiet grace.

Away up into the bleaker moorland we were carried, but even it had a soft aspect. The mosses dappled the rocks with their fair colours, and the russet bracken in its withering browned the granitic masses. As we got near the top of the moor we saw the increasing loneliness. Miles of rock and moss separated neighbour from neighbour, and the stillness was intense. Here and there a bird stirred, but not an insect was visible. In silence the sheep moved for scanty feeding. One solitary sky-cleaver—a hawk, perhaps—appeared aloft, poised on wing observantly. In a stony field a ploughman wrought with misty horses, and in the lonely lea a molecatcher set his traps for the cunning "moudie."

As we approached Craigenputtock, we found the moor opening into a mossy expanse, in which, to the right, with its back to the gap in the glen, stood the Carlyle house, among sheltering trees. When we entered the long winding avenue we lost the sense of moorland. We were among hardy firs, and the eye welcomed the solid greenness after the grey russet of the sodden moor. The house stands behind a spacious grassy knoll, whose emerald hue gives a soft touch to the foreground. Arriving at the front gate, we halted awhile to survey the quiet place ere we sought entrance to the sacred precincts. The house looked large and cosy. Of it, in a letter dated June 10, 1828, Carlyle said:—"The house stands heightened and white with rough cast, a light hewn porch in front, and cans on the chimney heads, and within it all seems firm and sound." A tall, spreading sycamore stands close to the gate on the west side, making a graceful end to the avenue of stately elm and ash trees. We saw the front aspect at its barest, but could easily imagine how snug the house would be in the leafy season. We realised the grim glory of the situation as it struck Carlyle himself and found expression in his letter to Gœthe:—"Our residence is among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed and partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small efforts, we have built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of professorial or other office we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way."

This, then, is the place where the "lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart" in the "melancholy and almost savage" years of his thought! We found the door unfastened, and to our modest knock the young master of the house replied with pleasant welcome. We were at once led through the drawing-room to the study fraught with so many literary memories. There, by the light of the southerly window, Carlyle wrote his freshest and warmest thought. The fountains of his mind were opened, and the most vital of his essays issued to refresh the thirsty mind of the age. Here, in the snug corner, with the westering radiance, on his paper, he wrote "Sartor Resartus," "Burns," and other precious pieces. Here also he planned his "French Revolution." Here, though, as he said, "this nook of ours is the lonliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me," he was in touch with the outer literary world. "Have I not at this moment piled up upon the table of my little library a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth."

We tried to realise the devoted writer in his chair among the plenteous publications, wrestling the while with problems of being and destiny, his solitude brightened by the companionship of his workful wife. The image that came to us was that which Emerson beheld:—"He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command, clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour which floated everything he looked upon."

We endeaovured to imagine the compassionate Emerson and him in talk there, and the pleasure in Carlyle's eye as he looked upon the "beautiful, transparent soul" that had come in the "old rusty coach" to see him. We thought also of the rays of delight which illumined the room when a letter from Emerson was delivered. "Now and then a letter comes from him, and is always a window flung open to the azure."

How precious that visit and these letters were to Carlyle he has made known. "He came one day, and vanished the next. . . . Words cannot tell how deeply I prize the old friendship formed there on Craigenputtock Hill, or how deeply I felt in all he has written the same aspiring intelligence which shone about us when he came as a young man, and left us with a memory always cherished."

The room seemed to teem with spiritual presences, but we had not time for mystic communion.

By the courtesy of our host (a nephew of Carlyle) we were shown several books which had been Carlyle's. A book of French lessons was of interest, having his name inscribed in youthful fashion, and pencil drawings of heads on the flyleaf—the latter manifesting his early interest in human features and predisposition to the study of portraiture.

On the title page of a fine eight-volumed edition of Shakespeare we saw written:—"To my revered brother, James Carlyle, for the long winter evenings at Craigenputtock.—T. Carlyle."

Of special interest was the copy Carlyle had of the first edition of Chambers' "Burns." It evidently had been carefully read, and here and there in pencil critical remarks were written. One notable criticism occurred in the first volume in connection with the footnote on the fifth stanza of the "Epistle to a Young Friend." In Carlyle's grim and sharp style there was written under the note—"Perfect nonsense, Mr C" We lingered as long as we dared among the precious relics. We examined the collection of pictures (mostly engravings) made by Carlyle in connection with his "Frederick," all titled in his own hand, and framed in simple gilt. We also scanned the photographs of Carlyle and his wife, and their various residences, thinking the while of the problems of their domestic relations still under discussion.

We found that we were the first visitors for the year, the previous callers being Americans who were there in November last. Mr Carlyle assured us that visitors were always welcome, especially in the bleaker season. He is simply a tenant (the estate is held in trust by the University of Edinburgh, for a Welsh Bursary), but he has the enthusiasm of the fame of his great relative, and bears a strong resemblance to him. He pointed out to us the hill on which his uncle and Emerson "looked at Criffel and down into Wordsworth's country," and where they sat and "talked of the immortality of the soul."

With many a lingering look at the hill and the scene around we walked gratefully down the sheltering avenue, noting as we reached the outer gate the oak planted by Carlyle himself. Across the moor, the Galloway hills appeared in the haze, and the outlines of the Cumberland mountains were discernible. We traced the paths by which the hardy ponies went that carried the residents of Craigenputtock "everywhere," and on which, in the mountain air, they "found the best medicine for weak nerves."

As we said "good-bye" to the place we felt that the fate which took Carlyle there was a beneficent one. "I came hither," he said, "solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself." He left it with mixed feelings. Looking back to it he said—"We were not unhappy at Craigenputtock; perhaps these were our happiest days. Useful continued labour, essentially successful that makes even the moor green." Of his last look at the place he wrote:—"The last time I saw old Craigenputtock it filled me with sadness—a kind of valley of Ichasaphat. Probably it was through both the struggles of that time, the end of which is not yet, and the happy events with which it was associated. It was there, or on our way thither that the greetings and gifts of Gœthe overtook us, and it was there that Emerson found us."

We gave a parting benison to the "green oasis" in which the brooding disciple of veracity found a fitting home for eight productive years, and we thanked the shade of Saturn for according us a fair mild day for our pilgrimage to the moorland shrine. A. W.

Still Leal.

Who said that we had slighted Yarrow,
  Though in strange lands we chance to stray?
No! near or far there's not her marrow
  Be't famous stream or minster grey.

Along the Rhine stand castles old,
  And towns renowned in art and song;
While vines, now gleaming red or gold,
  The southland slopes and valleys throng.

Yet these but bring to mind the vale,
  Where gently glides the peaceful river;
And where from hill and glen, the gale
  Blends thought with sounds that echo ever.

Mysterious Chillon's eaglet hold.
  Still fills with awe the traveller's mind;
The Forest black rare scenes enfold,
  And lieders rich ring down the wind.

But Newark, too, has legends old
  Of valiant deeds by troopers strong;
And forest maids, and gallants bold,
  Oft tuned the minstrels harps to song.

So, hie we to the pastoral hills
  Where freedom dwells from age to age,
And 'mong whose pensive holms and rills,
  We may our fears and doubts assuage.

For Yarrow loves the loyal hearts,
  That find in nature joy and rest;
And to such trusting souls imparts
  The secret hid from haughty quest.

O mystic vale, O mountains grand,
  Enchanted lake, and spell-bound river;
List to our voice from distant land,
  "Leal to thy charms,—to-day,—for ever!"

Sep. 1904. Duncan Fraser.

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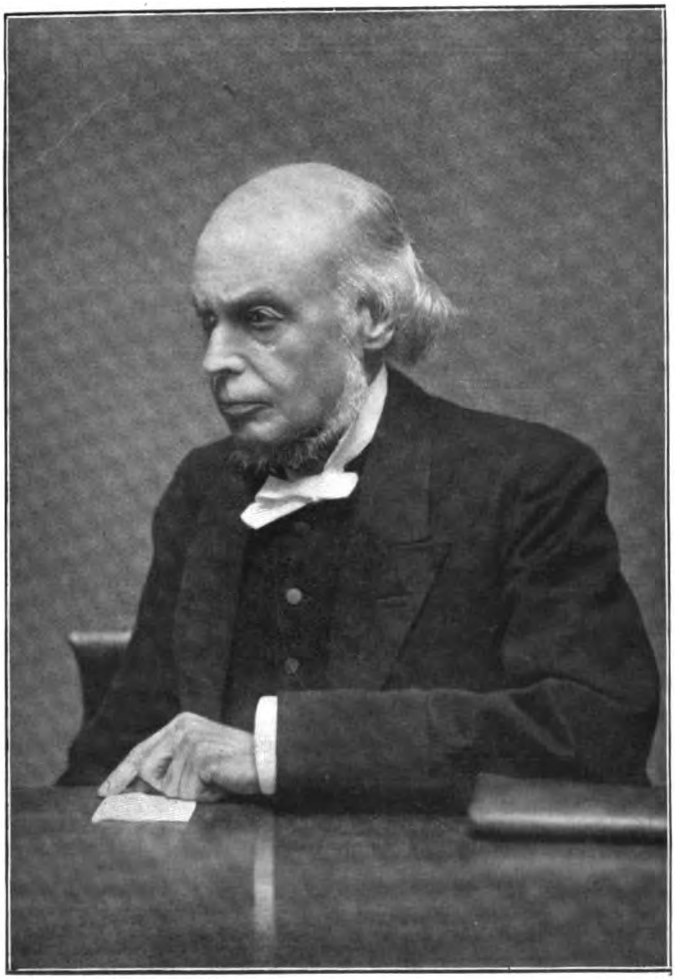

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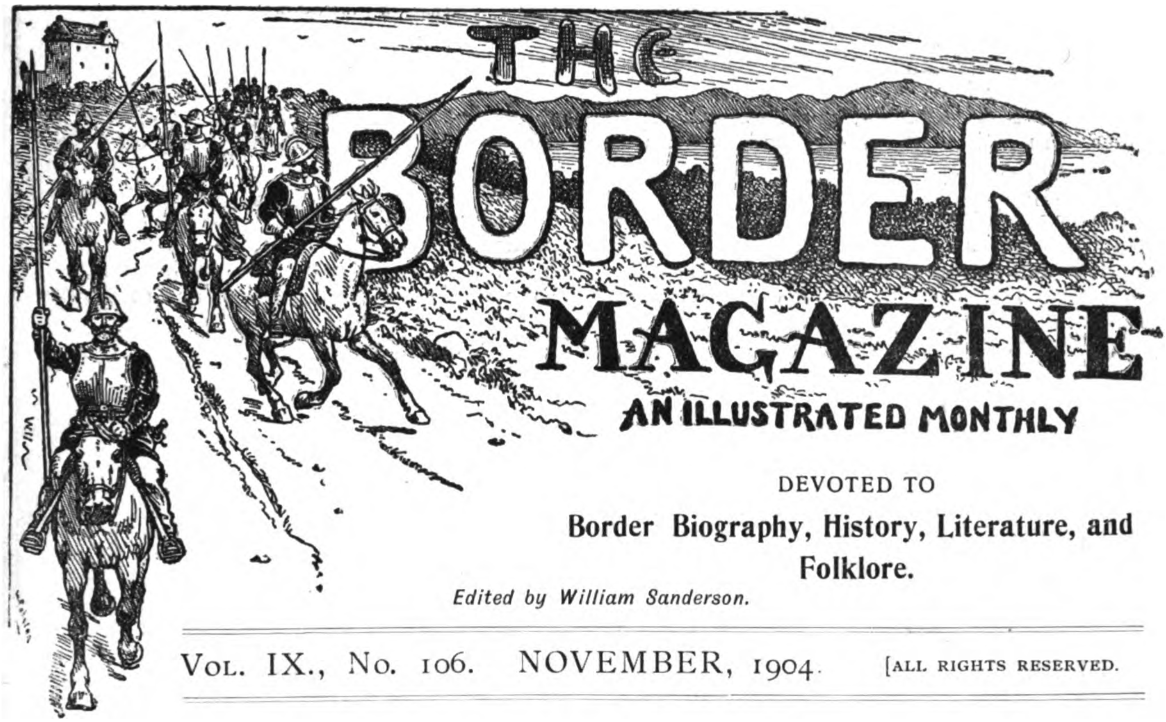

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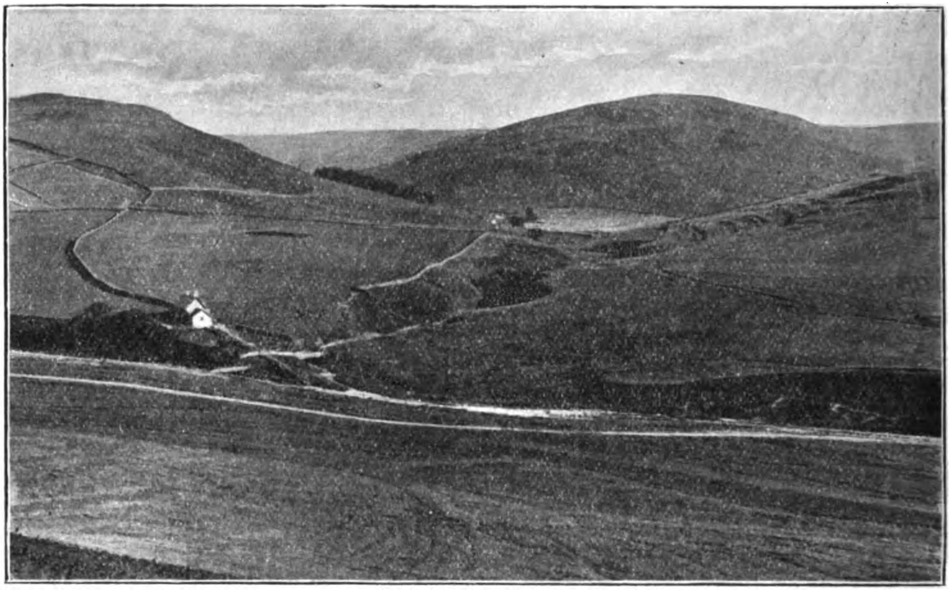
REV. ALEX. OLIVER, B.A., D.D.,

GLASGOW.

DR OLIVER is a true born Border man. His birthplace was at the head of the Jed, but his parents early removed to the valley of the Bowmont. He got his first education at Mowhaugh "side parochial"—a lonely school at the confluence of the Bowmont and the Calroust burn. Dr Oliver's father was a shepherd, like the late Principal Cairns', which necessitated his residence among the hills. Can it be that these men draw their inspiration from solitude? Emerson says that true greatness ever springs from the hillside. No doubt he had his eye on Craigenputtock at the time, and an eminent divine has declared this to have been arranged in the wise providence of God since Christ came forth from the peaceful hills of Galilee. When the writer was a boy he frequently met with a shepherd on the Ochils, who carried the Bible in the neuk of his plaid, and who talked familiarly of the niceties of different doctrines. Dr Oliver's next school was at Yetholm, from which he went direct to the University of Edinburgh, and was singularly fortunate in having for his Professors Sir William Hamilton and John Wilson ("Christopher North,") whose rare prelections he drank in with great relish. Here he took five sessions and gained seven prizes in Greek, Mathematics, Moral Philosophy, and Rhetoric. He was also a student of Dr Robert Lee's class of Bible Criticism. He attended Glasgow University one session, and took the B.A. degree in 1853. He entered the Theological Hall of the U.P. Church in 1849, and was licensed to preach in 1854. During his Hall course he gained a prize of £25 which was open to all the students for the best essay on the Sabbath. It was written in his usually clear and logical style, showing great and intimate acquaintance with the history of the Sabbath question. The essay was published and had a large circulation. The late Professor Robb, D.D., then a fellow-student, was a competitor. While a student Dr Oliver contributed to "Hogg's Instructor," "the U.P. Magazine," and several other publications, afterwards writing reviews and articles for newspapers. Towards the end of his student career an incident occurred which brought him rather prominently before the public. Mr Holyoake, the noted secularist, had a lecture in Calton Convening Rooms when the U.P. Theological Hall was in session. The students crowded to the meeting. Dr Oliver attacked the lecturer with such vigour that the audience secured for him twice the time of any other speaker. Mr Holyoake was taken aback, made a feeble reply, and declined to continue the meeting, as "the air was bad." The truth was that Dr Oliver's speech and a pointed question pressed home by Henry Calderwood were too much for him, and he beat a hasty retreat. For many a long year he did not venture to appear again in the capital. The incident got into the papers, and was otherwise reported, thus carrying the young student's reputation where his personality was not known. The incident has recently been pretty fully detailed in Professor Calderwood's life.

Dr Oliver was only a very short time on the probationers' list when he was called to Galashiels as helper and successor to Dr Henderson, a scholarly and polished minister. His trial discourses were greatly appreciated, and he carried the election by a great majority over several candidates of high merit. His voice is high set and penetrating, he carries a happy and cheerful disposition, his conversation is ever stimulating and pointing to the path of well-doing, his preaching is of a high order, and he never enters the pulpit without thorough preparation. His attitude seems as if he was going to demonstrate a mathematical problem, his eye glances sharply over the congregation, and after reading a portion of Scripture, he gives out the text, and in a few precise words he indicates its spirit and tendency, then grasping his hands and occasionally crossing the two fore fingers proceeds to the illustration and development of his discourse, bringing out his points as if the fingers too had a share in helping the illustrations forward. The style has a telling effect on the congregation. As an instance, take the words of a keen observer and severe critic—"I like Mr Oliver wi' his fingers; he's very clever, there's nae sleepin' yonder." Yet in the same congregation we find a strange contrast. A well-trained lady, brought up in the manse, on the way home from church once asked the Rev. Dr Henderson—"Doctor, do you think that young man is sound in his doctrine?" "Yes, O yes, he's quite sound, but he's got a smack of the style of Dr John Ritchie, which seems to startle you." This remark was quite just, for whether from intention or otherwise Dr Oliver had a large smack of the late Dr Ritchie of Edinburgh, who was one of the real giants of his day. But a more striking criticism may be added. The late Dr Montgomery, leader of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland, and a most eloquent preacher, was one



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MOWHAUGH SCHOOL IN VALLEY OF BOWMONT.

day a worshipper with him. At the close of the service he went round to the vestry, thanked the young preacher, and said he had not heard a sermon like it since he had listened to Dr Guthrie.

In 1865 Dr Oliver left Galashiels and went to Regent Place, Glasgow, a church famous for its able and accomplished ministers. The first was the Rev. Dr Heugh, a man of rare talent, and who was held in much esteem in the city. The second was the Rev. Dr James Taylor, of Renfield Church, and who, on the introduction of the Education Bill in 1873, was chosen Secretary to the Education Board for Scotland. The next was Dr Edmond, of London—all men of decided eminence, and their high standard Dr Oliver has amply maintained in Regent Place pulpit through thirty-nine years. By railway operations the congregation of Regent Place was driven from its place of worship, and entered in 1878 into its new, beautiful, and more commanding church in Dennistoun. Here for several years Dr Oliver delivered a course of Sabbath evening lectures, which were very popular and largely attended. Of these twelve were afterwards published in his volume—"In Defence of the Faith"—a work of high merit and great research. It was largely reviewed and highly recommended, one reviewer indeed said, "The logic is inexorable," an opinion sufficiently attested by the fact that its publication brought the author in 1888 the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh. The same year the Synod appointed him its first Lecturer on Practical Training in its College, and in 1891 renewed the appointment for another term. The lectures there delivered were afterwards published in a volume entitled—"What and How to Preach." This work also met with a very favourable reception. One reviewer said—"It is one of the best books on preaching which we know." In 1892 the Synod appointed Dr Oliver one of its representatives to the Pan Presbyterian Council at Toronto, and in 1894 the Synod elected him as its Moderator, and in the succeeding year he was invited, along with Dr Story, Moderator of the Established Church of Scotland, and Professor Lindsay, of the Free Church, to discuss Church Union at Grindelwald in Switzerland in connection with Dr Lunn's conferences. Among other persons invited were the Dean of Ripon, Hugh Price Hughes, Dr Berry, Archdeacon Wilson, Percy Bunting, editor of "Contemporary Review," &c.

Block kindly lent by "Life and Work."

YETHOLM.

Here it may be observed how far sometimes a person may travel to learn news of himself. On the day after the meeting at Grindelwald a gentleman advanced and asked Dr Oliver if fourteen years before he was a speaker at a meeting of the Liberation Society in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Dr Oliver said he was. Then said his new friend, "A man who sat beside me said 'that man is the most remarkable speaker I ever heard.'" The Rev. Dr Allon, of the "British Quarterly Review," had just preceded him, and he too had been struck, for at the close of the speech he said, "Well done, Pawkie Scotsman!" And it may be added that at a future meeting in the same place, Spurgeon, who had preceded him, gave him a hearty handshake for his speech. No doubt the humour of the Scottish stories told by Dr Oliver had driven home his arguments with peculiar force.

Dr Oliver is an expert platform speaker, a staunch teetotaler, and his lectures on temperance, like all his other work, go to the bottom of our drink curse. Of a like character are his lectures on the Disestablishment of the Church, and when the rare chance of opposition on that subject presents itself the opponent has cause to regret his rashness before he gets to sleep, for the apt and ever ready story sends home the argument hot and burning. Looking back for thirty years over the work of the U.P. Synod the contrast to-day is very striking. The "Scotsman" then in its early and better days, before it became converted to the Church, used to lead and encourage liberal speeches at the Synod's meetings. In one of its debates on Disestablishment it pointed to a speech of Dr Oliver from Glasgow as "singularly clear and able in argument." The encouragement now goes to the other side. Amidst all changes during these thirty-nine years Regent Place Church has maintained its numerical strength, and its success may be judged from the fact that during that time it has raised considerably over £35,000, and besides the honours which have come to Dr Oliver through his persistent labours, it is no small matter that singly he has maintained the full service of the Church, discharging as minister all its duties. It may here be added as a point of interest that one of Dr Oliver's ancestors by his father's side was among the seceders from the kirk who worshipped at Gateshaw Brae in 1739, where the first seceder minister was ordained, and by

DR OLIVER'S CHURCH, GLASGOW.

his mother's side he has Covenanter's blood in his veins, one of his ancestors, James Baptie of Peel, near Ashiestiel, having suffered for conscience sake. In 1679 he was fined in the sum of 650 merks, besides a sum of £100 yearly, for not attending the kirk, which was then Episcopalian. It would seem from this that Dr Oliver's liberal church views run in his blood.

We have already seen that the preaching of Dr Oliver has been vouched for by his amiable colleague, Dr Henderson, we shall see now what other doctors of no small ability say of him in that respect. A lady from the south once met with the Rev. Dr Ker at Deeside Hydropathic, and in the course of conversation he asked her to which church she belonged. She replied to the U.P., adding that Mr Oliver was the minister. "Well," said the rev. doctor, "he is a clever young man, and I have no doubt will be an excellent minister." And when Dr Oliver was inducted in Regent Place Church, the Rev. William Anderson of Glasgow said that he rejoiced to know that that young man had not brought any new gospel with him, but had come to preach the Cross of Christ.

Well indeed may the Borderland feel proud of Dr Oliver as one of her sons, for she has no son whose heart warms more kindly towards her. G. A.

We are indebted for permission to reproduce the photo of Mowhaugh School in valley of Bowmont, in the leading article of this issue, to Mr S. Victor White, Conway, Caversham, Reading, and have much pleasure in drawing attention to that gentleman's unique series of photos of the Cheviot streams—Coquet, Till, Breamish, Glen, College, Bowmont, Usway, Alwyn, Kale, &c.

More Jedburgh Picture Post Cards.—We have repeatedly referred with pleasure to the enterprise of the Border publishers who place within the reach of all some of the finest bits of Border scenery by means of the increasingly popular picture post cards. To the Borderer who may be far-away from his native scenery these reminders of home must bring a joy which is akin to the sound of a "weel-kent voice," and his heart will be filled with gratitude to the publishers whose enterprise enables him to secure so many permanent representations of the once familiar scenes. We have been led to make these remarks by seeing a very fine set of cards which has been published by Messrs A. & W. Easton, Jedburgh, and we feel sure that they will be much appreciated by those familiar with the scenery of the Jed.

Stirring Times on the Borders.

IN 1522-3 the Earl of Dorset, Warden of the East Marches, accompanied by Sir William Bulmer and Sir Anthony Darcy, 'made an incursion into Teviotdale" (see Tytler, vol. 2, p. 324) and "left its villages in flames." The Earl Surrey "broke into the Merse, reduced its places of strength," Jedburgh he burnt to the ground, and destroyed its monastery. Lord Dacre reduced the Castle of Fernyherst; Kelso, and the adjacent villages, he sacked and depopulated.

In the year 1530 James V. "directed his attention to the state of the Borders." The feudal covenants termed "bands of Manrent" at this time so bound both the Border chiefs and their vassals together in league of defence that much difficulty existed in the way of making law respected and introducing order. "The princopal thieves were the Border barons themselves" (Tytler, vol. 2, p. 348), and King James commenced his work by arresting and placing in prison the lords and barons of the southern counties. Bothwell, Maxwell, and Hume were put into Edinburgh Castle; Mark Ker of Dolphinstoun, and John Hume of Coldounknowes, in Blaknes Castle; Buccleuch, and Ker of Ferniehirst's son, in Falkland; Drumlanrig and Keir in the Castle of Inchgarvy. Some time before this William Cockburne of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, had been seized and brought to Edinburgh. Cockburne was tried on May 16th, and found guilty of treason, theft, etc.; Adam Scott was tried on May 18th, and also found guilty of the same charges, and both of them were beheaded (see Armstrong's "Liddesdale," p. 272). It may here be remarked that Tytler in his "History of Scotland," says that these two—viz., Cockburne and Scott—were seized before their own castles in the Borders, and almost instantly executed. There are, it appears, contradictory statements by contemporary writers, but the preponderance of statement seems to be adverse to Tytler's conclusion. After this, the King with a force of from eight to twelve thousand followers, as variously stated by different authorities, came to the Borders ostensibly for the purpose of hunting. He was at Peebles on July 2nd, and traversed a large extent of Border country on the following ten or twelve days. It was, however, at Carlenrig that a Border tragedy took place, which more than any other deserves and has received prominent notice. Tytler says (vol. 2, p. 349)—" by a sanguinary example of justice long remembered on the

Marches, the famous freebooter, Johnnie Armstrong, was hanged with forty-eight of his retainers on the trees of a little grove." Attention may here be called to the word "sanguinary," which Tytler uses. Substitute the synonyme "bloody," or "bloodthirsty," and the atrociousness of the King's action in hanging Armstrong becomes acutely apparent. "It is worthy of note," says Armstrong, "that there is not in Scotland a single document recording the trial of the Armstrongs, and in no known letter in the collections in London is there any allusion to the proceedings of James on the Borders during this year" ("History of Liddesdale," p. 276). Armstrong also says, same page, "there is apparently not a shadow of doubt that he (John Armstrong of Gilnockie) and his followers were not only basely betrayed, but put to death without even the form of a trial." There can be no doubt but that of all the clans in the Scottish Borders, that of the Armstrongs was the one that did most depredation in raiding and freebooting. Those, however, who ranged themselves under the banner, so to speak, of John Armstrong of Gilnockie, and there were, as we learn from the "Diurnal of Occurrences," page 14 (see Armstrong's "Liddesdale," p. 274), "Sundrie of the Scots and Elletts" among them, only carried on their depredations in the English side of the Borders. The execution of Armstrong and his followers is said to have put the Border men "in great feare a long tyme," yet, as may be seen from a list of damages done to the Scots from September 9th, 1543, to June 29th, 1544, and from a list of exploits done upon the Scots from the beginning of July, 1544, to November 17th same year, as given by Armstrong in his "History of Liddesdale," the Armstrongs and others had gone back to their predatory ways (see "History of Liddesdale," app. pp. lv. to lxxi.). The sum total of the list is as follows:—There were burned, harried, or destroyed, towers, towns, steads, barnkins, parish churches, bastelhouses, 192; Scots slain, 403; Prisoners taken, 816; Nolt (nowt) taken, 10,386; Sheep taken, 12,492; Nags and Geldings taken, 1,296; Gayt, 200; Bolls of Corns taken, 850; Insight Geare, etc. The above depredations and harrying all took place within the space of fifteen months.

The troublous times of the latter years of James V.'s reign, and the first twenty years or so of the reign of Mary so absorbed the attention of the Government that the Border men, having very little attention paid to them, again resumed their old practices both on the east and west marches. In 1561, however, the Lord James, brother of the Queen, afterwards Earl of Mar, and after that Earl of Moray, went with an army firstly to the eastern marches and thence to the western marches. Tytler says, "he pursued the thieves into their strongholds, razed their towers to the ground, hanged twenty of the most notorious offenders, sent fifty more in chains to Edinburgh, and restored order and good government on the Borders." (See Tytler, Vol. 3, pp. 158-159.) In 1562 the turbulence and tumults on the Borders again engaged the attention of the Government. The state of matters must have been very bad, and Tytler, who is, on the whole, worthy of having reliance placed on his statements, says,—"Murder, robbery, and offences of all kinds prevailed to an intolerable degree, and men who had been publically outlawed walked abroad deriding the terrors of justice. Of these crimes the great centre was Hawick, and the Queen, who was determined to make an example, armed the Earl of Mar with full powers against the offenders. Nor was his success less than on his former expedition. Making a sudden and rapid march he encompassed the town with his soldiers, entered the market place, and by proclamation forbade any citizen on pain of death to receive or shelter a thief. Fifty-three of the most noted outlaws were apprehended, of these eighteen were instantly drowned for lack of trees and halters. Six were hanged at Edinburgh, and the rest either acquitted or imprisoned in the Castle." (Tytler Vol. 3, p. 163.) It does not appear, however, that those who were executed, acquitted, or imprisoned were brought to trial, for Hugo Arnot in his work on "Celebrated Criminal Trials from 1536 to 1784," has not any reference thereto, although cases of much less note are stated. It is very probable that the Border freebooters would be executed summarily without trial.

Four years later disturbances again reached such a height that the Queen sent the Earl of Bothwell with a commission to reduce the Border men to quietness. At that time the Armstrongs and the Johnstones were at what may be called a state of war. Bothwell apprehended Armstrong, the laird of Mangerton, and Johnstone of Whitehaugh, and confined them in Hermitage Castle. When attempting, however, to seize some of the Elliots he was set upon by John Elliot of the Park, and very severely wounded. The next day, October 8th, 1566, Queen Mary arrived at Jedburgh and held a court there for seven days, after which she paid a visit to Hermitage Castle in order to see Bothwell.

The next disturbance which took place on the

Borders was in 1575. A warden court was being held at a place called Reidswire, on the middle marches, when Sir John Forster, the English warden, and Sir John Carmichael, the Scottish warden, differed on some matter that was brought before them. There were very angry words used by the two wardens, and their followers becoming excited rushed to arms. The Scots, who were joined by a large number of Borderers from Jedburgh, Hawick, and other places, totally routed the English. Sir John Heron of Tyndale was slain, and about three hundred prisoners taken and carried to Dalkeith. Queen Elizabeth of England was very much incensed when she heard of this occurrence, and demanded and received reparation and apologies from the Regent Morton.

In 1587, twelve years later, the Scottish Borderers, who had for some time been pretty quiet, broke into open hostility. Tytler says, "Six successive Scottish forays swept with relentless havoc through the middle marches." In a letter to Walsingham, Sir Cuthbert Collingwood likened the country to a desert "wasted with fire and sword, and filled with lamentation and dismay." Of course this applied to the English side of the Borders. Sir Cuthbert was after this attacked in his castle at Eslington by Lords Buccleuch, Cessford, and Johnstone, with a force of two thousand men. They slew seventeen of his garrison, took one of his sons prisoner, and wounded another, besides other casualties. Quite a number of what Tytler calls "Minor Scottish forays" had taken place for some years before this, and indeed from very shortly after 1530 the frays and forays on both sides of the Border, although principally from the Scottish side, had continued with little intermission. The last exploit of any note that occurred on the Borders took place in 1596. It was an expedition undertaken by Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch in order to release William Armstrong of Kinmont, otherwise known as "Kinmont Willie," from durance vile in Carlisle. Kinmont had been at a warden court, and on his way home was seized by a party of English borderers, who, setting a Border law at definance which guaranteed to all persons safe conduct to and from warden courts, delivered him to Lord Scrope, who cast him, heavily ironed, into the common prison of Carlisle Castle. When Buccleuch heard of it he demanded that Kinmont should be set at liberty. This Lord Scrope refused to do, so Buccleuch organised a force of two hundred men, and, in the dead of night, stormed Carlisle Castle and released and carried off Kinmont Willie. The astonishment of Lord Scrope when he found that a small force of Scottish borderers had stormed the seemingly impregnable fortress of Carlisle Castle was so great that, in the words of the ballad of Kinmont Willie, he exclaimed when referring to Buccleuch,

> He is either himself a devil from hell,
> Or else his mother a witch maun be.

Tytler in his history gives an eloquent, graphic, and detailed account of the whole affair. A poetical account is also contained in Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The ballad of Kinmont Willie has been often reprinted, and can be found in many collections. Tytler waxes quite eloquent when he refers to the "inimitable ballad," and the brave and brilliant exploit on which it is founded. (See Tytler's History of Scotland, Vo. 4, p. 243 et seq.)

The boundary line which separated Scotland from England extended, as I have already observed, from the Solway along the summits of the Cheviot range of mountains, and from about Coldstream to Berwick, the River Tweed being the boundary all the way to Berwick. The entire distance from the Solway to Berwick was divided by the mutual consent of the English and Scottish sovereigns into three portions, and respectively named the Eastern, Middle, and Western Marches. The boundary of the Western March was along the line of the Solway, Sark, Esk, Liddel, and Kershope waters. The Middle March was the portion of the boundary line which crossed the Cheviot range lengthways, and this portion was that which was most taken advantage of both by the Scots and the English in their predatory forays. We have seen how much and for what length of time the dwellers on both sides of this line of demarcation raided each other. The passes which now give us communication through the Cheviots were then taken advantage of, and the quick and ready way in which cattle were driven off by either English or Scots raiders, as the case might be, was certainly indicative of a considerable amount of ability. The Eastern March reached from the end of the Cheviot range to Coldstream and thence to Berwick. By agreement between the English and Scottish monarchs wardens were appointed to look after the protection of the dwellers on both sides of the Border line. Thus there were three English and three Scottish wardens. It was the duty of these wardens to hold courts, at which all cases of outrage committed by either side on the other side were considered and adjudicated upon. The wardens were always men of rank or high birth, famed for their valour in war or their wisdom in council, and were appointed by their respective sovereigns. The Middle March, which was the most important, had also two deputy wardens on the English side, one for Redesdale and one for North Tynedale, and two warden sergeants. There were on the Scottish side similar officers, known as the Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and Forest wardens respectively.

A portion of the Borders lying in the Western Marches was called the "Debatable Land." It consisted of a considerable portion of the parish of Canonbie, and also about one-half of the parish of Morton, and the whole of the parish of Kirk Andrews. A considerable amount of discussion took place at various times between the English and the Scottish Commissioners concerning this land. The boundary line in the Western Marches had not been definitely settled, in fact, it may be said that there were two boundaries between which lay that portion of "Debatable Land" to which neither the English nor the Scottish King could lay undisputable claim. In 1537 the portion of the "Debatable Land" in Canonbie parish was in length by estimation two miles east and west, in breadth two miles. In the year 1552 when, by arrangement, the "Debatable Land" was divided, the parish of Kirk Andrews was attached to Cumberland.

The Borderers on the English side rieved, harried, and plundered each other with as much keenness and audacity as did the Scots on the other side. It appears that as far back as the year 1279, when a Roll of Pleas was held at Wark in North Tynedale, that plundering raids were of frequent occurrence. In 1265 John of Hameton is accused, along with Thomas of Thirwall, of having plundered the town of Wark of thirty oxen, value ten shillings each; eighteen cows, value each half a mark; one bull worth half a mark; and fifteen other cattle each worth five shillings, besides two hundred sheep worth twelvepence. This is but one of a number of cases which at that early date were brought before the court held for the purpose of inquiry. It might naturally be thought that the clergy of these times would be free from the common failing of taking goods and property from others unlawfully. This, however, was not the case, as quite a number of instances have been adduced to prove the contrary. One woman, Beatrice of Whitfield, had had a summons issued against Thomas, the Archdeacon of Northumberland, and against Thomas of Haydon, chaplain, for robbery and receipt of felony. She lost her case, however, owing to the Bishop of Northumberland sending a letter to the court, in which he stated that she had been excommunicated. Two clerks in Holy Orders, viz., Lymon and Richard Alpendache, broken open the house of John the Fuller. One William of Whitfield, a clerk, had among other evil deeds stolen a cow, and to escape punishment fled. At this time, during the thirteenth century, there was very little difference between the morals of the laity and those of the clergy. William Brockie, in an article on the mosstroopers in the "Newcastle Monthly Chronicle," cites a number of instances where the clergy were defaulters as well as the common people. He says, "they were not much less vicious and disorderly than the bulk of their flocks," and "they were always ready to connive" at the misdeeds of their parishioners. It may, however, be noted that as a rule it was only the inferior sort of the clery who were thus lax in their morals and remiss in their actions. The higher clergy laid their commands on the clergy of the different parishes, but they had little effect in the abatement of the "lifting" habits of the Northumbrian populace. In 1498 Bishop Fox issues a mandate to all the clergy of Tynedale and Redesdale charging them to excommunicate all who should, excepting against the Scots, presume to go from home armed for the purpose of raiding. In April, 1524, Cardinal Wolsey laid an interdict on all the churches of Tynedale, and at the same time the Archbishop of Glasgow published an interdict and sentence of excommunication against the outlaws of Liddesdale. The dwellers on both sides of the Borders seem, however, to have cared neither for the thunders of the church nor the laws and proclamations of their respective kings, but carried on in sturdy defiance their game of promiscuous freebooting, raiding, and rieving all and sundry. It must not, however, be supposed that the mosstroopers and dalesmen were wantonly profane or deficient either in piety or devotion, for like the Spanish and Italian bandits of the present day, they then were in the habit of regularly saying their prayers, as they told their beads, and never were more devout or recited their prayers with more zeal than when about to set out on a plundering expedition.

J. C. GOODFELLOW.

JUST as we go to press we are in receipt of Messrs Hodder & Stoughton's new book, "Raiderland—all about Grey Galloway," written by S. R. Crockett and illustrated by Joseph Pennell. The beautiful volume, which is published at 6s, will be reviewed in our next issue.

A Liddesdale Reverie.

FANCY'S flight carries me away up among the Border hills, with the lavrock rising steadily almost out of sight singing his sweet song, and the shrill cries of the whaup and the peewit in my ears. In just such a place we can picture Carlyle when he wrote "Beautiful it was to sit there as in my skyey tent musing and meditating." Away at the back stretches an undulating sea of round hilltops, with an occasional cairn showing itself against the sky; whilst on the other side we are looking down into the valley of the Liddle. To an unfamiliar eye it may appear a trifle wild, but to some of us what charms it possesses!

To our right and left on either side of the hill are two lovely burngates, down which rushes the mossy water, black with the peat, on its way to the Liddle. At times the dull rumble of their waterfalls may be faintly audible. In between and stretching on either side of them for the greater part of the way is a rough hill pasture of bent and heather and peat-moss. The further the eye wanders down the little valleys of the burns their setting of trees gets the denser, from the few scraggy old alders that grow high up the fellside until they reach the parent river among the woods of fir, birk, and beech, and the smiling holms. If it chance to be the autumn what a wealth of pleasing colour their foliage affords, together with the dark brown of the decaying bracken and the yellow corn of the fields. But even in winter-time they are not without a certain charm.

Looking at the hillside opposite we see a farmhouse or two perched as it were on a shelf, and higher still the form of the Kristenbury Crags stands grandly against the sky. But the hills look wilder with their black dots of Scotch firs here and there, so the eye again seeks the kindlier valley. In a hollow on our right sits the village, its homely reek rising heavenwards, and surrounded by its little many-shaped fields called the "Acres" that in the distance look like so many gardens. They have been won from the rough hill ground by generations of hardy toilers.

Let us follow the white line of the turnpike as it winds up the valley hard by the water-side. By chance we may see a motor rushing along it, for the inhabitants have advanced greatly in the line of locomotion since the time when Sir Walter Scott visited them in "the first wheeled carriage that ever penetrated into Liddesdale." The road jouks under green woods and banks, and little more than a mile above the village we see the Hermitage water joining the Liddle at what is called the "forkings." The road, too, forks here. It is not possible to follow it up the Hermitage way where the hills intervene, but we see it climbing a long steep brae up the Liddle side, at the top of which is the kirkyard. It is perched on the top of the high steep manse linns, with the Liddle running merrily along at their base. Near it is the mound known as the Roman Camp, really the site of the ancient Liddle Castle, almost every vestige of which has disappeared.

Let us pause for a moment with our eyes on the little square of white and grey monuments. Conspicuous amongst them is one in memory of the Rev. David Scott, a former minister of the parish, along with those to many another of his predecessors and successors, whose memories are handed down sacred from one generation to another. Of them you will hear the auld folk speak to the young in a hushed and reverent voice, of one perhaps with, as it were, a touch of righteous fear, for he had ruled his little flock with a rod of iron. But they will end by saying, "Ay, but hei was a gran' man, and sae guid to the puir, for mony a time hei ca'd wi' a loaf aneth his oxter at a hoose where hei kenned it was sair needed." Of another perchance they will say, "He was worst for hissel, puir man, but sae kind, and a fine freen' where there was trouble."

Under a spreading ash in the centre stands a monument to the memory of Dr John Armstrong, the poet, a son of the Liddesdale manse, his father and brother having been ministers of the parish. On it are the verses:—

If yet thy shade delights to hover near
The holy ground where oft thy sires have taught,
And where our fathers fondly flocked to hear,
Accept the offering which their sons have brought.

Proud of the muse which gave to classic fame
Our vale and stream to song before unknown,
We raise this stone to bear thy deathless name,
And tell the world that Armstrong was our own.

To learning, worth, and genius such as thine,
How vain the tribute monuments can pay,
Thy name immortal with thy works shall shine
And live when frailer marble shall decay.

With these lines, so apt to nurture in youth a profound love for our Borderland with its poetry and association, this may fittingly close.

A. W. S.

They that see the ship leave harbour, know little of the seas she is to sail through.—Redgauntlet.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

It may savour of repetition to say that we are much pleased to receive appreciations of our efforts from any of our readers, but the frequent receipt of kindly epistles from those whose position in the literary world makes their verdict doubly valuable compels us once more to return our sincere thanks for such appreciation. "I am very much interested in the Borderland, and your Magazine is the very thing to post abroad to friends like-minded," is how one literary lady recently wrote, and we trust that many of our readers will give pleasure to the far-away Borderers by posting to them the literary link which binds us all together in the bonds of Border Brotherhood.

The Border Keep.

It is characteristic of old age that the mind retains the pictures of the past in all their vivid colours, while the events of more recent times are only traced upon the tablets of memory in shadowy outline. To this cause, combined with long absence from the scenes of childhood, is to be attributed the unfortunate error I made in the "Keep" last month, when I mentioned that the author of "Warp and Woof" was a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. The active part taken by Mr J. Tennant, M.P., in defending the fair authoress, the Hon. Mrs Alfred Lyttleton, and the newspapers calling that lady "his sister," made me forget that the first Mrs Lyttleton was called home after only a year of married life. While deeply regretting what must necessarily have given pain to those I have always held in admiration, it softened my own feelings to receive a most kindly letter on the subject from one who, by reason of his position, is entitled to speak for the family.

* * *

The foregoing reminds me that I recently paid a week-end visit to the old familiar scenes. The Saturday evening was superb, and just before I retired about midnight I opened the window to see

> **The stars of Heaven look down**
> **On the dear familiar town.**

and envied the inhabitants who are privileged to gaze on the "garden of the sky" through an atmosphere pure and transparent. I had no telescope at hand, but picked up an ordinary opera glass, and by that means enlarged very much the celestial scenery. How few people take an interest in the stars? I hardly ever gaze on the orbs of heaven, as they are to be seen in Innerleithen, without recalling the late Mr Robert Mathison, whose life should be an inspiration to every young man in St Ronan's, and whose career was sketched in the BORDER MAGAZINE for June, 1896. The air of the district seems to have an exhilarating effect on me, for I was awake next morning shortly after five o'clock. Noticing from my pocket diary that old Sol was expected to appear at 5.40, I determined to hail his appearance. When I reached the High Street I expected to be first on the scene, but "Ye're an early riser like me, I see," from one of the natives undeceived me. When I told him what I was after he advised me to go to the end of the Pirn Wood. I at once acted on the advice and found that I would have time to go higher, so I spieled the Pirn Craig. While recovering my breath after a rather rapid climb the sun like a disc of burnished gold shot up from the horizon and gilded the hill-tops.

A few minutes and the golden glory swept along the Tweed valley and bathed St Ronan's in its warm light. How beautiful the little town looked, as each house reflected back the morning rays. Everything so bright and clean! It looked as if it had just left the builder's hands. The long white line of the High Street, one of the cleanest and tidiest streets I know, looked like a broad ribbon, white but tinged with gold. I have seen Innerleithen under many conditions and from various points of view, and I have often been impressed with its beauty, but on this morning it seemed to come home to me with peculiar force.

* * *

While the hill-tops, one by one, were illuminated by the golden rays I turned to the right and noticed the shadow of the hill on which I stood clear cut on the Kirkland Dean and the lower parts of the Lee Pen. What memories these hills recall! I have gone to the top of the cone-like Pen to watch the progress of rainstorms, have sat on the top at 9 a.m. when the landscape and the moonbeams transformed everything into a lake of silver.

* * *

While looking towards Caerlee I noticed a little spot of white appearing at the end of the hill. Gradually it increased in size and flowed outward like some great flood or glacier travelling at express speed. The pure white stream was pouring down the Tweed, but instead of following the New Water it kept along the foot of the hills, where Tweed ran in former times. Gradually the fair hamlet of Traquair was blotted out, and its place was taken by what appeared to be a large loch, with here and there a little island appearing above the surface. The mirage appearance was perfect, and if I had been in possession of a camera at the moment the picture produced would have been one of rare beauty. The effect of Traquair disappearing completely, while the surrounding landscape was bathed in sunlight was very strange indeed, and I was not surprised to hear the distant protests of the sable occupants of the rookery, who evidently objected to the temporary effacement of the morning glory.

* * *

A few days later I was privileged to accompany the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club on a visit to some of the scenes I have mentioned. Through my connection with the Border Magazine I have had frequent communication with some of the prominent members, and though I had only met a few of them previously it was far from a company of strangers which I joined in front of the Traquair Arms Hotel. Mr Young, the proprietor of the hotel, had provided ample carriage accommodation, and so the comfortably-seated company, numbering nearly fifty, drove off in the best of spirits for their destinations, Traquair House and The Glen. Driving via Droonpouch Bridge and the Satyr Sykes, the company soon arrived in front of the venerable pile of old Traquair House, where they were received by the proprietor, Mr Maxwell-Stuart, and his factor, Mr Constable, both gentlemen doing their utmost to make the visit a success. The various Jacobite and other relics were examined with much interest, while the fine old library proved a great attraction to some of us. Mr Maxwell-Stuart is a recognised expert in precious stones, and he is in addition a skilful lapidiary, and it was a great privilege to be admitted to his treasure-house and to hear him explain the qualities, &c., of the various gems. Visits to Queen Mary's bedroom and other parts of "the oldest inhabited house in Scotland" interested the historians and antiquarians of the company, while the ladies were delighted with the collection of old china. As some of the visitors had travelled long distances, the refreshments provided were much appreciated. After expressing their indebtedness to Mr Maxwell-Stuart for his great kindness, the company walked to the head of the ancient Avenue, where, after a look at the old gateway and the far-famed Bears, they re-entered the conveyances and were driven via Traquair village, Kirkhouse, and Orchardmains to the Glen. Those of us who were acquainted with the lore of the district told how Willie Laidlaw had occupied Traquair Knowe farm, and how Wordsworth had there met Hogg and travelled with him to Yarrow. The "Bush aboon Traquair" was pointed out, and a few lines were quoted from Principal Shairp's inimitable poem. After bowling along by the banks of the Quair, where the alders dip into the stream, and catching a glimpse of the old Kirk and Manse of Traquair, the visitors entered the Glen estate, famed all the world o'er as the scene of Willie Laidlaw's exquisite song, "Lucy's Flittin'."

* * *

Time would fail me to tell of other excursions to Clovenfords, the Yair, Galashiels, Selkirk, Jedburgh, Peebles, &c., where I once more got proofs of the kindly Border brotherhood which exists in all the enchanted land, but while I may be unable to record the events, the many friends of the Border Magazine whom I met are kindly remembered by

Dominie Sampson.

The Days of Claverhouse; or Auld Kirkbride.

CHAPTER II.

"HARK! frae the far hilltops,
And laich frae the lanesome glen,
Some sweet psalm tune, like a late dew, drops
Its wild notes on the win';
Its wild notes on the win',
Wi' a kent soun' ower my min',
For we sang't on the muir—a wheen hunted men,
Wi' oor lives in oor hauns lang syne;
But never a voice can disturb this song
Were it Clavus in a' his pride,—
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransomed throng
Foregathered above Kirkbride.

. . . .

Then carry me through at Chapel-ford,
And up the lane hillside,
And I'll wait the comin' o' God the Lord
On a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride."

. . . .

SHELTERED alike from the heat of summer and the cold and storms of winter was the little thatch-roofed cottage, hid away in the darkly-green pine-wood nigh to the river, where dwelt Margaret Peden. Her tiny home boasted of but two apartments—a but and a ben—leading one out of the other, while the outer doorway led directly from the larger room, in which also was situated the only fireplace. Midnight had chapped on the wag-at-the-wall clock, but neither lamp nor candle were required as the fire's warm blaze did double duty; and a more cheery little apartment could not be found in any cottage in Nithsdale than that of Mistress Peden. There she now sat, the picture of neatness, her snow-white hair disposed under a white frilled mutch or cap, over which she folded a black ribbon to mark widowhood. She sat by the fire enjoying the warmth, and listening tearfully to her companion, with an expression of respectful love, as he read from the Book, but, ever and anon, she would start and listen intently as if in dread of some danger from without.

"How now, good nurse?" cried her companion, "thou wert not wont to be over fearful!"

"Ah, no, my lord, but God save us! how mony of my ain folk have I not seen slain on these green hillsides around. Ay, shot down like foxes in the braid licht o' day—and, warse than that, have I not seen tender babes wi' lighted gun matches blazin' between their birselled fingers—hae I not seen men wrethin' wi' anguish in the iron buits—hae I not seen them die in agonies awfu' to witness and fearfu' to remember? Yes, yes, I ken what ye wad say—they have won their crowns—they have washed their robes—but, God pity me, the flesh is weak, and I fain wad see na mair sic sights—save us. What's that?" then, signing to him to be silent, and to retire to the inner room, she crossed the floor and cried in a trembling voice:

"What is't, who be ye, at sic a like time?"

"For mercy sake, mither, be quick and let us in!" replied an eager voice.

"Bet, ye daft fool, what in the warld brings ye doon at dead o' nicht? Are ye yer lane?"

"Ay, a' but the dumb bruit, Brian, whilk her ledyship bade me take wi' me."

"Oh, then her ledyship sent ye?" says Margaret, opening the door.

"Ay, but oh, I'm in an awesome swither, for, sure as death, mither, I saw the 'corp licht' dancing aboon Countess Ann's grave in Kirkbride as I came roond' by the Priest's door."

"Wheest!—the Priest's door—what for did ye come roon' by that lang road?"

"Losh, mither, the sodgers are up by; ay, are they, an' hoo else wad I hae won oot?" Bonnie Mistress Nan wad fain hae come wi' us her ain sel, but her ladyship said she wad be missed—ay, wad she! For, ye see, the twa young sparks o' officers are sittin' doon to their supper ben the hoose, and auld Giles an' Isabell are tryin' to fill Sergeant Duncan fu' in the pantry; an' the troopers are fillin' themselves blin' fu' in the kitchen, wi' auld Peg an' daft Sandy to keep an e'e on them a'. But, oh, mither, is it no a queer like thing that Mistress Nan has been dreamin' for three nichts back o' her father bein' near by, an' the sodgers. Losh! what aileth the dumb bruit, Brian?"—for at this moment the dog comes bounding forth from the inner room followed—as the reader can doubtless guess—by James Douglas, Earl of Gleneauchan.

"My lord, his ain sel!" cries Bet.

"Even so, my good Betty, and my little daughter has been dreaming about me you say? God bless her, my honoured mother, and all of you, my faithful folk!"

. . . .

Lieutenant Stuart o' the Black Dragoons and bonnie Mistress Nancy Douglas are pacing slowly up and down one of the retired walks in the quaint old garden at Gleneauchan, where the deep rows of Dutch boxwood, the flights of moss-grown steps, the old sundial, and fantastical arbours were in such admirable keeping with the old ivy-grown house.

"No," responds Mistress Nan to a question of his. "I can scarce believe that 'tis but three short weeks since—since you nearly scared us into fits arriving in such warlike array at midnight, Mr Stuart."

"Ah, now you are unkind, methinks 'twas scarce so late! Yet 'tis indeed three weeks ago, and, alack, 'tis equally true that ere sunset of to-morrow I shall be far away." Then for some minutes they pace on in silence ere Jim ventures to speak again. "Nan, dear Nan, thou knowest that I love thee—tell me, dearest, were those unfortunate dissensions which rack our poor country ended, could you learn to love me as I love you?"

"Oh, God help me. I—I love thee now!" cries she, sobbing bitterly as he folds her tenderly to his honest heart. For thus in the space of three short weeks these young folk had learned the old, old story of love—"love that is ever a sorrow proving," as the song has it.

All unconscious of his presence, the young folks "love-making" has been witnessed by Gibson, the old gardener, who doffed his "blue bonnet" and bowed his "frosty pow" as if invoking a blessing upon them, then, with a deep-drawn sigh, he recommenced his occupation of "hoeing up" the winter kail.

. . . .

The aged Lady of Gleneauchan and her granddaughter had retired for the night, and Jim Stuart sat alone in the long, dimly lit, wainscoted apartment. Midnight had sounded some time since, and now the great, ghostly old house was hushed in deep repose. Jim sat with one elbow on the table and his forehead resting on his hand. He was sunk in mournful reverie; for was it not his last night in the old house of Gleneauchan, where dwelt his beloved Nan? Would he ever again behold his darling upon God's earth? Who could say! How desperately unlucky that he and her father should be on different sides!—doubtless there were faults on both—of the side on which he himself was serving he knew, alas, only too much that was evil. Had he and Menteth not discussed this very matter on the night they came to Gleneauchan? Just then a sudden sound made him start, gaze round, and listen; nothing, however, was visible save the grim portraits of dead and gone Douglas', who seemed—by the fitful firelight to eye him superciliously from their tarnished frames; 'tis an eerie sensation to find oneself alone in a great, ghostly room at midnight, and certain weird tales of spectre knights and of an ill-fated French Countess—less good than she was reputed beautiful—who were said to haunt the old house, began to flit through Jim's brain. He listened intently, but not a sound was to be heard save the mournful sighing of the night wind as it rustled amid the dense ivy which covered the walls of the mansion and framed in the narrow, deep set windows. At length, weary, worn, and sad at heart, Jim rested his head upon his hand and sleep stole on him unawares; scarcely had he sunk into oblivion when there was a slight movement on the further side of the room—one of the grim cavaliers appeared to "come alive," but 'twas merely the swinging open of the panel on which the old portrait hung. Within the aperture stood an exceedingly handsome man, slightly past the prime of life, though evidently prematurely aged, and on the brink of the grave—to judge by his emaciated form and the death-like pallor of his countenance, which was accentuated by the rich hue of the crimson velvet dressing-robe in which he was clad. He regarded Jim silently for some seconds ere he stepped forth, then, after placing the small lamp which he carried upon the table, touched him lightly on the shoulder:

"Hush!" he murmured, as Jim sprang up and felt for his sword; "see I have trusted you, I am unarmed." For a second or two they regarded each other very earnestly, and then he continued, "Young man, I am James Douglas, Earl of Gleneauchan—hush, the time is brief and I have somewhat to say to thee. I know thy secret—you love my daughter, ay, and she, poor little lass, loves you—interrupt me not—I shall not meet with thee again upon earth—my days are numbered, I have but returned hither to die, as I would fain that this poor body sleep its last long sleep in auld Kirkbride beside the dust of my beloved wife, and the saintly dead who wait the coming of Christ Jesus in that lone spot, where:

"The wee white stern, like an angel's e'e,
Glints doon wi' a holy pride,
And watches that ill keep far from thee,
Beloved o' the Lord, Kirkbride."

"Stuart! I knew your father well. His son, his only son, ought not to be on the devil's side. If you would win my blessing resign your commission and retire to Flanders for a time. Then, when the changes which, by the blessing of Almighty God, are about to be accomplished in this realm have come about return and wed my daughter. Your hand on it, boy! Now, help me to retire for my strength is well nigh spent. You will not betray a dying man." He pointed to the open panel—another minute and it had closed silently behind him, and Jim Stuart was once more alone in the great, ghostly room.

Dawn was breaking over Queensbery hill as Jim Stuart and his troopers rode away from the old house of Gleneauchan on the morrow. He had taken farewell of his aged hostess and her lovely granddaughter the night before, but his heart was gladdened by the flutter of a white scarf from an upper window as he lingered ere crossing the bridge at the "Drappin' Linn." Naturally his mind reverted to the strange interview vouchsafed to him—was it an interview or only a vision of the night? he asked himself again and again. No matter. The advice given was good, and he would follow it without delay.

. . . .

On the sixth night after the withdrawal of the troopers from Gleneauchan a little band of "the faithful" might have been seen emerging from the front entrance and making their way down the moss-grown avenue. They carried a coffin shoulder-high, which contained the mortal remains of the last Earl of Gleneauchan. Away across the chapel-ford, up the steep hillside to the lone kirkyard, and there, by the pale light of the wintry moon, they laid him to rest beside his wife, "the good Countess Ann," at dead of night.

"Their faces were pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed,
With eyes turned to heaven, in calm resignation,
They sang 'a sweet psalm' to the God of Salvation."

Thus was the last of a long line of noble Christian men carried forth secretly at midnight from his ancestral home as if he had been a criminal! Little wonder if, to the ears of the mourners, the night winds seemed to echo back to heaven the cry of the souls under the altar of God:

"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

CONCLUSION.

"The times were changed, old manners gone,
And a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne!"

Summer has spread her green mantle o'er the earth and all nature rejoices. Sir James Stuart-Douglas and his "winsome leddy" are pacing the terraced walks in the dear old gardens at Gleneauchan, and as they walk they talk of "a day lang syne" when they plighted their troth in "sorrow and tears."

"Ah, Jim! I would that my beloved father had been spared to win back and enjoy his possessions, of which he was so unjustly deprived in 'the killing time,'" says Lady Stuart-Douglas.

"Ay, Nancy, dear heart," responds her husband tenderly, "but, mind ye, he has won the inheritance of those who endure to the end. He and your sainted granddame are now treading 'the flowery meads of Paradise.'"

"Whilk is far better," murmurs she softly, as she rests her head on his shoulder and gazes wistfully, with tearful eyes, towards the green hillside where her dear departed one's mortal remains "rest and await":

"The coming o' God the Lord
In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride."

J. H. S.

[THE END.]

Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

THE annual autumn Excursion of this Union took place from the 5th to 15th September. The English Lake District was the place selected, and the headquarters of the party were at Conishead Priory Hydropathic, on the shores of Morecambe Bay. Daily excursions were made by coach, train, and steamboat to places of interest in the neighbourhood. A beautiful afternoon was spent in exploring the magnificent ruins of Furness Abbey. A drive to Lakeside, a sail up Lake Windermere, and a drive by Rydal Water to Grasmere occupied a whole day. Wordsworth's tomb and Dove Cottage, where he lived a number of years, were visited, and glimpses were got of Rydal Mount and the "Poet's Seat" in passing. A drive to Lakebank and a sail in the steam gondola up Coniston Lake was much enjoyed. Several of the party ascended Coniston Old Man a considerable distance, and visited some of the lead and copper mines on its side. The Ruskin Museum at Coniston well repaid a visit. From the gondola a good view was obtained of Branstone House, where Ruskin lived latterly, and where he died. His tomb in Coniston Churchyard is a place of pilgrimage, as is evidenced by the well-worn footpath leading to it.

An enjoyable day was spent in Blackpool, going by train to Barrow (eleven miles); steamboat, Barrow to Fleetwood (fifteen miles); and electric car, Fleetwood to Blackpool (nine miles.) A high tide was expected, and had been advertised, and consequently Blackpool was crowded, it being estimated that over 130,000 visitors were in the town that day. The masses of people on the pier and sea front were very impressive.

Another interesting day was spent at Lancaster, with its ancient Castle and Church, and its modern electric cars and public park. Grange-over-Sands, Cartmel, with its ancient priory, Holker Hall, Dalton, Great Urswick, and various other places were visited.

During the first week the Hydro. was very fully occupied in connection with a lawn tennis tournament, and entertainments were the order of the day, or rather the night. The golf course was not neglected, and a visit was also paid to the golf course at Ulverston, which is the post town and railway station for the Hydro.

CONISHEAD PRIORY HYDRO.

Otter Hunting on the River Ale.

THE season was most brilliantly inaugurated in Ale Water when the gallant Master of the Hunt, the late Dr Grant, achieved a triumph on which he had long set his heart, long vowed he would some day accomplish, but which his friends who knew him best and admired him most, declared could never be consummated, even with all the daring and rare sporting qualifications which distinguished him, and the unexcelled metal, energy, perseverance, and pluck of his hounds and terriers.

The drag was at first slow for a mile or two, but it improved as the pack went down the river, and had become so fast just before reaching Riddell that most of the followers on foot were thrown out, but the Doctor and his lad Walter, being mounted, kept close to the hounds. At length the spot, which proved to be the scene of action, was reached, at a part of the river where there is an overhanging bank for several yards, and the retreat seemed so expressly intended for the otter that it could only be reached by a narrow hole at each end.

Ringwood turned on his downward way, and at once spoke out the cheerful sound, telling his delighted master that the game was near. The other dogs, excepting the bull-dog Billy, were a good way in advance, probably because the varmint had first gone down, and then doubled to his retreat.

Ringwood made straight for the lower hole, which his huge bulk could not penetrate, as Billy was close after him, and filling up part of the space.

Meanwhile, the Doctor stationed himself at the upper hole, and kept watch and ward up to his waist in water.

To his great surprise, the otter came out with Teddy, the terrier, hanging close under his throat, in which the little game one's dentals were grimly fixed.

How and where Teddy got below the bank is one of the mysteries that will never be solved, but there he had evidently been to some purpose.

The Doctor now saw the opportunity for which he had long waited, of catching a live otter, before him, and, clutching the varmint by the neck, he ducked it and the terrier below the surface, in hopes of obliging Teddy to quit his grip.

Then a desperate struggle took place. Old Malakoff, Ruler, and Royal had just come back to the scene of the fray, and they furiously dashed at the Doctor's live prey, and, though Walter tried his best to keep them off, they resisted his efforts, while master, hounds, and otter continued each struggling for the victory in the deep and rapid running stream.

At last Walter got his coat off, and wrapped it round the otter under water, and the Doctor, keeping firm hold with his right hand on its throat, threw his left arm around it, and, clutching it to his breast, made for the land.

Here Walter assisted the Doctor on his horse, but still the fierce hounds dashed round him open-mouthed, determined to have their lawful prey, caring not for the whip which Walter plied most vigorously.

At length the Doctor ordered a ruse to withdraw the attention of the pack, and sent Walter off tally-hoing down the river. The ruse was successful, and the whole pack went off eager for another engagement.

They must have found a second drag, for Walter could scarcely get ahead of them, and when he managed it at last, and brought them round, they were a long distance away.

Left alone, when the excitement had subsided, the Doctor felt his left hand quite powerless, and discovered, for the first time, that it had been severely bitten.

The varmint had also left its mark on his arm and breast, but the glorious excitement of the encounter had made him insensible to pain while the wounds were inflicted.

The Doctor got home safely with his prize, a good deal exhausted by the engagement, but glorying in the long-contemplated achievement of capturing an otter alive.

A word here may not be out of place regarding the master and his hounds.

Dr Grant was a native of Strathspey, in the Highlands of Scotland, where his forefathers constituted a powerful and a warlike clan more than six hundred years ago. He was a thoroughbred clansman, and the representative of the eighteenth branch of the "Honourable family of Grant of Grant," being the fifth descendant of Patrick, second son of James Laird, of Grant, who founded the family of Wester Elchies in 1663 (see Shaw's History of Moray; or, the Genealogy of the Grant Family"), and through life he had stamped himself a deserving representative of his family; a gentleman, and a true-hearted sportsman.

He was one of those who advocated fair play to the otter as strenuously as he advocated fair play to the hound, believing the pleasure of the chase to be more in the pursuit than in the death of the game, and those who knew him never envied the position of those who inadvertently tampered unfairly either with the otter or with the hounds. The beautiful condition of the hounds, their highly-developed instinct, their thorough gameness and exquisite training, coupled with the frank deportment of their unassuming, though accomplished, leader, were attractions of no ordinary nature, and rendered it a matter of no surprise that the nobility and gentry of the district so thoroughly enjoyed a morning's recreation with them by the river side.

A. H.

Swinton and the Swintons.

IN these days, when nearly every village in the country is linked to the great centres of industry by a network of railways, those little communities placed at a distance from the track of the steam engine enjoy a peacefulness and repose perhaps greater than that which fell to their lot during the earlier decades of last century. No longer are the inhabitants daily aroused from their lethargy by the blast of the horn and the clatter of hoofs, which intimated the arrival of the stage-coach, and with it a fresh budget of news from the great world outside. Instead of this gallant equipage, the duty of conveying intelligence of the latest developments in courts and parliaments generally devolves upon the postman, who, important as his office is, does not announce his appearance in a fashion which challenges notice. True it is, that in the summer season the ubiquitous cyclist penetrates to every nook and corner of the land. But that gentleman is usually so much infected with the hurry and bustle characteristic of the age as to give only a passing glance to the district through which he is journeying. Under these circumstances, such secluded retreats as the Berwickshire village of Swinton, which is five miles from a railway station, seldom secure that degree of attention to which their past history entitles them. If the tourist who visits Swinton honours it with an entry in his diary, the chances are that the quaint tile roofs of the older houses, and the Green, with its eighteenth century "mercat cross," are the only features of the village that claim his notice. Few know that among its 450 inhabitants there is included a small colony of nomads, popularly designated "muggers," who are the present-day representatives of the Border gipsies. Still fewer make any inquiries about the ancient family whose fortunes were linked with those of the place for so many centuries. A popular legend which probably owes its origin to the boar heads, which constitute the armorial cognisance of the Swinton family, credits the first of the line with obtaining a grant of land for his prowess in exterminating the wild animals that infested the district. But this tradition is so similar to others that account for the origin of several notable Scottish families as to compel the sceptical to regard it with doubt. And another less romantic, but more credible, narrative traces the first connection of the Swintons with the parish to one Edulf de Swinton, who obtained his estate in return for valuable military services rendered to Malcolm Canmore. Of the prowess of several descendants of this warrior, a little may be gleaned by a visit to the parish church, an unpretentious but in part a pre-Reformation edifice, which stands to the east of the village. Within its walls lie many generations of the family. Under an open niche near the pulpit rests the rudely sculptured figure of a knight with arms bent on what is generally regarded as a stone. This commemorates Sir Alan de Swinton, who died towards the close of the twelfth century, and is regarded by antiquarians as one of the oldest monuments in the country bearing a heraldic device. Of Sir Alan's strength wonderful stories are told. Sir Walter Scott transferred him from his proper place in the annals of Scottish history and made him the hero of the poem, "Halidon Hill," which is founded on events that occurred two centuries after his death. About a hundred years ago an arched vault containing a coffin and several skulls was found in front of the monument and under the floor of the church. One of the skulls was of large dimensions, and therefore supposed to be that of Sir Alan. Of this a cast was presented to Scott, who placed it in the armoury at Abbotsford. And it throws an interesting light on the superstitious credulity of the great magician that a ghastly glare shed by the setting sun on this valuable relic should have been accepted by him as the presage of a calamity that afterwards befell one of Sir Alan's descendants. Another knight of Swinton, who bore the Christian name of John, is said to have fought so bravely at Otterburn as to have won the laurels of the fray. Fourteen years later this warrior fell at Homildon Hill after exhibiting a spirit that would probably have secured the success of his countrymen had it only been more generally manifested. He was succeeded by his son, likewise named John, who was one of the many Scottish soldiers of the time content to sell their blood for foreign pay. This mercenary service was, perhaps, rendered more attractive by the opportunities it afforded for a brush with their "auld enemies of England." However this may be, Sir John Swinton had the good fortune to wound the Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V., at the battle of Beauge, fought on 22nd March, 1421. This achievement is commemorated in the following lines of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

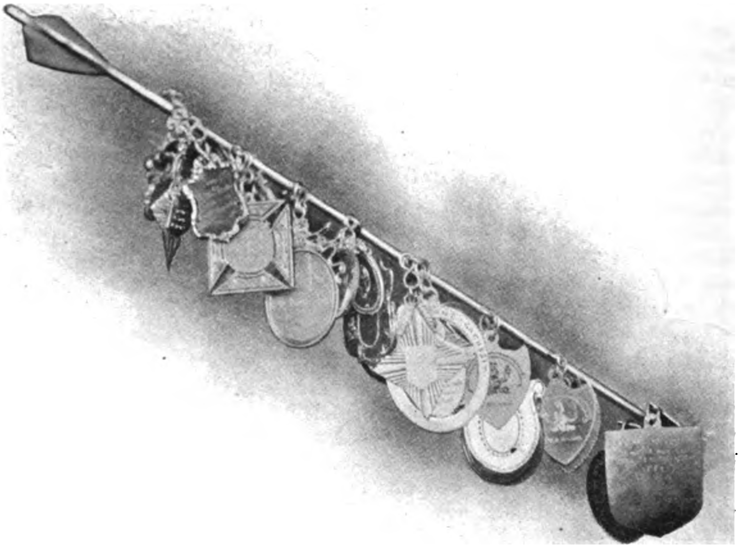
> "'Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
> Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburn
> Their men in battle-order set;
> And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
> That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
> Of Clarence's Plantagenet.

Three years after the encounter at Beauge the combined forces of France and Scotland were routed by the Duke of Bedford at Verneuil, and the Earl of Buchan, Sir John Swinton, and other Scottish nobles were numbered among the slain. Throughout the succeeding centuries the Swintons continued to take an active and prominent part in the affairs of their country; though their territorial possessions tended to diminish. During the stirring events of the first Jacobite Rebellion, the head of the family, who bore their favourite Christian name of John, adhered to the Hanoverian interest. This gentleman had, among other children, a daughter named Margaret. When about seven or eight years old, this little girl was one Sunday prevented by some slight indisposition from accompanying the other members of the household to church. Before leaving, Lady Swinton warned her that she was on no account to visit a certain apartment. But no sooner was Margaret alone than the curiosity that is supposed to be inherent in the gentle sex prevailed, and she made her way to the forbidden chamber. What was her surprise to find it tenanted by a young lady of surpassing beauty! To the unknown visitor the appearance of the child must have been equally unexpected. But disguising her real feelings, she entered into conversation with the little romp, and ultimately extracted a promise that no one but Lady Swinton should be told about her discovery. When this assurance had been given, the child happened to look out from one of the windows, and on again turning her eyes to where the lady had been seated found that she had vanished in some mysterious fashion. When told about the incident, Lady Swinton, with a good sense that does not always belong to mothers, showed her daughter that the lady had disappeared through a sliding panel which had hitherto been hid from the prying eyes of the children. The story of the unfortunate woman who had recourse to this means of concealment is still enveloped in a mystery that no recent investigation has cleared up. She was the wife of an Edinburgh lawyer named McFarlane, and had shot Captain John Cayley, a commissioner of customs, a few days before. Whether this tragedy was enacted in self-defence or not was long matter of conjecture. But the view of the case most favourable to Mrs McFarlane's reputation is supported by the fact that, though compelled to remain in concealment for a time, she ultimately returned to Edinburgh, where she was never called upon to undergo the ordeal of a trial. The incident in which little Margaret Swinton has figured was, however, destined to live in literature through the marriage of her elder sister Jean to Dr John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. To this couple was born a daughter named Anne, who, in 1758, married Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, and thus became the mother of the great romancist. In later life, Sir Walter remembered Aunt Margaret as one who was a constant resource in sickness, and who had many stories of the early years of the eighteenth century. Readers of "Peveril of the Peak" will recognise the old lady's girlish adventure in the story of the concealment and discovery of the Countess of Derby in Martindale Castle. And Scott has left it on record that he was indebted to his venerable relative for the narrative that first suggested his tragic story, "The Bride of Lammermoor." John Swinton, the eldest brother of Mrs Rutherford and Aunt Margaret, succeeded in due course to the paternal property, and signalised his regime by many experiments in agriculture. His penchant for draining and enclosing amounted to a passion, and many of his double hedges still exist to excite the ire and call forth the abuse of the Berwickshire fox-hunter. He was followed by a son of the same name, who, after acting as Sheriff of Perthshire was, in 1782, raised to the Bench with the title of Lord Swinton. About this time the old mansion was burned. A plain, but commodious residence built near its site dates from 1800. Here Swintons lived until about thirteen years ago, when the ancestral acres, hallowed by so many associations, passed into the hands of strangers. To all parts of the world the members of this stout old Border clan have gone forth. That the fighting prowess of the family is not merely matter of tradition is evidenced by the fact that several of its representatives played honoured parts in the recent South African war. But as if the claim of the stock to versatility is not sufficiently attested by a man of letters like Sir Walter Scott, and a lawyer like Lord Swinton, we have another proof of the diverse powers that may be transmitted by a long line of warrior ancestors in the elevation to the highest dignity in the Church of England of Dr Thomas Randall Davidson, a grandson of the late John Campbell Swinton of Kimmerghame. To every scion of the family it must be matter of regret that the home in which their race was cradled is now linked to them only by its name. But a qualified, yet genuine satisfaction may be found in the knowledge that the passing of the years will only add lustre to the halo of romance that associates the Swintons with one of the most peaceful of Lowland villages.—"Newcastle Journal."

"Peebles to the Play."

SELKIRK: JAMES LEWIS.

THIS is the second of three Peebles Classics which the accomplished writer, Dr Gunn, has set himself the task of rendering from the ancient vernacular into modern Scots. He has done his work admirably, and the book is a distinctly valuable contribution to what may be called, with no patronizing air, our homely literature. In it there is advanced an able and scholarly argument rather than a literary criticism, and one readily admits the fairness of statement as well as fitness of judgment. The historical account of the poem and of the authorship which those entitled to credit attribute to King James I. of Scotland, the interesting notes which follow, and the numerous Extracts from the Records of the Royal Burgh of Peebles, reveal to the reader many important facts not generally accessible, with the result that a careful perusal leaves the impression that the thesis may be, without reserve, sustained.



From Photo by George Gunn.

PEEBLES SILVER ARROW.

John Major, who lived about 1521, states that James I. wrote the jocund and ingenious poem—Allan Cunningham calls it our earliest truly comic poem—beginning with the words, "At Beltayne." The first stanza of this poem begins with these words, while a reference to "Peebles to the Play" is found in another poem entitled "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which is unhesitatingly ascribed to King James I. by Allan Ramsay, Sir Walter Scott, and others.

On the other hand, it is argued by Lord Hailes that James I. could not be the author of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," as it is improbable that he was acquainted with the manners and language of the common people, but his criticism appeared before the discovery of "Peebles to the Play." Sibbald, again, concludes that the latter work was written after 1457, when an Act was passed in the reign of James II. respecting women's apparel. Now it may be pointed out that this Sumptuary Law had reference mainly to the wearing of "short curchies with little hoods" when on the way to kirk or market. It is more than probable that the restriction did not pertain to a Scots Festival which contemporary documents prove to have been held from a remote period.

Some writers have ascribed the work to Henryson or James V., but as printing was in their time an accomplished fact, their names would assuredly have been associated with its production, and the question arises:—If King James I. did not write "Peebles to the Play," who did? There is, too, in the poem itself a reference to the division of Peebles into wards, which undoubtedly describes a time earlier than the printed records of the Burgh. Besides, there is the occurrence of at least one place-name, which is found only in the earliest deeds. It is not too much, then, to say that Dr Gunn has carried his case.

Washington Irving, in a charming description of the Royal Poet and his Quhair (Book), says, "It is edifying to notice the nature, refinement, and exquisite delicacy which pervade it;" and those who wish to note a personal and local charm twined with circumstantial truth are advised to read "Peebles to the Play," as presented in its historical setting in this well-written, carefully printed, and dainty little book. The fac-simile of the earliest manuscript, and the Peebles Silver Arrow (1628) are illustrations worthy of the text.

A. T. G.

Scottish Life and Character.

MESSRS ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, the well-known publishers, have recently devoted much of their energy and enterprise to the production of what they justly term their "Series of Beautiful Books." Availing themselves of the latest discoveries in colour printing, they have been enabled to place before the public, at a moderate price, volumes which contain beautiful reproductions of oil paintings and water-colours as illustrations of the text. The latest of these books is just being issued, and bears the above title. The volume, which contains twenty full-page illustrations in colour, and is published at 7s 6d net, is thus referred to in the prospectus:—"Many volumes and countless articles have been written about Scottish life and character, while the grand and beautiful in the scenery of Scotland have been reproduced in various ways, from the rough wood-cut to the latest colour process, but in the present book the hard-beaten path is departed from, and some of the less familiar pictures are represented. Mr Henry J. Dobson, R.S.W., has devoted much of his life to placing on canvas those humble Scottish interiors which are fast disappearing, and, though his work in this direction is well known to art lovers, the present reproduction in colours of twenty of his paintings will receive a wide welcome. The quiet, grey tones of the interiors, and the life-like portraits of the inmates, will recall to many the old country life in Scotland, when time to them was still young. The letterpress which has been written by Mr Wm. Sanderson, editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE, deals in a pleasing way with many varied phases of Scottish life which, like the illustrations, will be sure to awaken cherished memories of the past in the hearts of many readers."

William Murray's Secret.

WHENEVER I climb Oakwood Mill Brae I take a seat and look across the level meadow, which in my young days was a peat moss, with deep holes filled with water. The prospect always recalls to my mind a very interesting incident connected with this moss which came to pass some fifty years ago. I shall endeavour to relate the salient points of this curious circumstance as they linger in my memory.

William Murray was the son of James Murray, in those days tenant of Howford Mill, in Ettrick; and at the time I am speaking of he might be thirteen years of age or thereabouts. Well, one day his father sent him to Oakwood Mill to assist his aunt, Jenny White, in casting peats in the moss referred to. Jenny set William above with the "flaughter" spade, to cut the peat downwards in the ordinary way, she herself going below to take delivery, and lay them on the peat-barrow. In this way they went on for some time, till a pretty large stone slab appeared near the surface, which stopped their labour for a while. At last they got it unearthed and turned over, and again resumed their respective places and employments. At the second or third cut, however, William sent down into his aunt's lap a mass of glittering silver coins, in number about 300. Of this treasure Jenny took instant possession, and no doubt considered her fortune made. But ere long came a command from the Sheriff to deliver the coins up; and accordingly she had to hand them over to the Lord of the Manor, Lord Polwarth—minus, however, a good few that were purloined by one and another, before that came to pass. The deposit had evidently been in the grave of a Roman soldier, some fragments of Roman armour, much rusted and decayed, having been found near the same place, as well as some human bones in good preservation.

Young William Murray was much chagrined at not getting a farthing of the treasure which he had been so instrumental in discovering. In the hope of finding more treasure, therefore, he went in the evenings, unknown to any one, all over the moss, probing it with an iron rod. At length he discovered another slab, about fifty yards to the west of the previous one. William, who was a very secretive lad, told no one of this second discovery, but went at night to the spot, and with a spade uncovered the slab, which was much larger than the one first discovered—so much so, that he was unable by himself to move it from the spot, and not having any lever appliances, he was reluctantly obliged to cover it up again, and leave it as it was. Before he did this, however, he took note of the stone as being deep cut with some inscriptions on the surface; and he also took exact bearings of its position, observing that it was in a line between two old trees, the one on the south and the other on the north of the moss. I think the youth had in his mind all sorts of plans as to how he might accomplish the process of exhuming by himself; but at last he gave the task up as too difficult, and some years after made up his mind to impart the secret to me and get my assistance.

I think William was serving at Howford when he revealed the secret to me. I mind of an errand on which he was sent to Selkirk with the pony, and I along with him; and it was then I was shown the spot in the moss, with no end of exhortations not to tell a living creature, and with many inquiries as to when and how we two should set about the task of gaining possession of the treasure. That was not easily done, as a huge stone such as he described could not be lifted at will by two raw youths under cover of night. So the project was delayed by me from month to month, in spite of Murray's urging; and at last I had to go to my apprenticeship, fifteen miles away. Even then William used to press on me to get leave for a Saturday when there was moonlight, that in the evening we might go down to the moss and unearth our silver treasure.

To this I would assent, and many a time I came home mainly for this purpose; but by the time I got there I was usually too tired with my walk of fifteen miles to feel inclined to go another four miles to the moss and back. So it came to pass that at last William Murray, poor fellow! went off to Australia with my brother John, and shortly after landing there he died. I recollect of his speaking to me on the subject of the treasure not long before he went away. Thus the secret was left with me; although, at this distance of time, and owing to the changes which have taken place on the ground, I am uncertain now of the exact spot pointed out to me when a lad.

According to William's minute, and I believe truthful account, the stone was a hewn one and inscribed, and may have been a tombstone over human remains; but, of course, because there were 300 silver coins below the first stone near it, there was no warrant for there being the same or similar below the second one. Be that as it may, the late Lord Polwarth and I had once a conversation on the subject at Mertoun House; and he surmised that it was probably the tomb of a distinguished soldier, whose treasure might or might not have been buried with him. His Lordship offered to send labourers with me to the spot, to excavate the ground, whenever I gave him notice of being ready to set them to work. But, somehow, I never found a suitable time to go, and ere long his Lordship died, and, of course, there was an end to the matter. Had I set about it, however, I would just have taken Murray's method when he made the discovery—that is, by careful probing with a pointed iron rod all along the line of search.

Often since then I have had grave reflections on what a singularly dilatory character I am! I am old now—then was I young; yet the whole looks, when the mazy years are bridged over, like a tale of yesterday—so fresh and vivid does our first appearance on the stage of life seem, when we cast a backward glance. Yet what a curious thing it would be, if some future generation, amid the changes which are sure to take place in Ettrick as elsewhere, should have revealed to them the silver treasure that so haunted the day and night dreams of my early companion and friend, William Murray!

[The above is extracted from a copy of an old "Border Magazine" published many years ago, and may interest some of our readers with a bent towards antiquarian research. The article bears no signature.—Ed. "B.M."]

A Whitadder Incident.

(To J. S.)

"We'll take all the big stones out of the ford,
And make the way for the ambulance clear;"
The speaker ne'er dreamed he had uttered a word
More than a brother might, willing to cheer:
But the listener's eyes grew dim at that word,
"We'll take all the big stones out of the ford,"
And the river ran down with the glad refrain,
Resolved ne'er to fret 'mong the boulders again.

"We'll take all the big stones out of the ford"—
Who knows what that means to hearts sore afraid,
When danger is near, and doubt like a sword
Drives men past the flood-marks, the boldest dismayed?
For the heart will grow weary with waiting and longing,
And men cry aloud for a sign from the Lord,
When just at their side are strong-handed ones thronging
To take all the big stones out of the ford.

Sept., 1904. DUNCAN FRASER.

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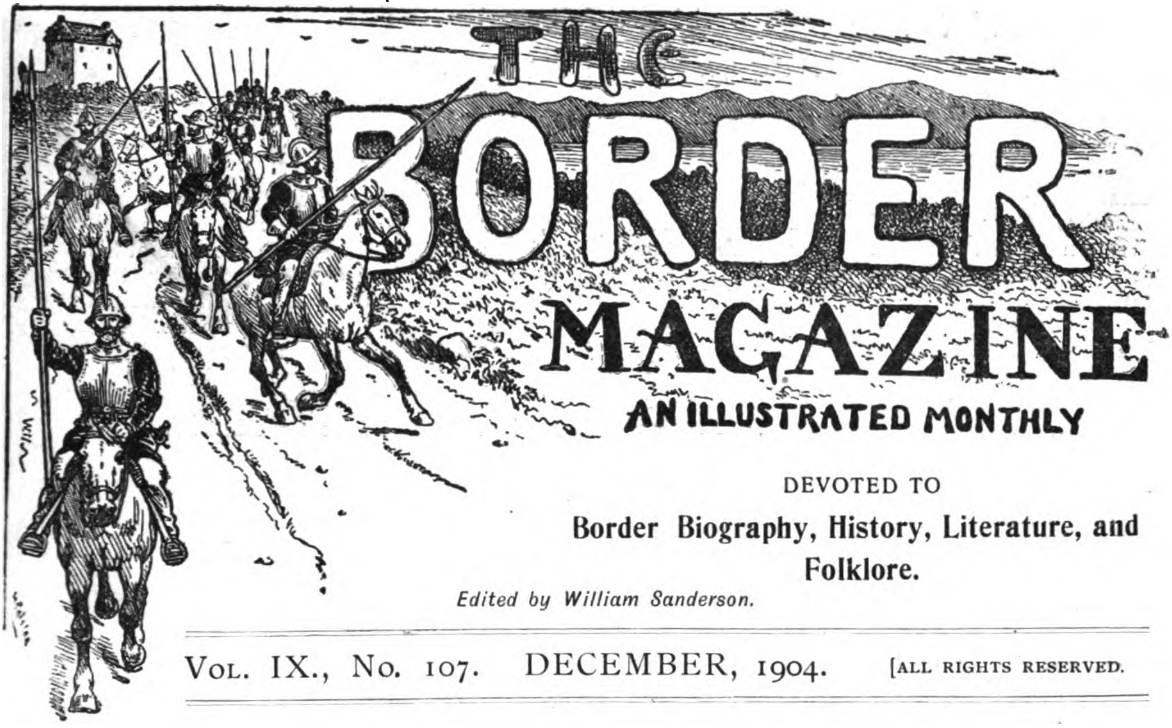
MRS ROBERT LAIDLAW.

ROBERT LAIDLAW, ESQ.



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DEVOTED TO
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ROBERT LAIDLAW, Esq.,

BONCHESTER, CHISLEHURST, KENT.

THE subject of this month's biography is a Borderer on both sides of the house. For at least 200 years the family of Laidlaw have been living in the quiet valley of Rule, many of them being farmers. In a genealogical tree, recently compiled by a member of another branch of the family, the ancestry is traced back to James Laidlaw in Weins, who had a child baptized in 1765 at Hobkirk Church.

The second son of the late Mr William Laidlaw, farmer, Bonchester, Mr Robert Laidlaw was born there in January, 1856. He is thus still well on the right side of fifty. His mother, Agnes Purdom, was a native of Newcastleton parish. Mr Laidlaw was educated at Kirkton and Denholm Public Schools, and served his apprenticeship with Messrs Wood, Graham, & Company, drapers, in Hawick. On completing his apprenticeship he went to London, and served for some time in a well-known wholesale house there. In 1875 he left London for Cape Colony, and, after a short time in Port Elizabeth, he found himself at Kimberley, where he remained for about a year. At that time, Kimberley and the whole of South Africa were in a very different position from what they are at the present day. The Diamond Mines had been opened, but gold had not been discovered to any great extent, and Kimberley was on the confines of civilization. In 1877 he, along with two companions, sailed from Natal for Japan. On the way information reached them that the prospects in Japan were not so good as had been represented, and Mr Laidlaw decided to break his journey in India. He landed at Bombay, and subsequently found his way to Calcutta. After five years' service in India, during which period he learned thoroughly the methods and wants both of the European and of the native population, Mr Laidlaw saw that there were excellent prospects for a cash business. The former custom in India was to give long credit with correspondingly big prices, and this was an ingrained custom both in Europeans and natives. Along with Mr Edward Whiteaway, a native of Devonshire, the business of Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co. was established in Calcutta in 1882 on a strictly cash basis, and their methods, it may fairly be said, have revolutionised the whole practice of the retail trade in India. Suitable premises were obtained in Chowringhi, overlooking the

Maidan or Public Park of Calcutta, and extensive additions have been made to these premises from time to time. Aided by extensive and judicious advertising, the firm soon established a reputation throughout India, and in the course of a very few years large houses were established at Bombay and Rangoon, and branches throughout Northern and North Western India, including Cawnpore, Darjeeling, Karachi, Lahore, Lucknow, Murree, Mussooree, Naini Tal, Poona, Rawal Pindi, and Simla. In 1898 Mr Whiteaway retired from the firm, leaving Mr Laidlaw as sole partner. Shortly after further large extensions were made. Houses were established at Madras, Colombo, Moulmain, Mandalay, Penang, Singapore, and quite recently at Shanghai. Mr Laidlaw has now associated with him in the management of the business a number of young men, who have proved themselves capable assistants, and to whom the details of such an extensive business must necessarily, to a large extent, be left. The business is the largest of its kind in the East, and embraces many other branches besides that of drapery goods, with which it was started. Their shops are, in fact, general stores, supplying all sorts of household requisites. The employees number some 2400, of whom 400 are Europeans and Eurasians, and the remainder natives. Mr Laidlaw is also proprietor of four tea gardens in the Darjeeling district, where the finest Indian teas are grown. Some 600 coolies are engaged on these gardens. In addition to his business in the East, he is the senior partner of the firm of Laidlaw & Lake, shipping agents and merchants, in London, with extensive connections at the Cape.

Mr Laidlaw's father was treasurer of Wolfelee Free Church for a period of thirty-seven years, and it was in that denomination his religious instruction began. From the time of his going to India he has taken a deep interest in mission work. His treatment of the natives has always been kindly and sympathetic. The following letter, one of many such received during his experience in the East, may be interesting, not only as showing how he is regarded by his employees, but also as a specimen of Baboo English, and as throwing a side-light on native customs :—

BONCHESTER, CHISLEHURST, UNDER SNOW.

DEAR SIR,—I beg most respectfully to submit my petition to your kind consideration.

"My father, the only best friend of mine, has left this world amidst the lamentable bereavement of his family and friends, and it is a sad and keen loss of mine, as I am now in heavy responsibility overhead to guide my family by my sole exertions; but, I fear, sir, how to shift on, for want of means, as what I had got has been all exhausted within a few days after the death of my father, so I am now in dire need of money to perform his Shradha ceremony and others, according to Hindu custom and rites. As I have no other bona-fide friend to help and sympathise me with the pecunary assistance at this exigency of life, except my own master and patron; I look upon you in the place of my father, and the only solace to get rid of me from this dis-

tressing position. As there is no other source of income except my pay, I crave your goodness, that, with your usual kind heart of a master, will allow me to draw Rupees Ten, in advance, for the purification of our soul according to Hindu custom; for this act of sympathy my family will ever thank God for your prosperity and welfare.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant."

In India, Mr Laidlaw became a member of the American Methodist Church, and has on three occasions represented his church at conferences in the United States. He was for over twenty years a Director of the Calcutta Christian Schools Society—a society formed for the purpose of providing cheap but good education to the children of the poorer class European and the Eurasian population of India. In support of this Society he built, in 1893, a Boys' School at a cost of about £8000, entirely at his own expense. Sir Charles Elliot, Governor of Bengal, when laying the foundation stone, announced that the money wherewith the building was to be set up was the most generous contribution to public charity ever made by a European in Bengal, the nearest approach to it being Lord Northbrooke's donation of a lakh of rupees to the Behar Famine Fund. The "Hawick Advertiser" of 12th January, 1904, in a report of the opening of the school, referring to Mr Laidlaw said,—"That he should have succeeded in life as he has done is a remarkable tribute alike to his ability and perseverance, and it is all the more creditable to him that with his success has increased his generous open-handedness and his interest in every good work."

WHITEAWAY, LAIDLAW AND CO.'S PREMISES, BOMBAY.

Mr Laidlaw is a member of the Executive of the National Temperance League, and has been a life-long abstainer. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He has been an extensive traveller. In addition to some twelve or fourteen journeys each way between London and Calcutta, he has visited most of the European countries, including Russia and Finland. He has gone twice round the world, visited the United States four times, Canada twice, and travelled through the greater part of Japan. A book, entitled "By the Way," written by him and profusely illustrated with photographs, was printed for private circulation among his friends. It contains an interesting account of a journey round the world, including his longest visit to Japan. Early this year he travelled 800 miles up the Yangtsze-kiang to Hankow, and visited the large Russian tea factories in that city. In 1897 he made a journey into Tibet, over the route recently travelled by Colonel Younghusband and his Expedition. He was not, however, allowed to do more than enter a short distance within the boundary of Tibet proper. An interesting account of his journey, containing his observations as to opening up trade between India and Tibet, and the duty of the Government in connection with the matter, appeared in the columns of the "Glasgow Herald" shortly after.

In politics, Mr Laidlaw is a sound Liberal. Holding advanced views on many social questions, he is at the same time thoroughly practical, and recognises the impossibility of legislating in advance of public opinion. He has recently resolved to devote a considerable amount of his time to politics, and in order to give practical effect to the views he holds he has contemplated entering Parliament. At the present time, we understand, he has been invited to contest at the next General Election the constituency of East Renfrewshire, which includes a large part of the southern suburbs of Glasgow. As a public speaker, he is clear, thoughtful, effective, and to the point.

In 1879 Mr Laidlaw married Mary, daughter of the late Captain W. B. Collins, and widow of Mr W. L. Francis of the Indian Foreign Office. His surviving family consists of three daughters—a son and two daughters having died in infancy. Five or six years ago he removed his personal headquarters from Calcutta to London, going out to India occasionally in the cold season. His residence, which is named "Bonchester," after the place of his birth, is in Camden Park, Chislehurst, on part of the grounds of Camden Park House, so long the residence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie after the Franco-Prussian War, and where the Emperor died. The house is now the club-house of the

Chislehurst Golf Club, of which Mr Laidlaw is a member—a quiet game at golf being his favourite relaxation.

In the BORDER MAGAZINE for December, 1899, will be found a photograph of a Memorial Hall erected at Bonchester Bridge by Mr Laidlaw and other members of the family in memory of their deceased father. The hall has been gifted to his native parish of Hobkirk, and is much used for public meetings, &c.

Mr Laidlaw is still a young man. His sound constitution and temperate habits have enabled him to stand the strain of twenty years' life in India without any serious effect. He still looks and feels young. His case is a striking exemplification of the success that may, even in these times of commercial depression and fiscal problems, attend the man "not slothful in business," and his many friends will watch his future career with great interest.

A. S. F.

OUR FRONTISPIECE is a reproduction of a picture by Mr George Hope Tait, Galashiels, and depicts the burning of Torwoodlee peel tower and the taking prisoner of the unfortunate laird of the period—1568. The scene is laid by Meigle Moss. It is early morning, and the lonely loch reflects the bright dawn that is just breaking beyond the purple of the Yair Hills. On the bridle path (now the public road), skirting the margin of the lake, a band of troopers with the leader in front rides out of the picture. By the side of the first horseman walks the disconsolate prisoner, leashed with a rope. He is bare headed, with a mantle over his shoulders, and his bearing is full of that fortitude that characterised the men of his time. Immediately behind him, on the spur of the hill, his feudal keep is blazing and sending dark smoke against the high light of the sky. The retinue of mosstroopers, with their bright corselets and caps and spears dazzling in relief against the shadows of the heath-clad hill, gives the necessary intrusive interest that makes interesting pictures "catching." It is a graphic rendering of a Border raid and of a grim episode, the story and sequel of which are recorded in all their thrilling cruelty in the second chapter of Mr Hall's "History of Galashiels."

All changes round us: that which was history yesterday becomes fable to-day; and the truth of to-day is hatched into a lie by to-morrow.—"The Monastery."

"Scottish Life and Character."

PAINTED BY H. J. DOBSON, R.S.W.
DESCRIBED BY W. SANDERSON.
LONDON: A. & C. BLACK.

IN a conversation I had the other day with the manager of one of the largest bookselling firms in the city, he pointed to a pile of books just received from the publishers and remarked, "There's a book for the Christmas trade for which we anticipate a very large sale, it is certain to be popular." When I discovered that the book so described was "Scottish Life and Character," by "twa o' oor ain folk," I was highly gratified, and felt very proud of the Borderland.

A very stately and dignified volume it is in its royal cover of scarlet and gold. The design is by Mr A. A. Turbayne, and the Scottish Lion rampant forms the principal decorative feature. Its external appearance is equalled by its interior, which is a triumph of the printers' art. Printed on a beautiful white paper, clear and distinct type, with wide margin, it is at once pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the artistic sense. In these days of illustrated books, magazines, and even daily newspapers, we have become quite accustomed to all sorts of pictures, but the principal feature of this book is its departure from the beaten track. The illustrations are full page, and are correct reproductions of the artists's colourings.

Having said this much about the appearance of the book as a product of the printer's and binder's art, its subject matter appeals no less to our appreciative faculties. The book is one of a series which Messrs Black are publishing under the title of "Beautiful Books," and its predecessors have been most favourably received by the public.

To readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, "Scottish Life and Character" will specially appeal. It is the product of two worthy sons of the Borderland—Henry J. Dobson, R.S.W., and William Sanderson ("Tweedside Laddie"), whose names are familiar to Borderers all the world over. Mr Dobson has long been known in art circles as the "Scottish Israels," and his pictures of humble Scottish life are familiar far beyond the bounds of his native land. Mr Sanderson, as editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE, has exhibited a patriotic zeal admired of all for whom this grey old land of ours retains a perennial charm and a never-failing source of pleasure.

In the volume before us there are no fewer than twenty full page reproductions of Mr Dobson's pictures. These have been beautifully done by the very newest colour process, and the quiet grey tones, the exquisite lights and shades, so beloved by admirers of this artist, have been transferred from the canvas to the page with a fidelity and truthfulness that is most astonishing. To the wide circle of Mr Dobson's admirers, whose purse-strings have refused to obey the impulse which make an acquisition of the canvas a desirable thing, the present collection is a great boon. Here we have an exceedingly representative selection of pictures illustrative of scenes in humble Scottish life with which we are all more or less familiar. "The window in Thrums," through which Leeby and Jess peered on the doings of the villagers and "were able in a few moments to construct the story of their neighbours' movements and to fortell coming events with remarkable certainty;" "A Scottish Sacrament," most sacred and most solemn event in the life of the old village church: "An auld licht" and "A difficult text," reminiscent of the theological proclivities of humble folk, whose intellect was sharpened by contact with the bedrock of truth, the old Book itself. The simple delights of the rural home are illustrated by "The light of the home," in which the artist depicts the young father "dandlin" the crowing infant, while the mother by the ingleside glances half delighted at the bairn's evident enjoyment and half apprehensive for its safety; "The new toy," that delight of bairnhood—a "jumping jack"; "Her dochter's bairn," and "Come to grannie," are among the homely subjects depicted here. "A new tack" and "The workshop" speak of the occupations, and "A last request" and "A lonely life" of the gloaming of life. In the last named picture, the familiar features of Jamie Tait will be readily recognised, and the interior of the old house at Dryhopehaugh will recall many memories of his "lonely life." Among other illustrations are "Granny's blessing," "The spinning-wheel," "Granny's comfort," "Leisure moments," "The crofter's grace," "Working life out to keep life in," "His faithful friend," and "Highland grace."

Mr Sanderson has done his share of this production in an exceedingly workmanlike manner. He makes no attempt to describe the pictures. There is an entire absence of technicalities. In most of his chapters there is but a passing word, never a direct allusion to the illustrations. Rather has he tried to describe for us those varied scenes in humble Scottish life of which the pictures are but a phase. Very graphic are the word portraits he gives us of the lowly cottage homes, and his terse descriptions of their simple unaffected inmates could only have been written by one in full sympathy with his subject. Mr Sanderson's loyalty to the home of his boyhood is a common-place to Borderers, and his introductory chapter expresses the sentiment which he has honoured and which has made his descriptive chapters in this book the success they are.

The description of the late Jamie Tait of Dryhopehaugh will call up many memories of the old man recently gone the way of all flesh. I can always recall the unfeigned delight with which he used to listen to the singing of "The Auld House," and his pleasure when a company joined hands round his old-fashioned ingle and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Looking at the picture before me, where the old man is seated by his ingleside, pipe in hand, an abstracted look in his eyes, I am reminded of an answer he once gave to a friend of mine who asked him if he never wearied in the long winter nights. "O, oo can aye get something to dae," said the old man, and then he added, "yin can aye sit doon an' think." Was the thinking all done by the humbler folk of a bygone day may be a pert question to put to the present generation. In the last chapter of the book entitled "Eventide," Mr Sanderson gives instances of the hold Lady Nairne's matchless song, "The Land o' the Leal," has on the Scottish people, and he relates an experience of his own in this connection.

> Some years ago the present writer was privileged to accompany the members of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union in an excursion into Liddesdale. They were a happy company, but even to the merriest hearts there generally comes a minor note to chasten the joy, and on this occasion it was the thought that one who had been a prominent office-bearer and a regular attender at such outings was entering "the valley of the shadow." When the company arrived at Langholm and sat down to dinner, it was proposed that a telegram should be sent to the absent one, whom many present would never see again. The kindly thought was at once acted upon, and the words of sympathy were soon flashed along the wires. After a long drive the Edinburgh Borderers arrived at Newcastleton, where tea was served, and there the secretary read a telegram which he had received in reply to the one sent from Langholm. The dying man expressed the pleasure he felt in being so kindly remembered by his old associates, thanked them for their sympathy, and as he was wearin' awa', asked that "The Land o' the Leal" should be sung. The present writer was selected to express the united feelings of the company by singing Lady Nairne's matchless lyric, and he, at least, will never forget the occasion while memory lasts.

Despite Mr Sanderson's extensive writings, this is his first appearance as an author in "brods," and he has to be congratulated on the signal success he has achieved. Let us hope that it will be succeeded by another volume from his pen ere long. Mr Dobson's already high reputation is certain to be increased by the publication of this volume. Perhaps we may have another soon, for the public resemble Oliver Twist, in that they have a habit of showing their satisfaction by asking for more. We hope to see Mr Dobson try his hand at a historical subject, and feel sure that he has not yet reached the apex of his fame as an artist of Scottish subjects. J. A. A.

[Condensed from "St Ronan's Standard."]

"Raiderland."

It is not so long ago since "Grey Galloway" with all its stories, traditions of the Covenanters, characters and humours was a "terra incognita" to the vast majority of readers of English and Scottish literature. The district was off the beaten track of the regular tourist, and so he pursued his way further north, oblivious of the fact that a whole world of romance and quiet grey beauty lay a little to the left. But the advent of S. R. Crockett changed that, and soon all eyes were turned towards the land

"Where above the graves of the martyrs
The whaups are crying,"

and the publication of "The Raiders" sent the tourists to see for themselves the places so graphically described by Mr Crockett. Thousands, however, who have been delighted with this author's romances may never be able to visit the actual scenes depicted in his stories, so they will hail with delight his latest volume, entitled "Raiderland—all about Grey Galloway, its Stories, Traditions, Characters, Humours." The handsome volume of over 300 pages and 200 illustrations has been published by the well-known firm of Hodder & Stoughton at six shillings, and we feel sure that it will have a large sale. "Raiderland" is no dry guide book, for though it contains a vast amount of information it is so interspersed with selections from Mr Crockett's writings that weariness is impossible. The reader travels through this enchanted land in the company of an enthusiastic guide, who is saturated with the legends and lore of each locality, and who has also the enviable power of conveying to others, in a pleasing form, the information he possesses. In his foreword Mr Crockett says:—

> It is my desire, not so much to write a new book about Galloway, as to focus and concentrate what I have already written for the use of Galloway-lovers and Galloway-travellers. I am not making a guide-book, but rather a garrulous literary companion to the guide-books which already exist, and to those which may be written in the future. Secondly, I write not of All Galloway, but only of the part best known to me—that which has, in some degree, come to be called "The Raiders' Country"—about which traditions new and old have materialised themselves with something of the concreteness and exactitude of history. In short, I have no purpose before me, save saying what I wish to say in my own way, acknowledging no law save my own fancy, and desiring to give a true, if incomplete, picture of the Ancient Free Province of Galloway, specially that more mountainous and easterly portion of it known as the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

The attractiveness of the volume has been much enhanced by the very fine reproductions of the pencil and wash drawings of Mr Joseph Pennell, who has gone into the work as enthusiastically as Mr Crockett himself. In these days of photographic exactness, it is a positive pleasure to look at these vigorous sketches which so graphically depict the scenes referred to in the letterpress. Of the artist, the author writes:—

> Of Mr Pennell's drawings I need say little. In their several places and relations they will speak for themselves. I have long desired that Galloway should be interpreted by Mr Pennell's pencil and brush. And I resolved that till my friend could undertake the work, I should not publish this book. Now, however, events have conspired to produce this desirable consummation, and the result is before men's eyes in this volume. It may be interesting to say that I did nothing to guide Mr Pennell in his choice of subject. I supplied him with a route-plan merely. But it was in all cases his own artist's eye which chose the subject, and his own incommunicable touch which interpreted it. As Mr Pennell had never been in Galloway before, and came to it with a world-wide experience of the beautiful in all lands, I believe that the result will be found singularly fresh and unconventional.

The last four words of the foregoing quotation exactly describe the book, and by reason of its freshness and unconventionality we have much pleasure in recommending it to the readers of the Border Magazine, feeling sure that the volume will find a place beside the many other Border books which we all so highly value.

William Murray's Secret.

Livingstone Terrace,
Galashiels, 3rd November, 1904.

(To the Editor of Border Magazine.)

Sir,—The article you reprint from the "Border Counties Magazine," 1830-81, "William Murray's Secret," was from the pen of Mr Andrew Currie, sculptor, Darnick. I heard the story from his own lips. Mr Currie wrote several choice articles in the old magazine. Added to his well-known artistic power, he had a fine literary gift, which would have carried him far if he had persevered in that direction. Besides my recollections of what Mr Currie told me, there are internal evidences in the article in the form of local and personal allusions, which show him to have been the writer.—I am, &c.,

Francis Lynn.

Cramalt Tower.

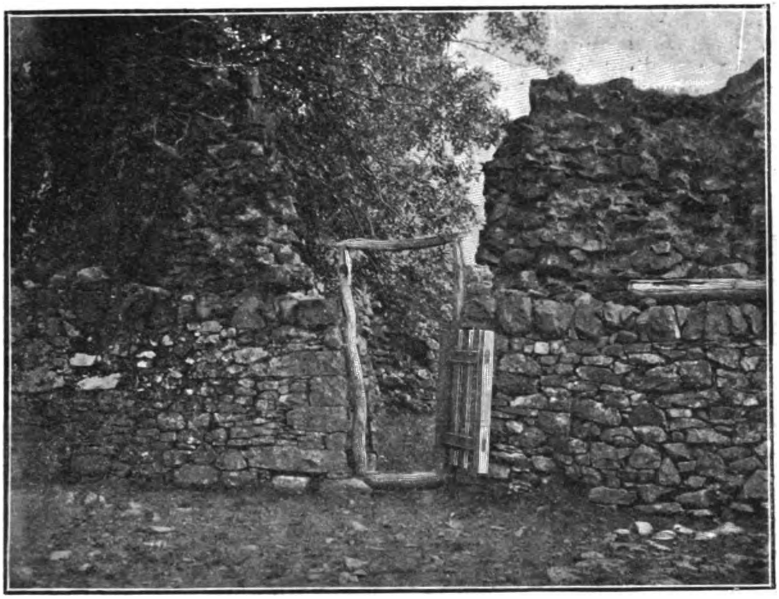
VERY little is known about this ancient peel, but doubtless it was once a place of strength, and inhabited by one of the bold Border raiders, who were at one time the terror of "Ettricke Forreste feir." It is situated about four miles up the river Megget, on the farm of Cramalt, and beside the road which runs between St Mary's Loch, in Selkirkshire, and Tweedsmuir, in Peeblesshire.

The tower seems to have been square, and much the same as other peels in that district: but it is difficult to judge of its original dimensions, as now it is merely a ruin, and used as a pen for sheep. There is mention in Pittscottie's "History of Scotland" of a place called "Crammat," which we have every reason to identify with Cramalt Tower on the Megget. Ettrick Forest was, in ancient times, reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase, and it is in the description of one of the hunting expeditions of King James V. in 1528 that the following passage occurs :—

> "The second day of June the King past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, 'Crammat,' Pappertlaw, St Marylands, Carlayrick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts."

Cramalt Tower is shut in by high mountains on every side, and the only way of approach is by the winding valley of the river Megget, which rises on the Cairn Law (2352 feet high) and falls into St Mary's Loch, about two miles east of Tibbie Shiels' cottage.

AMY N. CAMERON.



CRAMALT TOWER.

Sonnet—To Hawick.

NEAR to the stream, that with pellucid wave
From Teviot Stone flows to the Tweed's fair breast
Thou hast thy stance, and there with beaming crest
Dost thou the vale o'erlook that nature gave
As fitting prospect for thy waking eyes.
There in the long-past centuries was kept
A zealous guard of men who never slept
When duty called them to prevent surprise.
And when from tower to tower the bale-fires blazed,
And doughty warriors rushed to face the foe,
'Twas then that in their need to strike a blow
Thy people oft in frenzy sore amazed
Their homes surrendered rather unto flame
Than conquered be to their eternal shame.

10th Octr., 1904. J. C. GOODFELLOW.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. Walker & Son, *High Street, Galashiels*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1904.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the closing month of the year the business man feels prompted to "cast up" his accounts to ascertain how he stands financially. A similar feeling seems to enter social life, and we instinctively begin to review our friendships, with the result that we generally discover how far we have come short in those little attentions which add so much to the joy of everyday life. Editorially we have to lament that lack of time which prevents any extensive correspondence with the many kind contributors and friends who take such a deep and practical interest in our efforts to provide a magazine worthy of the Borderland, but we take this public means of sending to them our heartiest thanks for their encouragement and assistance. To our general readers we pass on a similar compliment, and trust that they in the coming year will continue to recommend the Border Magazine to new subscribers.

The Border Keep.

Dear Fellow Borderers,—

During a recent visit to the brave old Border town of Jedburgh I spent a very pleasant hour in the Public Library, chatting with my friend, Mr J. Lindsay Hilson, whose articles on archæological and historical Border lore are frequently to be found in some of our leading newspapers. Mr Hilson is an ideal librarian, because he is an enthusiast, and only such should be custodians of such treasure-houses. I had heard about the splendid work he had done in handing over to the library the fine collection of portraits of eminent men who have been connected with Jedburgh. The work of corresponding with the relatives of those whose portraits now adorn the library walls must have been great, but Mr Hilson spares no pains when he takes a thing of this kind in hand, and he will find a reward in the knowledge that he has secured for his native town this valuable collection of portraits. It is to be hoped that many other librarians will follow Mr Hilson's example, and I can assure them that their efforts will not be in vain, for relatives of prominent local men are only too pleased to comply with such requests. Should anyone take up such a project—it is not necesarry that such work be confined to the librarians—I am sure that Mr Hilson will be only too pleased to give any hints which may be required.

* * *

The Borderland is particularly fortunate in the possession of men who devote much of their leisure time in trying to preserve the literature and memorials of the past—in fact, there are few parts of our land which are so fortunate in this respect. Among those who have thus served their country, Mr T. Craig-Brown, the historian of Selkirkshire, takes a high place, and I have much pleasure in quoting a letter of his which appeared in a recent issue of the "Southern Reporter":—

> In a map of the Haining estate, dated 1757, part of which is reproduced in the "History of Selkirkshire" (vol. ii. p. 105), there is a little point called "Preacher's Stone," which has long excited my curiosity. To-day I went in search of it, hoping to find it as it is shown on the map, just at the foot of Howden Linn, where, after being joined by the Middlestead burn, the Howden burn takes a sharp bend north-westwards. On reaching the place I was at once struck with the remarkable fitness of the place for a field meeting or conventicle. Ex-

cept at a narrow gorge by which the stream finds its way out, the amphitheatre is enclosed by very high and steep banks, from the top of which scouts could keep effective look-out for Claverhouse or any other "persecutors" hovering about. It is quite an ideal place for a surreptitious open-air gathering—better even than the famous Meigle pots at Galashiels. Looking from above, I was disappointed to see no sign of any rock or boulder big enough to have made a pulpit floor; but, on descending to the bottom of the little glen, I came across a stone, which, though not large, had a flat surface of about two feet square, quite enough to let the protesting predicant preach at ease and keep his feet dry. In the absence of anything bigger, this is no doubt "the preacher's stone" of the plan. I should say it is "in situ"; and it required no great force of fancy to picture it occupied by some austere Mucklewraith, revelling in lurid description of the doom and torments awaiting in the next world all who didn't agree with him in this. The world is more latitudinarian now; but we appreciate the memory of these undaunted bigots, and of their death-deriding fight against a more tyrannic bigotry, enough to cherish with a kindly care such relics of their unhappy time as this plain unchiselled "Preacher's Stone."

* * *

The following refers to a prominent Borderer in South Africa:—

The Hon. James Logan, of the Cape Parliament, to whose efforts the release of Lieut. Witton from Portland is largely due, is a popular figure in South Africa, where he is universally known as Jim Logan. Born in Berwickshire forty-six years ago, he went to the Cape at an early age, and obtained work on the railway. He next opened a restaurant at Towns River, and from this humble beginning he has developed into a kind of South African Spiers & Pond, with a business extending from Cape Town to Bulawayo and beyond. He is an ardent admirer of Cecil Rhodes, yet he stood aside from the Raid, for he had married into one of the oldest Cape Dutch families. On the other hand, he volunteered when the war began, and had his horse shot under him at Belmont. He is the life and soul of South African sport.

* * *

The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, brother of the future German Empress, and the Duchess recently paid a visit to the Borderland, and were entertained by Lord Reay, Sir George Douglas, Bart., the Hon. Mr Maxwell-Stuart of Traquair, and others. In this connection the following paragraph from an evening paper will be of interest:—

Corehouse, the picturesque seat of Mr Edmonstone-Cranstoun, the young Lanarkshire laird, who recently entertained the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, possesses additional charm from the fact that it contains within its bounds Corra Linn, the finest of the falls of Clyde, and probably the most celebrated and historic waterfall in Scotland. The estate, it is interesting to note, gave a title to a former laird, Mr George Cranstoun, who presided at the Court of Session as Lord Corehouse. His Lordship, by the way, was a life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott, who put up at Corehouse on the occasion of one of his "copy-hunting" expeditions to Lanarkshire.

* * *

Canon Scott Holland was once invited by Mr Gladstone to Hawarden when Mr Ruskin was there. The amusement of the meeting of the two great men, the Canon told afterwards, lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. At one time Walter Scott was uppermost. Here, indeed, it was thought, was common ground, but Mr Gladstone unfortunately dropped the remark that "Sir Walter had made Scotland." On Mr Ruskin's inquiry as to the meaning of the phrase, Mr Gladstone began telling of the amazing contrast between the means of communication in Scotland before Sir Walter wrote compared with the present day, mentioning the number of coaches that were now conveying troops of happy trippers up and down the Trossachs. Mr Ruskin's face had been deepening with horror, and at last he could bear it no longer. "But, my dear sir," he broke out, "that is not making Scotland."

* * *

The roll of those whose ancestors have lived in the same district for generations is being gradually reduced, and there will be very wide regret when the Border tenancy, referred to in the following cutting, is ended:—

The pastoral farm of Midknock, on the Duke of Buccleuch's Eskdale estate, and situated in the parish of Westerkirk, Dumfriesshire, at present tenanted by Mr Robert E. Moffat, J.P., has been let at the present rent to Mr Thomas Elliot, Greenrigg, Canonbie. This ends one of the very oldest tenancies in the whole of the Border counties. In 1300 or 1302 King Robert the Bruce granted to Thomas Moffat the lands of Knock, and this same Thomas Moffat accompanied the King to the Battle of Bannockburn. Until 1607 the Moffats remained lairds of Knock, when the lands became the property of the Buccleuch family. The Moffats did not cease their connection with Knock, or, as it is called, Midknock, but have remained tenants up to the present time. It is matter of regret to not a few that a connection which has continued for over 600 years should at length be broken.

* * *

One who was not afraid to shake up old beliefs is referred to in the next cutting:—

There is truth in the saying that "a prophet has no honour in his own country." A gentleman visiting Ecclefechan, to see the birthplace of Carlyle, in the course of conversation with an aged inhabitant of the village asked him if he had been acquainted with "the great Thomas Carlyle." "Oh, aye," replied the rustic with a touch of scorn. "I kent Tam. He was a puir havering body who leeved in London and wrote books. Ah, man" (and his voice became enthusiastic), "ye should have kent his brither Jamie, the farmer. He bred the finest pigs in a' the countryside."

Dominie Sampson.

The Good Ghost at Annan Hall.

(A BORDER TALE.)

"Ah, here you are, dear old chap!" cries Will Jardine, in his blithe, kindly way, as the South express steams in to the station, and I step out on to the platform and Will grasps my hands in his own, and tells me how "jolly glad" he is to see me across "the Border" at long last. Soon we are bowling along behind the spanking greys, which Will requires to keep "well in hand" on account of the state of the roads. 'Tis a clinking frost, and the horses' hoofs ring cheerily as they strike the iron-bound earth.

"By jove! I am glad you came to-night, Maxwell," says Will, as we clear the town and turn off along a country road, "for Kerr says that we are in for a thundering big snowstorm, and, should he prove to be a true prophet, as he generally is—awfully weather-wise, don't you know—why, we'll be snowed up at the Hall, I expect."

"Really? then we are in for quite a typical Scottish Christmas!" says I. "'Twill be ever so jolly! particularly to me, Will, after my seven years in India."

"Well, yes, I suppose so, Jim, that is to say, provided it does not continue too long and so do us out of our big shoot," laughs he.

Then he adds quietly, "I say, old chap, I'm awfully sorry that your sister would not accompany you—you see, Cousin Jean would have been so pleased—and—and I—thought she would come."

"So she would, Will, but 'twas quite out of the question, for the dear old dad could never get through his Christmas work without Rose, you know she's his right hand."

"Yes," responds Will softly, and he remains silent until after we swing in at a lodge gate and pass swiftly through what appears to be a fine park, plentifully ornamented with grand old timber. Then he says:

"See, Jim, there's the old Hall." I can just decern the outline of a large building looming up darkly against the wintry sky.

"It's an uncommon fine place," I exclaim, as a sharp turn brings us within view of the front of the mansion with its many lighted windows.

"It is," says Will, "and it seems a bit odd that I should be thus 'tooling' you up as a guest to the home of your forefathers."

"Why, as to that, man, 'tis a far back story, nigh a hundred years since my poverty-stricken ancestors had to clear out, double quick!"

We draw up at the entrance, and, for half a second I feel blinded by the light which flashes forth—next moment I find myself in the old oak-hall, and there—coming tripping down the wide staircase—I see the fairest vision my eyes have ever rested upon. Yes, small, and daintily attired in some snowy fabric which floats lightly round her as she moves, Jean Redgauntlet looks a veritable fairy.

"Ah, so 'tis you at last, Cousin Will!" she cries in sweet, clear tones; "grandfather and I had begun to fear that something was amiss."

"Nay, little cousin, 'twas only the London train an hour late," said Will. "But come, Jean, allow me to introduce my friend, Captain Maxwell." "My cousin, Miss Jean Redgauntlet, Will."

Then a small white hand was laid in my huge palm, and a pair of lovely, soft grey eyes gazed frankly into mine.

"How do you do, Captain Maxwell," she said. "Grandfather is so sorry that he is unable to welcome you in person—he is just recovering from a severe attack of gout, and has still to keep his room; but, pray, come this way and have what Cousin Will here terms 'a peg,' I am sure you must be half-frozen." So saying she led the way to the dining-room.

Will speedily assisted himself and me to the aforementioned "pegs," and we three stood chatting gaily by the blazing fire, for she was charmingly frank and unaffected this pretty, childlike, little creature, who yet possessed all the true dignity of womanhood, and did the honours of her grandfather's house gracefully.

Glancing at the timepiece, then turning to Will, she said: "Now, Cousin Will, may I ask you to pilot Captain Maxwell to his quarters in the east wing—the blue room, two doors from your own, and facing the smoke-room."

"Madame la Princesse! behold thy slave flies to do thy bidding!" cried he gaily, making her at the same time a profound "salaam," which would have done credit to a turbaned Hindoo. She laughingly responded by dropping him a deep courtesy; then—how it happened we never rightly knew—but I fancy that her white muslin dinner dress got wafted into the fire by which she stood; be that as it may, in a moment she was enveloped in flames. 'Twas but the work of an instant to snatch up the great fur rug and wrap it firmly round her.

Thank God, she was very little hurt—one pretty arm somewhat scorched, but, beyond the effects of the fright, that was all.

. . . .

Scene—My bedroom next morning.

"Oh, no, no, Will, you need not fancy that I had been asleep and dreaming! I tell you that I was as wide awake as I am at this moment, and Hob Eliot stood there by that chair. One a.m. had chimed, and the logs on the hearth were blazing cheerfully. My burned hands were bothering me a bit, so I could not sleep. I sat here trying to read. I was startled on hearing a deep-drawn sigh, and there, where that sunbeam is dancing a jig on the carpet at this moment, stood a mild-looking old man. He was regarding me earnestly, with sorrowful, pathetic eyes, which seemed full of a dumb entreaty—such as one sees in a suppliant dog's—when I glanced up. As to his being an apparition, such an idea never so much as crossed my mind—I remained silent through sheer surprise."

"Oh, ah! no wonder," muttered Will, eyeing me furtively, as if he suspected that I had taken leave of my wits.

Do you wish to speak with me—can I do ought for you, friend, I at length enquired.

Yes, young sir, responded he eagerly, for I am Hob Eliot. Ah, you start! 'tis but natural, for, doubtless, you have heard of me, and of my supposed share in the dastardly crime committed within these walls—'tis three hundred years ago this very night. He spoke in a low, whispering voice (suggestive of wind sighing through trees before rain.) I don't mind confessing that I gave a shiver, ay, as I sat here by the blazing fire, and a queer eerie feeling crept o'er me.

"Alas! young sir," resumed he after what seemed to be a long and solemn pause, "I also fell a victim that waesome night, as I would fain make known—will you, in return, grant me a favour?—Lay my poor bones under the green turf in Greyfriar's Kirkyard, Dumfries, that my weary spirit may thus find rest." Here he paused for my answer. "If it be in my power I will see that your wish is gratified," said I, feeling conscious of a strange new sensation at the roots of my hair—possibly due to the "standing on end" process one hears of but never sees.

"'Tis well! I thank you kindly, sir," resumed he, in his thin, tremulous voice. "'Twas on 20th day of December, 1602—rent day at Annan Hall. Over two thousand gold pieces had been duly paid to me—the land steward—in presence of his worship the Earl. Midnight had tolled from the Belfry tower of St Mary's Chapel across the river. I had taken 'good night' of my honoured master, and was about to retire to my own rooms in the west wing when we were startled by hearing the sound of breaking glass."

"Hark! 'tis robbers, Eliot," cried my lord, springing up, and he passed speedily into the dark anteroom, from whence we gazed out down into the courtyard—(where the rose garden is now situated, sir)—by the pale, ghostly moonlight we decerned several masked men. They were breaking their way into my rooms in the west wing.

"Ah, 'tis the rents they are after! Fly, my good Eliot, and hide the gold in the secret chamber, while I have a shot at the d——d blackguards," cried my lord.

"Ah, come with me, my dear and honoured master. What can you do single-handed against such odds?"

"Nonsense! my good Eliot; fly instantly and secure the gold; trust to me to see to my own safety—besides, the first shots will doubtless rouse the valets. What can have come to the dogs that they give not tongue? Come, fly and secure the gold."

"Then, with tottering steps, I hastened to do his bidding—mayhap 'twas cowardly to leave him—I was an aged man, past the three score years and ten, while he was in his prime. Then, too, my lord was ever a bit masterful like, so, after depositing the gold beside much treasure already concealed in the secret chamber, I returned to the top o' the turret staircase, and there I stood me to hearken if haply I might hear ought of my dear master the Earl. Alas! waes me! I heard loud voices and hasty footsteps.

"'Where can the little ould divel have hid himself and the money bag?' cried one.

"'Beelzebub only knows!' shouted another.

"'I'll split his thrapple for him as I have done for his master,' yelled a third. I halted to hear no more; nay, I e'en hied me back to the redroom and crept me in beside the treasure and closed the panel after me; ay, and by so doing I shut me in a living tomb. Nought knew I of how the spring worked from within.'" These last words were uttered faintly, as my visitor began to fade away before my astonished gaze. "Remember the red-room, the thirteenth panel, press the centre rose!" Ere the last words reached my ears he was gone.

"Well, well, really!" said Will, slowly, regarding me the while with an anxious expression. "I think Jim, my dear fellow, that we had much better say nothing to Jean or any one of your—your nocturnal visitor. It might cause 'a ghost scare' among the women kind, don't you see."

"Oh, all right, just as you please, Will," replied I, feeling pretty considerably nettled all the same—one does not like to see that one's best chum thinks one has gone mad right off hand.

Thus, with the foregoing understanding of my being silent on the subject of Hob Eliot's visit, we proceed down-stairs to the breakfast room.

If I admired Miss Redgauntlet by lamp-light the night before, I admired her ten times more now, as I saw her in the clear light of day. Then, how true is the saying that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind!" By the time we had exchanged tender enquiries as to our respective burns, we were on the footing of old friends, and we were soon all three seated at the table. When Miss Redgauntlet had dispensed the tea and coffee she turned to her cousin and said:

"By the way, Will, who is the dear little old man, and when did he arrive? He came wandering into my boudoir last night, or I ought rather to say this morning, for the clock had chimed one a.m. I was sitting by the fire with Fido on my lap trying to read, when the door opened quietly, and there he stood, looking such a quaint figure in his blue coat, with large brass buttons, knee-breeches, grey-wool hose, and buckled shoes, and his long silvery locks flowing over his shoulders. I asked if he were looking for any one, but he merely shook his head, and, smilingly, gently withdrew. Fido never so much as offered to bark at him, which was wonderful you know. Who is he?"

"Good heavens! why this is passing strange," ejaculated Will, looking utterly bewildered, as he glanced from his cousin to me, and back again to her.

Finally, he turned to me and said:

"Well, Jim, I think you had better tell Jean all about it."

I did, reader, with the result that we three promptly explored the red-room—a lumber room in the old disused wing of the mansion. We discovered the secret panel, which, though a bit stiff, soon flew open and revealed to our gaze the musty recess, where for two hundred years the skeleton of faithful Hob Eliot had reposed beside much treasure, and the bag of gold pieces he had placed there!

Need I say that his wish was duly granted? His honoured bones rest in Greyfriar's Kirkyard, and his memory is "green" in our hearts to-day, as it well may be, for did he not "smooth the path" for two loving couples?

Christmas Day was glorious, for the "snow king" had robed the earth in a vestment that scintillated bewitchingly in the sunshine, and by New Year's Day my father and sister had arrived, and "good cheer" abounded outside and in, for rich and poor alike at Annan Hall.

Then at Easter came the double wedding in Greyfriar's Kirk, Dumfries. I need not say that Will Jardine and my sister were the one "happy couple," Jean Redgauntlet and I the other, who paused to lay flowers on the grave of faithful Hob Eliot.

J. H. S.

From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have right to ask it of their fellow mortals; no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—"Black Dwarf."

Dr Nathaniel Paterson's Garden at Galashiels.

IN the month of June last there appeared in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE (pp. 101-105) a biographical sketch of that worthy grandson of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," Dr Nathaniel Paterson. I then endeavoured to give the main particulars of his life—a life full of stirring and interesting incidents, and one the remembrance of which is still held in esteem by many, both in the south and west of Scotland. In Galashiels especially, where the first twelve years of his ministry were spent, his memory is still green; and I now propose to say something regarding his garden—the old manse garden—which was the chief factor in enabling him to write the well-known book bearing the title of "The Manse Garden." Fortunately, the old manse garden is still preserved; not only so, but it also still retains many of the features which owe their existence to his good taste and cultural skill, and it furnishes an illustration of the rules laid down in his once widely-known book.

From Photo by F. I. Walker, Galashiels.

THE MANSE GARDEN.

The present Parish Church of Galashiels was erected in 1812, and about the same time a new manse was built, after repeated complaints to the heritors by Dr Douglas, then parish minister, as regarded the ruinous condition of both church and manse. Dr Douglas, who was for fifty years minister of Galashiels, and greatly beloved by his flock, was in his seventy-third year when he died, in November, 1820, having been blind and paralysed for some time previously. The garden would naturally suffer in such circumstances—indeed, when Dr Paterson next took possession it was said to be "fast returning to a state of nature." Doubtless it was with this in his mind that Dr Paterson wrote in "The Manse Garden" as follows:—"When your predecessor was about to leave the world, he either had the fruits of the upper paradise in view, and cared less for the lower; or being unfit, through age or lingering disease, for the oversight of his affairs, the stewardship devolved upon his wife: and what heart to the garden could she find amidst flowers that seemed the ghosts of bygone summers, and fruits that had a savour of widowhood?" We can, therefore, well believe that when Dr Paterson was at length settled, in 1821, amongst the first things to be looked to would be the state of the garden. Not only was this recreation of gardening followed because of his love for trees and shrubs and flowers, but he found the outdoor exercise to be very beneficial as regarded his health. "I recommend the work of the garden," he said, "which effectually sets the mind upon a new train of ideas, whilst it gives salutary play to all the bodily functions." The social and moral effects, also, of a love for flowers, even on the humblest possessor of a little bit of a garden, are earnestly and repeatedly enforced. Thus, in the preface to his first edition, he says: "When home is rendered more attractive, the market-gill will be forsaken for charms more enduring, as they are also more endearing and better for both soul and body. And, oh, what profusion of roses and ripe fruits, dry gravel and shining laurels, might be had for a thousandth part of the price given for drams, which cause at market-places needless stay, and vain or silly bargains, together with the growing vice which ruins all!" Is it too much to say that all this is just as applicable now as it was more than half a century ago?

It is comparatively easy, even at this distant date, to note how the advice given in "The Manse Garden" and the author's own practice closely agreed. Several instances of this will be given immediately. Meanwhile, the possessors of the garden, from Dr Paterson's time to the present, may be noted. Dr Paterson left Galashiels for St Andrew's Church, Glasgow, at the end of 1833, and in 1834 Mr Veitch, afterwards Dr Veitch of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, was presented to the living. He remained in Galashiels for some seven years only, and was succeeded in 1841 by Dr Phin, who for the next twenty-nine years continued minister of the parish. In 1870 Dr Phin was appointed Convener of the Home Mission Scheme of the Church of Scotland, and in 1871 Dr Paton J. Gloag became minister of the parish. The manse garden was thus in the care, first of Dr Veitch and then of Dr Phin for some thirty-six years, and on the whole seems to have been kept in fairly good condition. On Dr Gloag's appointment to the parish, however, it was deemed advisable to build a new manse, which was erected on a different part of the glebe, and in a higher elevation, "as if more suitable," it has been remarked, "for one whose function it is to overlook the parish." The old manse and garden then became the property of William Haldane, Esq., who spent a considerable sum in enlarging and improving both house and grounds, and who gave the place the name which it now bears of "The Grange." And here I would acknowledge the kindness of the present owner, Miss Haldane, in permitting me to inspect the garden, and in pointing out to me those various features which carry one back

From Photo by F. I. Walker, Galashiels.

GALASHIELS PARISH CHURCH.

imagination to the time of Dr Nathaniel Paterson. For, after all, he may be said to have made the garden what it is; and it has been the endeavour of Miss Haldane, as it was of her late brother, to conserve all that was characteristic of it,—a labour of love in which Mr Thomson, the very capable gardener at The Grange, has ably assisted, besides adding several features all his own.

The high wall round the garden, effectually shutting out intruders, four-footed and otherwise, recalls Dr Paterson's words, "Have no quarrel with your heritors, and you will have a capital garden wall;" and, again, "A garden lying open to hares, rabbits, hens, dogs, and cats is truly nonsense." So, having cast an admiring glance on the outside of the stately wall, one enters to find meeting the eye on the inner side pears and apples, plums and apricots, as well as cherries and other wall fruits, all as recommended in the reverend gentleman's treatise on gardening. But one's attention is soon arrested by the numerous holly trees set here and there all over the grounds, and the opening sentence of "The Manse Garden" is recalled, "Of all the trees of the forest, the native holly is the most interesting and beautiful." Here are found several varieties of this favourite—green and golden and variegated—all in vigorous health and giving pleasure when deciduous trees are leafless. Nor were the birds of the air forgot, for the holly to this tender-hearted man had the further recommendation that, "shielding its songsters from the hawk, it shelters them in the storm, and feeds them with its fruit when other trees are bare." "It does one's heart good," he proceeds, "to see the humble blackbird picking a red berry amidst the falling snow,"—which appeals to one as a beautiful painting or a fine poem does. Yet, although he urges that "the holly must be your sheet-anchor," other trees are not excluded, for presently we meet with the following eloquent passage: "Amidst the shining hollies may stand the flowering lime, with its accompaniment of bees; the mountain ash, bending under its vermilion clusters; the shady plane, with its chattering magpies; the early-budding poplar, giving notice of the spring; the walnut, of sweet-scented leaves, and whatever else may please your fancy." All the trees here enumerated are still growing in this old manse garden, planted by his own hands, besides many others. A lovely copper beech, for instance, still delights the eye every summer by its blaze of colour, as it did in Dr Paterson's time. A fine cypress is yet pointed out because of its graceful outlines. A venerable yew, whose origin must go further back than Dr Paterson's day, recalls by its large and handsome proportions such examples as the Whittinghame yew or the still finer Ormiston specimen. The planting of trees was Dr Paterson's great delight, as it was of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Cockburn, not to mention others; and this manse garden did not afford scope enough for his arboricultural energies, which overflowed to the estate of Gala adjoining, many of the stately trees now found there having been planted by him. But in "The Manse Garden," though commending other trees, he always harks back to his favourite, the holly. We have seen how he speaks of it as a sanctuary for birds; now another use is found for it. "When partial concealment is the object," he says, "the holly fulfils the intention of the planter." And here is an illustration, in the form of a tall holly hedge, planted by him to screen the fruit and vegetable garden from the view of the inmates of the manse. This hedge is now about eighteen feet in height, and would have been still higher had it not been cut over at the top in order to increase the growth near the ground, where the branches were beginning to decay. The holly hedge is one of the sights of The Grange, and vividly recalls the mind that planned and the hand that planted it when last century was young. And here, too, behind the holly hedge, are his espaliers, minute instructions for the erection of which are given in "The Manse Garden," with a hint as to their superiority to standard trees. And so one might go over many other features of the garden, all leading up to the conclusion that had it not been for the experience gained here "The Manse Garden" could never have been written, for the one embodies and illustrates the teaching of the other. As a further example of this, we read in "The Manse Garden" as follows:—"Along with the hollies lay in a small stock of Portugal laurels at threepence each, common laurels at half so much, variegated hollies at sixpence, a few of the arborvitæ, laurustinus, arbutus, and juniper." That such had been exactly the course followed by himself we have now abundant evidence in this old manse garden.

Much has been done, of course, during the last thirty years to add to the amenity of the garden. Rockwork has here and there been introduced; additional shrubs and trees have been planted; a neat and comfortable summer-house has been built on a sloping bank; while a well-filled conservatory is at once a pleasant and a useful feature. But the fact that it is Dr Paterson's old manse garden, though now "secularised," has never been forgot, and one can but devoutly hope that it will long continue to preserve the name and the fame of one who was in truth a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, though he at one time feared that some might think he possessed too great a leaning to his own.

It has been said above that the memory of Dr Paterson is yet green in his first parish. All that has now been told of the loving care still bestowed on the old manse garden goes to substantiate this. But, in addition, a very pleasing instance may now be related. In 1836, when the first edition of "The Manse Garden" appeared, Dr Paterson presented a copy, inscribed with his own hand, to a lady. This copy is still carefully preserved by a son of the original possessor. Further, Dr Paterson on one occasion carried in his pocket to The Rink a tiny white peony, and requested that it should be planted in the garden there. After sundry vicissitudes, this peony is now a tall flourishing plant at Oaklea, where it is carefully tended by the same gentleman who now possesses the copy of "The Manse Garden" just referred to.

Time was when "The Manse Garden" was known and used far and wide as an authority on what is called cottage or villa gardening. In this connection the present minister of Galashiels had a curious experience, the particulars of which I am here permitted to give. When travelling in the East two years ago, and on his way to Constantinople, Dr Hunter made acquaintance with an official connected with the British Consulate there, a native of the Channel Islands, who had never visited Scotland. The minister was asked to stay with this friend at a house half-way up the Bosphorus, in as lovely a situation as could well be imagined. The garden behind the house was an object of much care, and was under the charge of a Greek. The minister asked what guide was used in giving instructions, and received for answer, "I go by an old book called 'The Manse Garden.'" The friend's astonishment was great to learn that it had been written by a predecessor, but not less than the minister's to find his predecessor's book used as an authority within the dominions of the Sultan.

A few words may be added, in conclusion, regarding the old church in which Dr Nathaniel Paterson ministered, and which is still used regularly for divine service as the church of the parish, though overshadowed by the handsome modern St Paul's. This latter church was opened for worship in November, 1881, ten years after Dr Gloag's settlement in the parish. The Rev. Dr Hunter, who was inducted in 1892, continues, with the help of an assistant, to minister in both churches. The old church, described as "a semi-Gothic structure," is a characteristic landmark of the town, and Mr T. Craig-Brown, in his "History of Selkirkshire," remarks that its square, red clock-tower "is still a familiar and cherished object to the eyes of old Galaleans." The ancient Tolbooth of Galashiels, demolished so lately as June, 1880, when it was tottering to its fall, rendered several services in its day, and amongst them was giving the use of its bell to call the worshippers to the Parish Church. In Dr Paterson's time the church had no bell, and we are told that "it was the custom for the beadle to announce divine service by ringing the Tolbooth bell, and then to cross over to the church to carry up the Bible." The jougs of this old Parish Church in 1851 were handed over to the custody of the Scottish Antiquarian Society. One wonders at what date and on what occasion they were last used.

J. LINDSAY.

Corner Stones of Womanly Character.

IT was a Liverpool merchant who wrote that delightful booklet on Birkhill; now an Edinburgh lady, resident in Liverpool, Mrs Katharine Burrill, who also knows and loves the Borders well has woven into a volume some wholesome and altogether wise and sensible Talks with Girls, which are published by Dent & Co., London, under the title "Corner Stones." The meaning of the title is not at first apparent until it is read right through; it is a most suitable one—"Corner Stones"—that our daughters may be as Corner Stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Mrs Burrill, who was lately resident at Overshiels, near Stow, has also resided at Laidlawstiel on Tweedside; knows the district well, also Scott's "Journal," Lockhart's "Life," and the novels, to which frequent reference is made. The book reminds one now and again of Timothy Titcomb's "Letters to Young Men Single and Married," or Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," but Mrs Burrill's book has a quality all its own. Some of these papers appeared in "Chambers's Journal" for 1904, as "Talks with Girls." They well deserved republication, and the reading by every maiden and youth in the land, for the book is as good for young men as maidens.

Many years of deserved happiness are, I trust, before you.—"The Antiquary."

The Third Edition of Mrs Garden's Memorials of James Hogg.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott made that ballad-hunting expedition up Yarrow and Ettrick with John Leyden he halted at William Laidlaw's at Blackhouse, on Douglas Burn, when the poet farmer produced "Auld Maitland," which Scott began to read with fire and fervour, now and again interrupted by exclamations from Leyden. Laidlaw was indebted to his friend James Hogg for the ballad, he had taken it down from the recitation of his mother and an uncle. The company had a delightful time with Hogg a little later. What a journey that was, as related in a still unpublished manuscript by Laidlaw; they went past Dryhope, on to Henderland, which was visited, and then to Chapelhope. Scott's servant, an Englishman, convulsed them all by asking where the people who lived there "got their necessaries." Laidlaw conducted the party, single file, across the Braidheids into Ettrick, where they landed at his cousins', Walter and George Brydon of Ramsaycleuch. Hogg was sent for, and brought a precious bundle of manuscript, "the penmanship done with more care than ever the poet bestowed on anything before, and neatly stitched together." Laidlaw never saw the "Shirra" happier, and he never spent a merrier evening. Hogg and Scott eclipsed each other as mimics and story-tellers, and it was between two and three a.m. before the fun was over.

Let no one take their impressions of James Hogg from Mrs Oliphant's "William Blackwood & Sons," or from the Shepherd in the "Noctes." Blackwood did write sometimes under strong irritation. For instance: "You are so utterly ignorant of business, that it is quite unnecessary for me to attempt to show you, how completely you have misunderstood everything." But when Blackwood was in trouble about the editors of the first series of his magazine, Thomas Pringle, and Cleghorn, it was to Hogg he appealed, and it is generally conceded that the inception, and a large portion of the authorship of the famous "Chaldee Manuscript" must be ascribed to him. Wilson and Lockhart did make him a stalking horse in the "Noctes;" they put better and worse things in his mouth than came from the tongue of any shepherd either before or since.

It is gratifying to observe that a third edition has been called for of "Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," edited by his daughter, Mrs Garden. There is an introduction by Sir George Douglas, Bart., in which he mentions that the fresh matter consists of the Reminiscences of Hogg, contributed to the BORDER MAGAZINE in 1897, some fresh letters from and to him, and a brief notice of his wife, Margaret Phillips. The Reminiscences are vouched for by Mrs Garden as having been written by one who knew him well, and would have been incorporated in the "Memorials" had the material come earlier to hand. The new letters printed from Blackwood are of a most friendly character. He mentions how well he likes the "Brownie," and "The Stuarts of Appin," too, stories by Hogg. Then Hogg, writing to his wife from London in 1832, seems to have been much taken out and very gay. For instance, he says, "I dined with Sir George [Warrender] the other day, with two earls, two lords, and seven Scottish baronets, and felt just as much at home as if I had been at Sunhope or Whitehope." James Cochrane, the publisher, in 1835 made a handsome offer for a proposed "Young Lady's Sabbath Companion;" we presume the failure of the publisher brought that and other schemes to an untimely end. Then the Earl of Buchan in 1819 invites Hogg to the dedication of the colossal Wallace Statue on Bemersyde Hill, "on the top of the rocking-stone hill at Dryburgh, which looks over the monument of the Bard of Ednam on the Bass Hill below on the plain. I am desirous that upon this occasion, as well as at Ednam the same day, I may have the pleasure of Mr James Hogg's company, whose 'Queen's Wake," and other specimens of his poetic genius and taste, entitle him to this distinction. . . . I hope he will come a day or two sooner than the anniversay, that he may, like his predecessor, Robert Burns, sit upon the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, and feed upon the classic scenery that surrounds it on the pastoral banks of Thomson's pure stream."

All who wish a correct picture of James Hogg must find it here, rather than in the "Noctes;" and Professor Veitch, Sir George Douglas, and Mrs Garden all do their part in the revelation. The book must remain the standard biography of the Ettrick Shepherd. The publisher is Alexander Gardner, Paisley.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat:
False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—
Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once more.

Motto (Fortunes of Nigel.)

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